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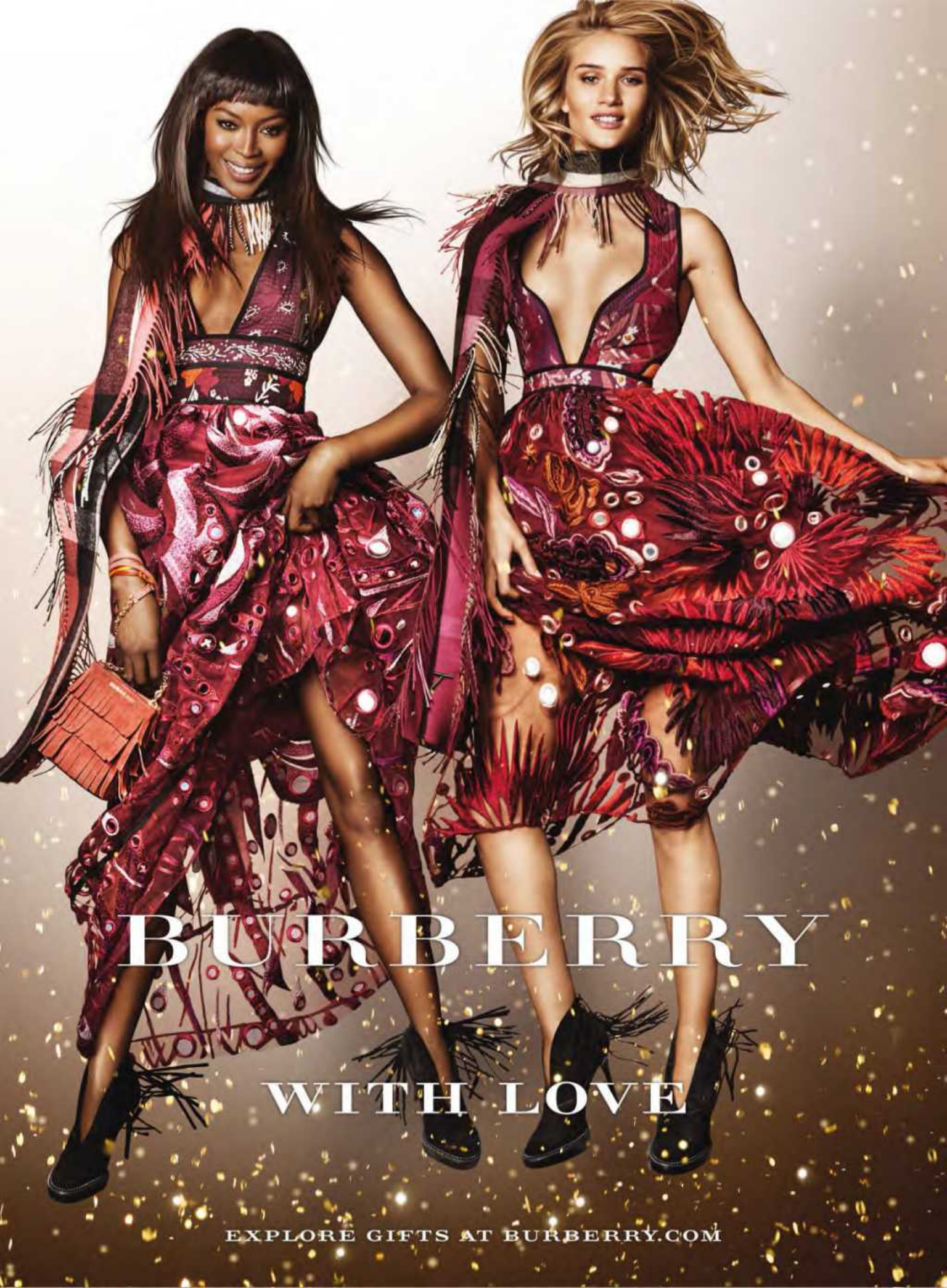
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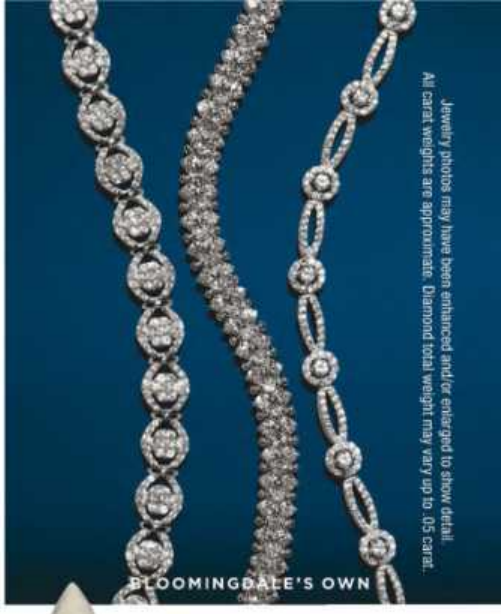



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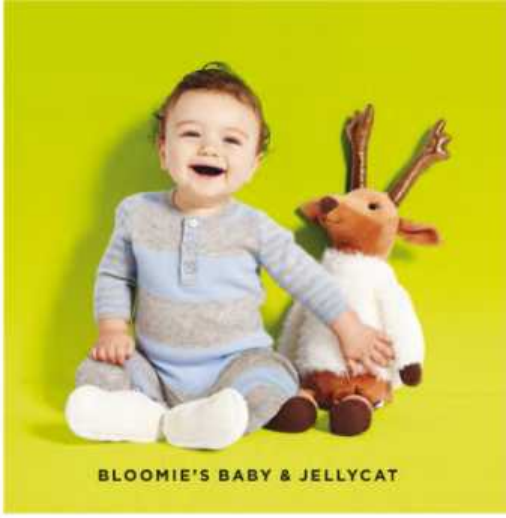





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Andrea Bocelli (page 208); Molly Ryan (page 174); Burt Reynolds (page 166).

# FEATURES

152 **HOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT** By MITCH GLAZER
For years, **Bill Murray** wanted to be funny again, and this month finds him in full comic cry. A longtime friend and collaborator catches Murray at his silliest and most serious as they make a Christmas special that only one man's magic could pull off. Photographs by Bruce Weber.

159 **NAIROBI'S SPRING AWAKENING**
Spotlight on the small-business accelerator **Spring,** just launched in Nairobi to give Africa-based entrepreneurs an edge. By Austin Merrill. Photograph by Guillaume Bonn.

160 ***V.F.* PORTRAIT: AGNES GUND** By BOB COLACELLO
The **art-world doyenne** has served on countless charitable boards, launched her own arts-education initiative, and presided over Park Avenue's most eclectic dinners. In fact, her generosity seems to include everyone but herself. Photograph by Annie Leibovitz.

162 **CASE STUDY IN SCANDAL** By DAVID MARGOLICK
When the dean of **Stanford's Graduate School of Business** abruptly announced his resignation this fall, one of the world's most prestigious corporate training grounds found itself mired in scandal. A once secret affair, a discrimination lawsuit, and charges of hypocrisy are now rocking the campus as a key protagonist speaks for the first time.

166 **THE BANDIT PLAYS ON** By NED ZEMAN
For five straight years, **Burt Reynolds** ruled the box office, but bad choices and an epic divorce battle wiped him out. Last winter, he auctioned off his *Boogie Nights* Golden Globe, his *Smokey and the Bandit* Trans Am, and a gold watch from Sally Field, among other items. And though his new memoir may be a Hollywood classic, it doesn't tell the whole story. Photograph by Martin Schoeller.

172 **ALL BY HIS SELFIE** By DEREK BLASBERG
It Boy **Lucky Blue Smith** is the 17-year-old face of Tom Ford, Moncler, and Calvin Klein Jeans, and the fair-haired phenom of the selfie set. Photograph by Dewey Nicks.

## ON THE COVER



**Bill Murray** wears a tuxedo by Kiton; shirt by Etro; bow tie and pocket-square by Charvet; cuff links by Brooks Brothers. Hair products by Oribe. Grooming products by Clinique. Hair by Gerald DeCock. Grooming by Regine Thorre. Set design by Dimitri Levas. Produced on location by Dawn Boller. Styled by Anne Christensen. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Bruce Weber in Montauk, New York. For details, go to VF.com/credits.

RYAN PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK SELIGER; DRESS BY STOP STARING!; SHOES BY VALENTINO; EARRINGS BY ALEXIS BITTAR. PHOTOGRAPH FROM GLOBE PHOTOS (REYNOLDS); ILLUSTRATION BY RISKO

*CONTINUED ON PAGE 44*


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# 72 JAZZ AGE GEMS

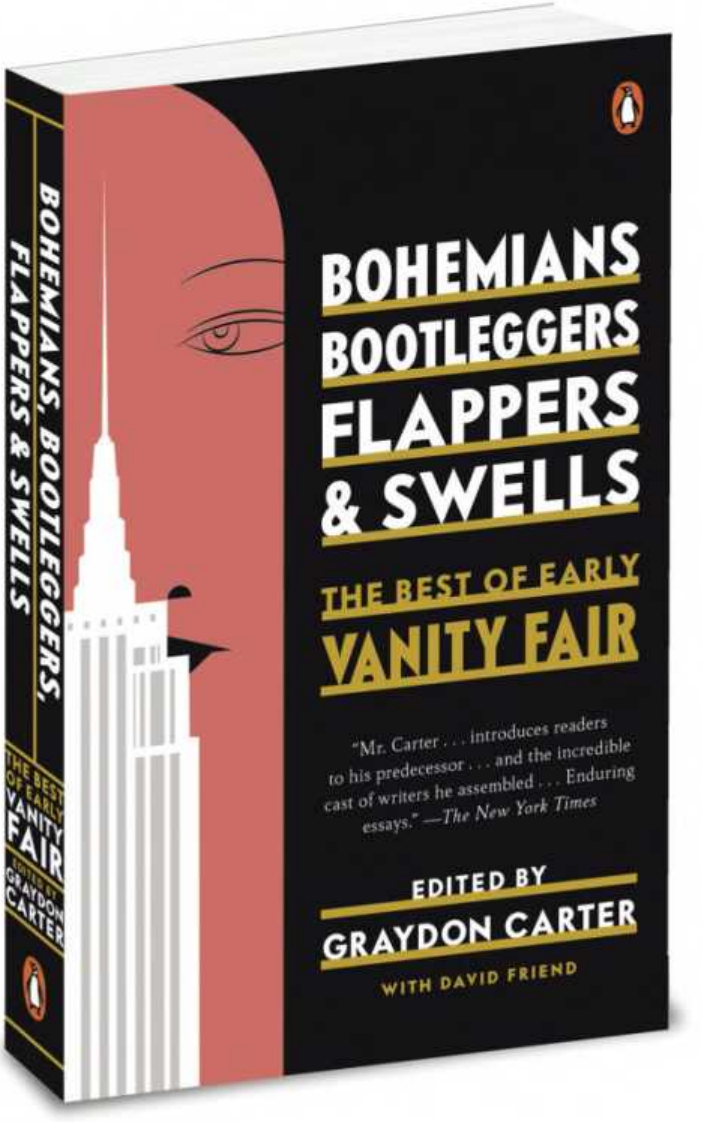
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## Farfetch Launches Same-Day Delivery

Farfetch, the online home of boutique shopping, representing more than 300 independent fashion boutiques globally, has just launched a same-day delivery service in nine cities around the world, including New York, Los Angeles, Miami, London, Paris, Milan, and Barcelona. So if you are in one of those cities and see something you like on Farfetch.com from a local boutique, you can have it delivered to your door that day. Now that's what we call boutique service!




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EVENT

## Bellagio Las Vegas Presents Picasso: Creatures & Creativity

Explore Picasso's creative process through the mediums of painting and printmaking with 43 works on view together for the first time in the United States. Showcasing his modern work from 1938–1965, this exhibition focuses on his favorite theme, the human figure. Now on view at Bellagio Gallery of Fine Art through January 10, 2016. For tickets and information, visit **bellagio.com/bgfa.**



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## Frank Gehry Now on View at Los Angeles County Museum of Art

*Through March 20, 2016*

Frank Gehry revolutionized architecture's aesthetics, social and cultural role, and relationship to the city. "Frank Gehry," now at LACMA, presents a comprehensive examination of his extraordinary body of work, from the early 1960s to the present, featuring more than 200 drawings, many never seen publicly, and 65 models that illuminate the evolution of Gehry's thinking. The exhibition is presented by Bank of the West.

*Photo Credit: Installation Photograph, Frank Gehry, LACMA, September 13, 2015–March 20, 2016. © Gehry Partners, LLP; Los Angeles; photo © Fredrik Nilsen*



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Bill Murray (page 152); Miami Beach (page 138); Tessa Thompson (page 199); Donald Trump's hair (page 88).

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174 **JAZZ ON THE LOOSE** Photographs by MARK SELIGER
Young musicians are flocking to jazz, fueling a vibrant live-music scene and transcending a troubled industry. A portfolio of the **genre's current generation** hails their democracy of sound. Text by Will Friedwald.

184 **ASTOR COUNTRY** By BOB COLACELLO
**Annabel Astor** isn't your average titled Englishwoman. Sure, there's the 17th-century manor, the gallery of aristocratic forebears, the daughter married to the prime minister. There's also Astor's entrepreneurial spirit, which is driving her home-décor company, **OKA,** into the U.S. market. Photographs by Jonathan Becker.

199 **TESSA WITH A TWINKLE**
Spotlight on Hollywood native **Tessa Thompson,** following her breakout 2014 (*Dear White People, Selma*) with this month's *Creed.* By Krista Smith. Photograph by Williams & Hirakawa.

## VANITIES

81 **STEPHANIE AND THE SPY**
Andrew Smith gives a voice to **Trump's hair.** Craig Brown compiles a list of the short-fingered vulgarian's best **tweets;** Mike Sacks, Ted Travelstead, and Scott Jacobson tour the **Trump Presidential Library.**

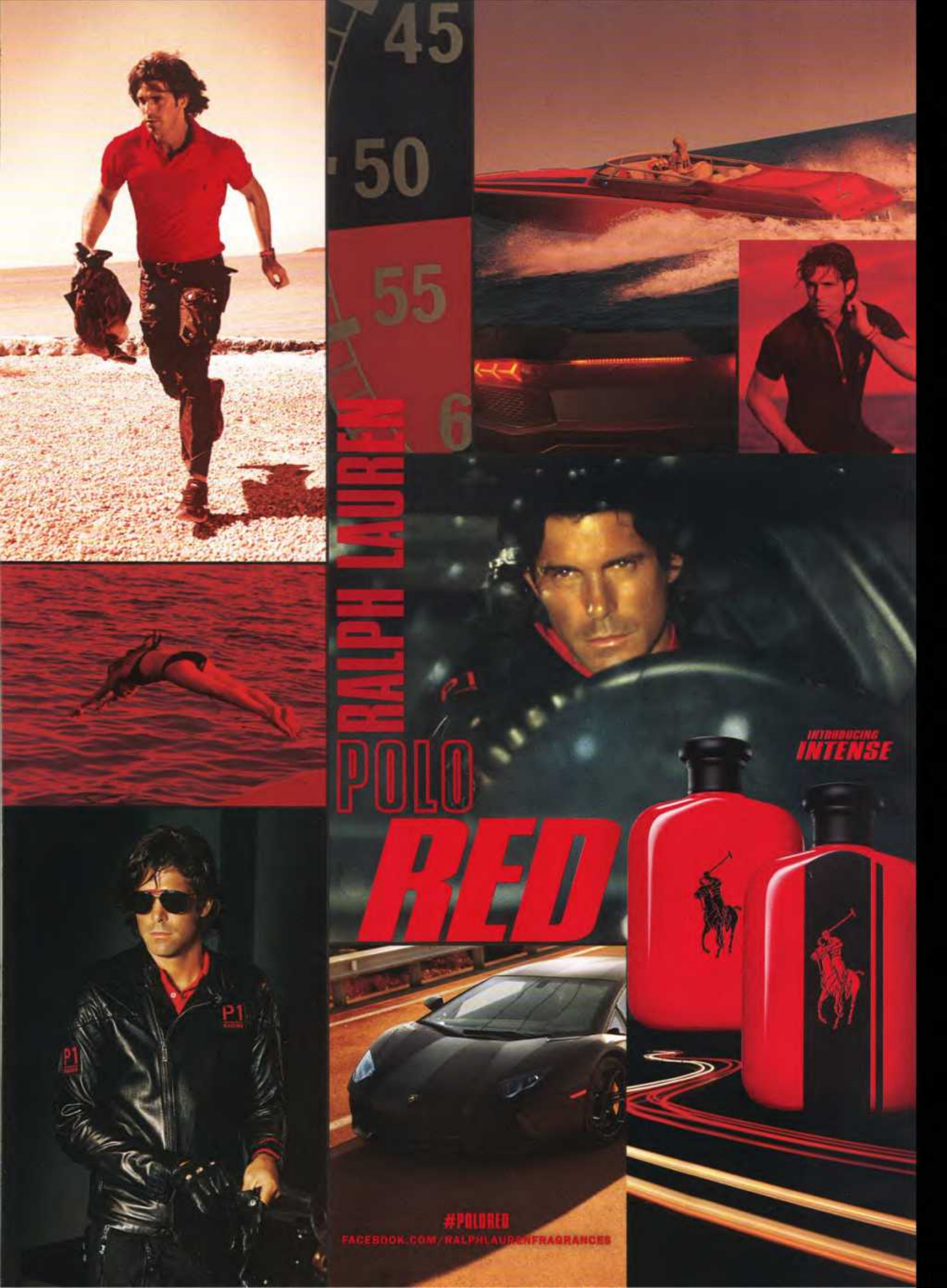
## FANFAIR & FAIRGROUND

93 **31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE**
London's sexy new dining room. **The Business of Fashion's** aficionado. Paris's **Shakespeare and Company** opens a literary café; a boutique floral-delivery service goes green. Hot Tracks: **the Weeknd.** Private Lives: **Countess Debonnaire von Bismarck.** Mood Board: **Erdem.** A virtual-reality pioneer. Hot Type. Beauty: **Kiehl's** annual Holiday Collection gives back; perfume-maker **Ben Gorham's** limited-edition kit; bespoke scents; Hot Looks.

112 **AROUND THE WORLD, ONE PARTY AT A TIME**
Family, friends, and colleagues gathered to celebrate the life of Hollywood legend **Jerry Weintraub** at a memorial in Los Angeles. The Luminous gala shows support for the **British Film Institute** National Archive.

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MURRAY PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRUCE WEBER; TUXEDO BY KITON; SHIRT BY ETRO; SHOES BY EDWARD GREEN; BOW TIE AND POCKET SQUARE BY CHARVET; THOMPSON PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAMS & HIRAKAWA; DRESS BY BURBERRY PROR SUM; SHOES BY GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN; EARRINGS BY LELE SADOUGHI. PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS BY DARROW (MIAMI BEACH); SEAN MCCABE (TRUMP). FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS


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Ralph Fiennes (page 120); U.S. airliner (page 148); Lucky Blue Smith (page 172); Hot Type (page 108).

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# COLUMNS

122 **THE MOUTH THAT ROARED** By JAMES WOLCOTT
The Don Rickles of the 2016 campaign, **Donald Trump** has roasted his opponents, his party, and entire countries. A student of insult comedy critiques his performance.

126 **THE CORNER-OFFICE DELUSION**
By MICHAEL KINSLEY A lot of ink has been spilled on **Carly Fiorina's** record as a C.E.O. If history is any guide, she's got a bigger problem than her C-suite tenure. Illustrations by Barry Blitt.

130 **THE TALK OF MAYFAIR** By JAMES REGINATO
There's no place like Mayfair for a jet-set pied-à-terre. Yet a family feud, a Savile Row shake-up, and a political foe have put **London's toniest neighborhood** on edge.

138 **WATERWORLD** By DAVID KAMP
**Miami Beach** is hotter than ever, as the ultra-rich fuel a luxury-building boom. Will they find themselves swamped by **rising sea levels?** Climate scientists and civic boosters have different visions of the city's next century. Photo illustrations by Darrow.

148 **A WING AND A PRAYER** By JAMES B. STEELE
While American fliers have a lot to complain about, they rarely give a thought to airplane maintenance. But nearly all the big U.S. airlines have **outsourced major overhauls** to developing countries, where the labor is cheap and the regulations lax.

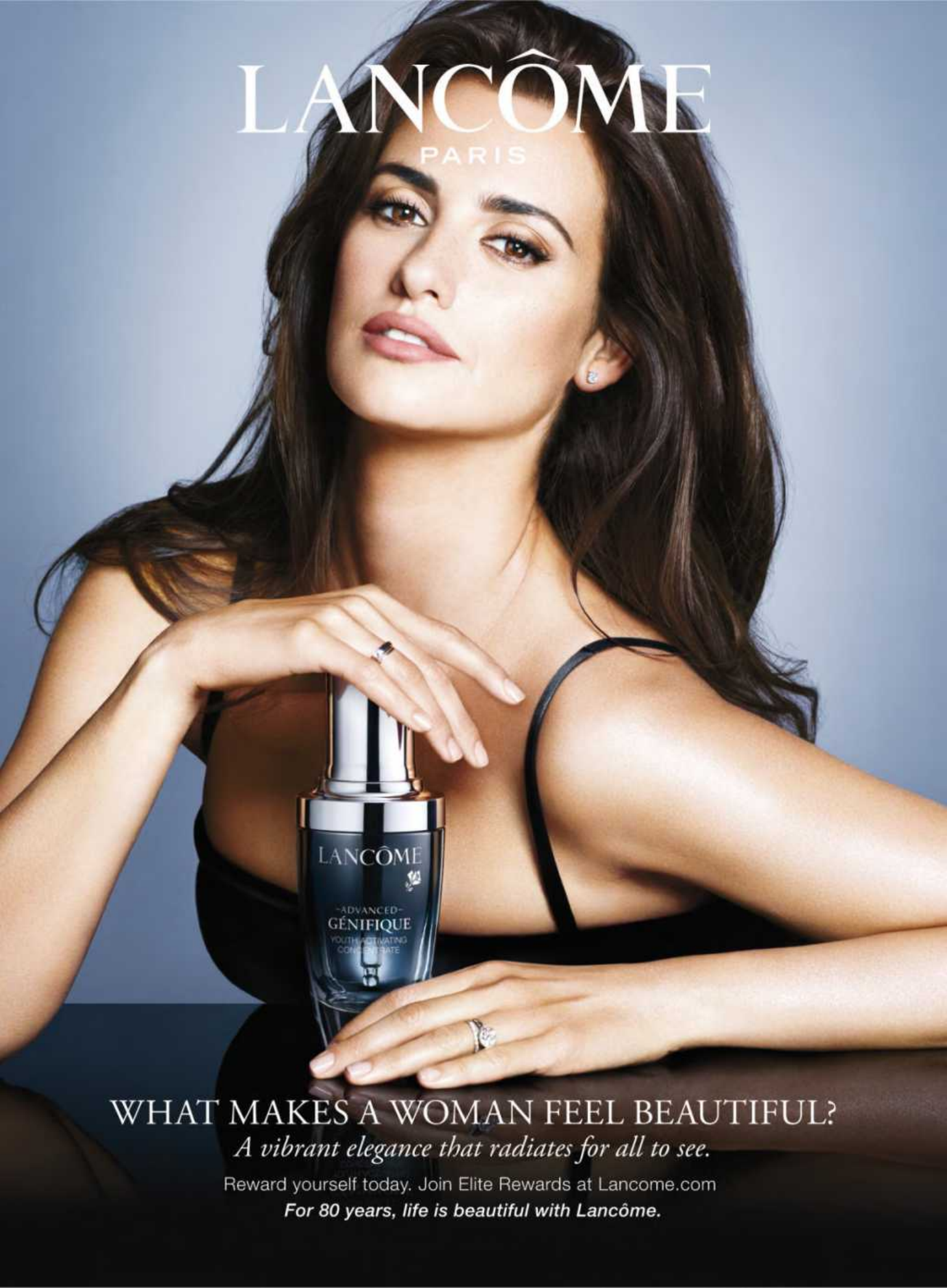
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## ONLINE FEATURES

### GOING FOR GOLD

The Oscars may not be until February, but awards season has already begun. Listen to our new podcast, ***Little Gold Men,*** to keep up with the latest releases and chart the buzz to the ballot. VF.com's Katey Rich, Mike Hogan, and Richard Lawson offer the inside scoop for Oscar season, welcome guest stars, and prep us all for the annual mad dash toward Hollywood glitz and glory.

### ALL THAT JAZZ

Cool cats are making a comeback. As **young jazz musicians** trumpet the genre's timeless tempo, head to VF.com for an extended roundup of the top talent under 33⅓, from Los Angeles to Armenia. Plus: Go behind the scenes on Mark Seliger's photo shoot.

## PHOTOGRAPHS

### A LUCKY STAR

This month's It Boy, **Lucky Blue Smith,** is the new favorite face of fashion and fangirls. See additional photos from *V.F.*'s shoot with the 17-year-old model and his horde of teenage admirers.

## VIDEO

### DREAMERS AND STREAMERS

Relive *V.F.*'s Summit, which brought to life the New Establishment list, an annual ranking of major players in technology, entertainment, and business. Watch highlights from conversations with **Lena Dunham, Jonathan Ive, Mark Zuckerberg,** and other game changers.

### CAR TALK

Join our man on the street, Derek Blasberg, as he catches up with **Kate Hudson, Michael Kors,** and **Rita Ora** for his series, *Conversations in the Backseat.*

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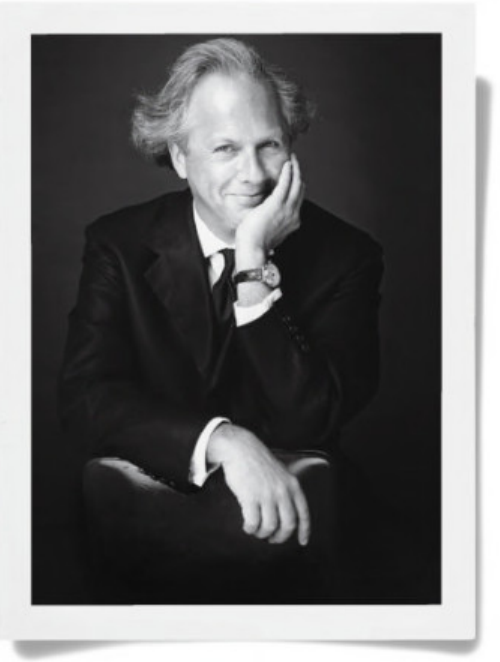




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# ON A WING AND A HAIR



NIGEL PARRY

With each passing month, the shelf life of Donald Trump's erratic, if entertaining, presidential sideshow continues to befuddle the smart money in Washington. What the experts fail to grasp is that, crude as his jerry-built platform is, to many voters there is a kernel of . . . "truth" is too strong a word for it—a kernel of accuracy in many of his more astringent barbs. Jeb Bush *does* have low energy. The poor fellow is valiantly trying to undo this image, but is there anything so sad as a low-energy person trying to act like a high-energy person? That said, Trump's and Jeb's Biff Tannen–George McFly act is one of the more lively matchups of the fall television season. Hillary Clinton, no matter what her supporters say, *does* appear shifty. Far too many voters get the feeling that however much she opens up there is more under the lid.

My guess is that it is only a matter of time before Trump says something that even his staunchest supporters will find unforgivable. James Wolcott suggests a new career for Trump after he falls: insult comic. "It is his weaponized mouth that has gotten Trump where he is," says Wolcott, a self-proclaimed "scholar of insult comedy." In "The Mouth That Roared," on page 122, Wolcott instructs readers on the fine points of the profession. Watch how Trump "grips the lectern, employing a battery of shrugs, hand jive, and staccato phrase blurts—it's like being teleported back to an old Dean Martin roast." It's not just liberals and Mexicans who are targets of this insult comic. As Wolcott points out, "No one has been a more sneering serial violator of Ronald Reagan's 11th Commandment ('Though shalt not speak ill of any fellow Republican') than Trump." Take a moment to troll—the operative word—through Trump's Twitter feed and you'll be shocked at the level of juvenile vitriol those short fingers are capable of.

The political arena has always held its attractions for business leaders who believe that wisdom picked up at the coal face of American industry can be applied to civics. On the surface, this seems like a natural transition. But it isn't. Most people who succeed at business do so with a relentless, single-minded ego thrust that crushes the opposition and tosses aside the weaklings who stand in the way. Wait, that *does* sound like what it takes to win at national politics.

Let's say a business leader does decide to run for public office. You would think that this person's actual record in the corporate world would be peerless, brimming with success and free of blemish and scandal. Not so. Trump has his bankruptcies. Carly Fiorina was the Hewlett-Packard C.E.O. who merged her firm with Compaq, resulting in more than 30,000 layoffs and a precipitous decline in the company's stock value. You have to admire her gumption, though—she is running on that record, or at least her version of it. To be sure, as Michael Kinsley points out in "The Corner-Office Delusion," on page 126, there are various schools of thought about her performance at H.P.—there's the Fiorina-as-Destructo view, and then there's a more judicious assessment, along the lines of "Hey, the situation was bad already—what can you do?" What's interesting to Kinsley is not Fiorina's performance but the way voters keep seizing on the idea that someone from the business world (Lee Iacocca? Ross Perot?) is the ideal candidate to lead us into the Promised Land when the only real business titan we've ever had as president was Herbert Hoover. And look how that worked out.

The simple truth is that public servants (thankfully there are still many out there) and people in business just don't think the same way. And we don't expect them to. At its heart, business is about maximizing shareholder value, which can often lead to decisions that give customers pause. As James B. Steele reports in "A Wing and a Prayer," on page 148, just about every major U.S. airline has outsourced heavy maintenance to countries such as El Salvador, China, and Mexico. There are now more than 700 of these offshore repair facilities. This probably makes great sense from a business perspective—it's cheaper to hire mechanics in a developing country than it is to employ homegrown technicians in, say, San Diego or Atlanta. And, to be fair, we've all admired how mechanics in some of these other countries—like Cuba, for instance—manage to keep their cars running for 40 or 50 years on sheer ingenuity and a lot of duct tape. But a 747?

Here's the thing: just as English is the universal language for pilots, it is also the universal language for aviation technical manuals. To be a mechanic certified by the Federal Aviation Administration, you need to be able to speak, read, and understand English. Unfortunately, many of the mechanics do not qualify. And the F.A.A. doesn't really know who most of these people are. In 2011, an Air France Airbus A340 that had been overhauled in Xiamen, China, flew around for five days until a technician discovered it was missing 30 screws from one of its wings. Two years earlier, a US Airways Boeing 737 that had been overhauled in El Salvador had to make an emergency landing in Denver when a high-pitched whistling indicated that the main cabin door had begun to fail. It turned out that a component had been installed backward.

The F.A.A. has suffered budget cuts. Until recently, it had exactly one small inspection office in Singapore to cover all of Asia. As Steele points out, within that office there were only half a dozen inspectors—"not enough, to put it mildly, but they could accomplish *something*." By 2013, "the number of inspectors was down to one. Now there is no one at all."

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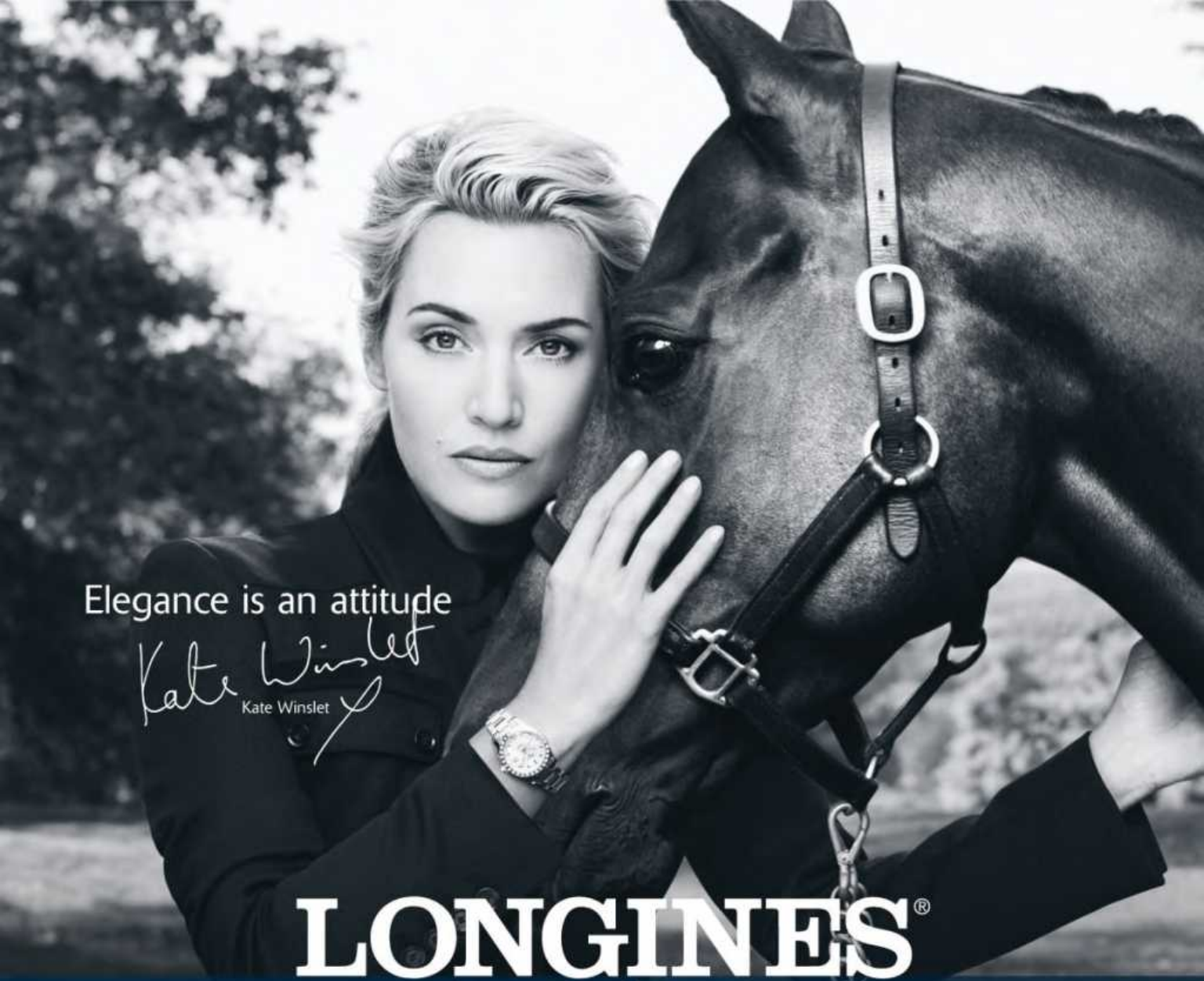
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EVENT

## *Vanity Fair* + Cointreau: La Soirée

Cointreau believes that inventive entertaining is all about the details—striking the perfect balance between food and friends, atmosphere and creativity, and finely crafted Cointreau cocktails. On October 1st, at the Waverly Inn, *Vanity Fair* hosted a cocktail reception honoring David Downton to celebrate his new book, *Portraits of the World's Most Stylish Women*. Guests sipped Cointreau cocktails, including the classic Cointreau Rickey. The cocktail party was followed by an exclusive dinner.




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## DEREK BLASBERG

Since his appointment as Our Man on the Street at *Vanity Fair,* man-about-town Derek Blasberg has hit the sidewalk running. This month, he profiles Business of Fashion founder Imran Amed ("Fashion Forward," on page 94) and 17-year-old model, heartthrob, and Instagram sensation Lucky Blue Smith ("All by His Selfie," on page 172). And over at VF.com, it's Derek on demand: his recent video interviews have featured Michael Kors, Kate Hudson, and Rita Ora.



## WILL FRIEDWALD

"I think this is the most unpredictable period in the whole history of jazz, especially among the younger players," says Will Friedwald, who writes about music and culture for *The Wall Street Journal*. In "Jazz on the Loose," on page 174, he toasts a new generation of jazz talent. "What you can hear is what you can play," he says. "And now people can hear anything." Friedwald's ninth book, *The Great Jazz & Pop Vocal Albums* (Pantheon), is due out next year.



## BRUCE WEBER

"Trying to capture somebody who is a different character every three minutes makes you really fast on your shutter speed," Contributing Photographer Bruce Weber says of Bill Murray, whom he shot in Montauk for "Host of Christmas Present," on page 152. Weber—pictured here with Murray and writer Mitch Glazer—says that after the shoot wrapped, the pictures kept coming: "It was probably the most selfies I've seen requested with the talent on a shoot."



## NED ZEMAN

For "The Bandit Plays On," on page 166, Contributing Editor Ned Zeman caught up with Burt Reynolds, who was supposedly broke, at the actor's lavish Florida estate. "Based on all the dire tabloid reports, I was a little afraid I'd find him in very bad condition," says Zeman. "But he's still very much Burt Reynolds." With a new memoir, *But Enough About Me,* just out, Reynolds is in a reflective mood. "But he doesn't apologize for much," Zeman notes. "I think his cowboy boots cost more than my car."



## MARK SELIGER

When Contributing Photographer Mark Seliger began mapping out his portfolio of jazz's brightest young stars, "Jazz on the Loose," on page 174, he recalled a conversation he had more than a decade ago with the late jazz photographer William Claxton. "He said it was the light, it was the attitude, it was the passion, it was the creativity—all intersecting at once," Seliger recalls. "This portfolio is my interpretation of what being in the moment with these artists was like."

*CONTINUED ON PAGE 70*

WEBER PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTOPHER DOMURAT. PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN BARNZ (ZEMAN), PIER GUIDO GRASSANO (BLASBERG), NATHAN PODSHADLEY (SELIGER), STEPHEN SOROKOFF (FRIEDWALD)





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66



## BOB COLACELLO

With this month's *V.F.* Portrait, of Agnes Gund, on page 160, and "Astor Country," on page 184, Special Correspondent Bob Colacello profiles two women having—and doing—it all. "Both Annabel and Aggie have established themselves very successfully in business and philanthropy, each while raising a batch of children, running several houses beautifully, and always looking rather fabulous," says Colacello. "Don't ask me how they do it!"

## JAMES REGINATO

In "The Talk of Mayfair," on page 130, Writer-at-Large James Reginato reports on the latest dramas—filial, political, sartorial—setting the London neighborhood's well-to-do on edge. "This is a place jam-packed with colossal fortunes and equally outsize personalities," Reginato says. In other words: "Catnip for a writer." Rizzoli will publish a collection of Reginato's essays on Great Britain in the fall of 2016.





## JONATHAN BECKER

For "Astor Country," on page 184, Contributing Photographer Jonathan Becker captures the grand life of businesswoman and society fixture (and mother-in-law of Prime Minister David Cameron) Annabel Astor—from her manor house in Oxfordshire to her furniture and décor company's modern Chelsea store. Becker's photographic exhibition "A Fashionable Mind," curated by André Leon Talley, runs now through January at the SCAD Museum of Art, in Savannah, Georgia.

## MICHAEL KINSLEY

During the presidential campaign season, Contributing Editor Michael Kinsley is monitoring the news more closely than ever for gaffes, foibles, and general provocations. "I've been very lucky that Trump hasn't done anything so completely crazy that it would look bad if I didn't even mention it." This month, Kinsley sizes up another Republican contender, former Hewlett-Packard C.E.O. Carly Fiorina, in "The Corner-Office Delusion," on page 126.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, BY JONATHAN BECKER, COURTESY OF JAMES REGINATO; BY RALPH GIBSON; GASPER TRINGALE

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*CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70*



## LESLEY M. M. BLUME

It's possible that Lesley M. M. Blume took a cue from her forthcoming Ernest Hemingway biography, *Everybody Behaves Badly* (Eamon Dolan Books, June 2016), in pursuing actor Ralph Fiennes for this month's "In the Details," on page 120. "I was seated next to him at a noisy restaurant, and of course I eavesdropped a little," she admits. "He was talking quietly and profoundly about acting technique. I wanted to continue the chat—but aboveboard this time."

## DAVID MARGOLICK

In "Case Study in Scandal," on page 162, Contributing Editor David Margolick returns to Stanford, where he went to law school, and where an affair between the dean and a professor at its Graduate School of Business (widely considered the best business school in the country) has rocked the campus. "As one of the great incubators of Silicon Valley, Stanford's business school matters," Margolick says. "And so too, necessarily, does the way it's being run."





## MARTIN SCHOELLER

When photographer Martin Schoeller visited Burt Reynolds's sprawling estate for "The Bandit Plays On," on page 166, he didn't expect that the shoot would take place in the guesthouse. "It was basically his man cave," Schoeller says, "a photographer's dream: red carpet, pool table, a seven-foot stuffed bear. It looked like a movie set." "Up Close," an exhibition of Schoeller's portraits, runs through February at Stockholm's Fotografiska museum.

## DAVID FRIEND

Editor of Creative Development David Friend shepherded this month's portfolio of emerging jazz virtuosos, "Jazz on the Loose," on page 174. "The music's in my blood," says Friend, who, as a Chicago-area teen, hung out at jazz radio stations and local clubs—and whose son, Sam Friend, 27, is a New Orleans–based musician. The elder Friend has edited pieces written for *Vanity Fair* by Wynton Marsalis, Diana Krall, and Tony Bennett. "Imagine *that* combo," he says.



PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, BY JOHN VON PAMER, LAWRENCE SCHILLER/GETTY IMAGES, © MARKIAN LOZOWCHUK; BY JUSTIN BISHOP



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# THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK

## Mourning the good doctor Brandt; Wolcott's done with farewells; Ed Coaster says hello



**SKIN-DEEP** Dr. Fredric Brandt at his apartment, in New York City, 2014.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNY GHITIS/*THE NEW YORK TIMES*/REDUX

Thank you for the sensitive article about Dr. Fredric Brandt ["Darkness Invisible," by Lili Anolik, September]. I was shocked and saddened by Dr. Brandt's suicide. I worked with him when he was a clinical-trial investigator. Despite his unusual appearance and flamboyant lifestyle, Dr. Brandt was friendly, professional, accessible, and a solid investigator. I saw a glimpse of his sensitive side, and the loneliness to which the article refers, when his dog was diagnosed with cancer. His eyes welled up with tears as we had breakfast at a dermatology conference. His dogs were family to him.

May Dr. Brandt rest in peace.

**JULIE N. BRODERICK**
*Winchester, Massachusetts*

Lili Anolik names every reason for lampooning Dr. Brandt except the most obvious one: that by creating an artificial look, he took part in a process that incriminates aging, natural fading, the general course life takes. You know that whole movement to have fuller-figured models and less-touched-up photos? It's the same impulse behind a comic shaming of a doctor who promotes fakery: to imbue our culture with more natural images so no one feels a need to achieve unnatural or unhealthy appearances.

**G. REUBEN**
*New York, New York*

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Lili Anolik's story of the life and death of Dr. Fred Brandt seemed to continue the parodies that were made at Brandt's expense, rather than give to his life story the gravity it deserves. Perhaps it had more of a cosmetic rendering than it should have.

The good doctor was sought after, and seemingly worshipped for all his genius. No matter how much beauty or fame is heaped upon a person, it does not essentially change who they are.

We who live with suicidal thoughts know how slippery is the slope. In those last days of his life, he could not contain his despair. No Bo or Fill could disguise it. Perhaps in the end, Dr. Brandt's legacy is to look not without so much as within.

**LESLIE ROBIN KASSAL**
*Baltimore, Maryland*

In 1977, I was a newly graduated R.N. living on 21st Street in New York City and working at Beth Israel hospital. My two best friends, Sal, a doctor, and his wife, Wilma, had a pal named Fred. We actually called him Freddie. I agreed to a date with him: uptown to see a movie. We took the Third Avenue bus because we were both poor.

Freddie was from New Jersey. He was doing research at the Rockefeller University after graduating from medical school, and he essentially had no family—his parents had died young and he supposedly had a distant relationship with his only brother. He was a quiet, slight fellow—pleasant but very shy. I definitely remember him as being nerdy. There was always a sadness about him even if he was in a group.

Years later, I heard he was a very successful dermatologist in both Miami and New York City, but it took me a long time to realize he was Dr. Fredric Brandt. The transformation seemed completely impossible. When I read about his suicide, I thought about who he was long ago. I guess that, despite his amazing re-invention and success, he remained a lonely boy from New Jersey.

**KAREN MCDONALD**
*Aquebogue, New York*

## IT'S OVER!

Every good-bye has been treasured, but I hate the end in sight ["The Long Goodbyes," by James Wolcott, August]. Frankly, I don't know what I am going to do without Dave and Jon. [That's Letterman and Stewart.] Just the headline of James Wolcott's article sent me into paroxysms of dread.

**CONSTANCE WIGGINS**
*New York, New York*

Mr. Wolcott, right on! You get it. Thank you for the cool angle on TV, fiction, and culture through the lens of long good-byes. And a special thanks for acknowledging American animation. *The Simpsons* is the acme of great TV: great writing, acting, design, and animation. It will go on forever because the *Simpsons* artists champion ideals that reach us all. Fiction, in the form of TV, rocks.

**DIANE HELLER**
*Newbury, New Hampshire*

## FOR THE LOVE OF ED

Oh, Mr. Coaster, how I have missed thee! Why have we in the antipodes been forced to endure a drought of your very expensive words? What an absolute delight it was to read my issue of *Vanity Fair* and to find you there again. Please don't tell me that the inhabitants of the Northern Hemisphere are the only regular recipients of your golden words!

Do you think the kind folks at *V.F.* will one day put your finely chiseled black-and-white features on the cover?

**MARGARET COOK**
*Perth, Australia*

Thank you for dusting off dear old Edwin Coaster. Although his words are indeed expensive, they are worth every penny.

**VIRGINIA RAULT**
*Chêne-Bougeries, Switzerland*

*CORRECTION: On page 292 of the October issue ("The Longest Summer," by Bryan Burrough), we mischaracterized the purpose of a demonstration that Mayor Bill de Blasio attended in Albany in the spring of 2014. It was a rally to support universal pre-kindergarten.*

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.

*More from the*
# *V.F.* MAILBAG




What would *V.F.* do without helpful readers offering story suggestions? Helga Lewisohn Zipser, of Tampa, Florida, "**a member of 'the Forgotten Generation**' ... ignored in magazines, newspapers, and television—**I am talking of ladies aged 70 to 100,**" is herself 90, a widow, "and still working full-time. I travel, go out to dinner and the theater. Please, please dedicate an issue to us; our numbers are growing. **And the beautiful, young women in your magazine someday will be our age.**"

Jason Aaron Baca is a romance-cover model who "just recently got on my 400th novel. **It would be a lot of fun to do an interview** ... and explain what it's like to be one ... what I think about during a shoot, what I do to prepare for it both mentally and physically." In a remarkable coincidence, Kim Calderon, of San Antonio, Texas, writes to say, "You should interview this guy [Jason] for your magazine. **He explains all the body washes he uses and masks and creams.**" *People* and *Marie Claire,* it seems, have already written about him. (Magazines just love to do stories on subjects other magazines have recently done stories on.)

Finally, Sean Din, of Brooklyn, New York, **wonders whether we'd be interested in having him mail us a potato.** "It's just a russet potato with stamps on it. The feedback we have been getting is great." Guess what: his little business "could make an interesting story." **And with that, this Mailbag edition comes full circle.**

ILLUSTRATION BY JONATHAN CALUGI




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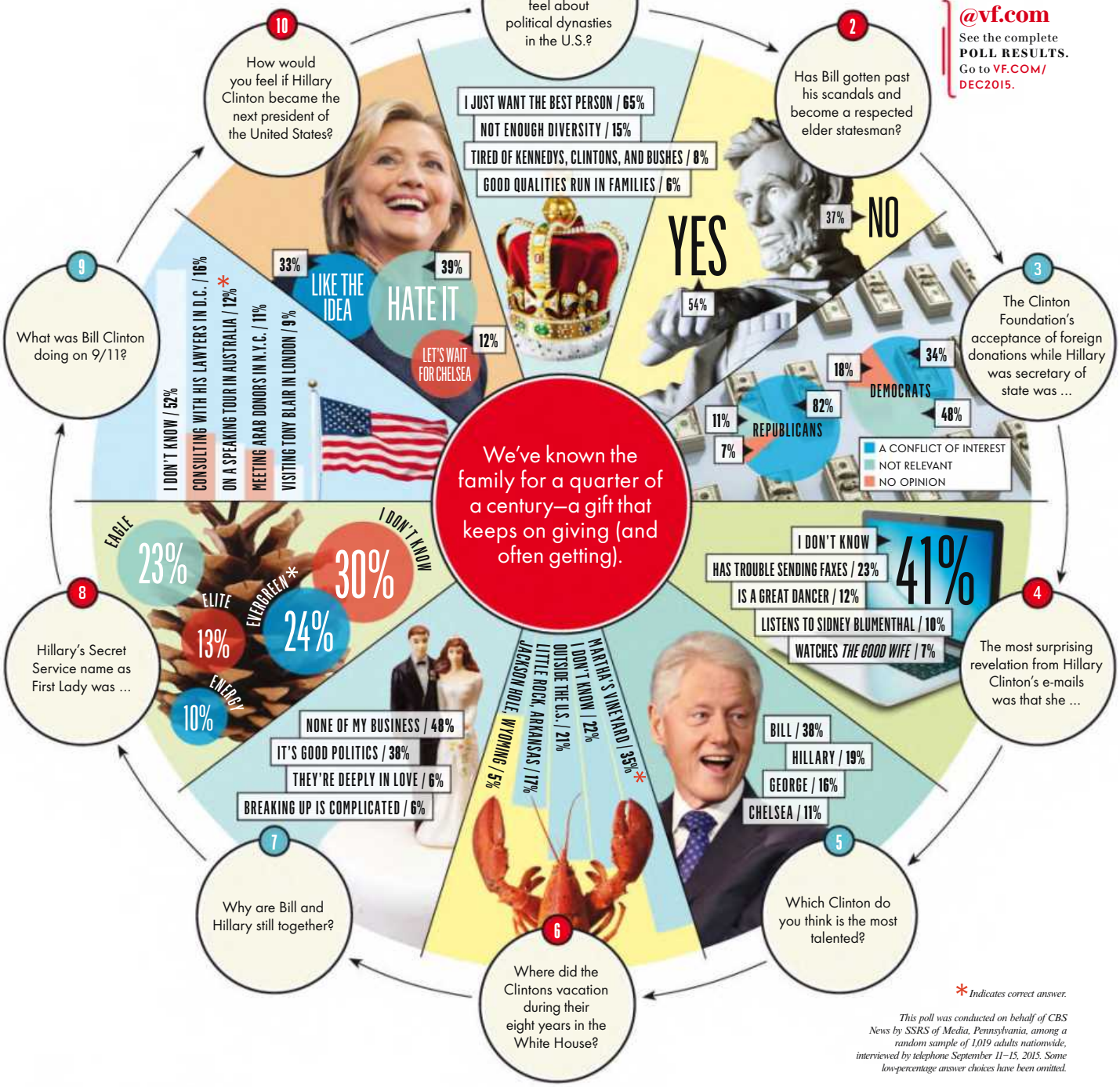
# CLINTON, INC.

Herewith, the December poll, in which we try to sort through the Whole Clinton Thing. The dynasty issue? Americans don't feel strongly either way about whether another Bush, Clinton, or for that matter Kennedy should be in the White House: two-thirds of us give the teacher's-pet answer—we just want "the best person."

Republicans are pretty sure that donations from foreign governments and individuals to the Clinton Foundation had some ulterior motives. Many people think they know why the couple is still together: 38 percent say it's "good politics." Nearly half say that it's "none of my business." But could the couple's endurance have something to do with Hillary's being a great dancer, a fact that emerged in her private-server e-mails?

So, how do Americans feel about another Clinton in the White House? Slightly more of us don't particularly like the idea. But maybe there's a compromise. Even though 38 percent of Americans consider Bill the most talented Clinton (with Hillary second in the family and Chelsea third), there is a tantalizing fourth option: P-Funk's George Clinton, polling just three points behind Hillary. That would be One Nation Under a Groove, indeed.

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* *Indicates correct answer.*

*This poll was conducted on behalf of CBS News by SSRS of Media, Pennsylvania, among a random sample of 1,019 adults nationwide, interviewed by telephone September 11–15, 2015. Some low-percentage answer choices have been omitted.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BAIGRIE (6), BRUCE YUANYUE BI (2), LEONELLO CALVETTI (1), EDWARD DJENDRONO (7), HERVÉ DONNEZAN (9), SCOTT EISEN (10), ADAM JEFFERY/CNBC/NBCU PHOTO BANK (5), GP KIDD (3), FROM KOYA79 (4), FROM VSTOCK LLC (8), ALL FROM GETTY IMAGES


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**TRUMP CARDS!** *Exclusive!* The unappreciated eloquence of **DONALD TRUMP'S HAIR.** p. 88

***TRUMPETER!*** Craig Brown monitors the presidential candidate's **TWITTER FEED.** p. 90

THIS MONTH

***ALL* TRUMPED UP!** Previewing the highlights of the **DONALD TRUMP PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY,** opening 2025. p. 90

# VANITIES



SIGMAN WEARS A DRESS BY ALEXANDER McQUEEN; CUSTOM HEADPIECE BY CHRISTY DORAMUS; EARRINGS BY TIFFANY & CO.

## STEPHANIE SIGMAN

**AGE:** 28. **PROVENANCE:** Ciudad Obregón, Mexico. **FIELD TRIPS:** Sigman's father is a scout for the New York Yankees. "I grew up in baseball stadiums. It was my two brothers and baseball around me all the time. I knew nothing about film or acting or theater when I was young!" **BOLD MOVE:** As a teenager she moved to Mexico City to pursue modeling and subsequently acting. "When you're 16 years old, you're not afraid of anything." **SCREEN SIREN:** The actress, whose big break came in 2011's critically lauded *Miss Bala,* can currently be seen as Pablo Escobar's mistress Valeria Vélez on the Netflix series *Narcos.* "[Valeria] is in love with power—as is Escobar. Their egos fell in love with each other." **FASHION STATEMENT:** There are perks to a show set against a backdrop of the 1980s Colombian drug war: "The clothes are the best part of my character. And the makeup, and the hair, and the high heels!" **THE MAJOR LEAGUES:** Sigman is set to make major waves as a Bond girl in this month's 007 film, *Spectre.* "I was nervous. I'm in a Bond film directed by Sam Mendes, with Daniel Craig. I want it to be perfect." —KRISTA SMITH

STYLED BY RYAN YOUNG; HAIR PRODUCTS BY BALMAIN; MAKEUP PRODUCTS AND NAIL ENAMEL BY DIOR; HAIR BY THANOS SAMARAS; MAKEUP BY SERGE HODONOU; MANICURE BY CASEY HERMAN; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

PHOTOGRAPH BY MIGUEL RIVERIEGO

# A better network as explained by a city.

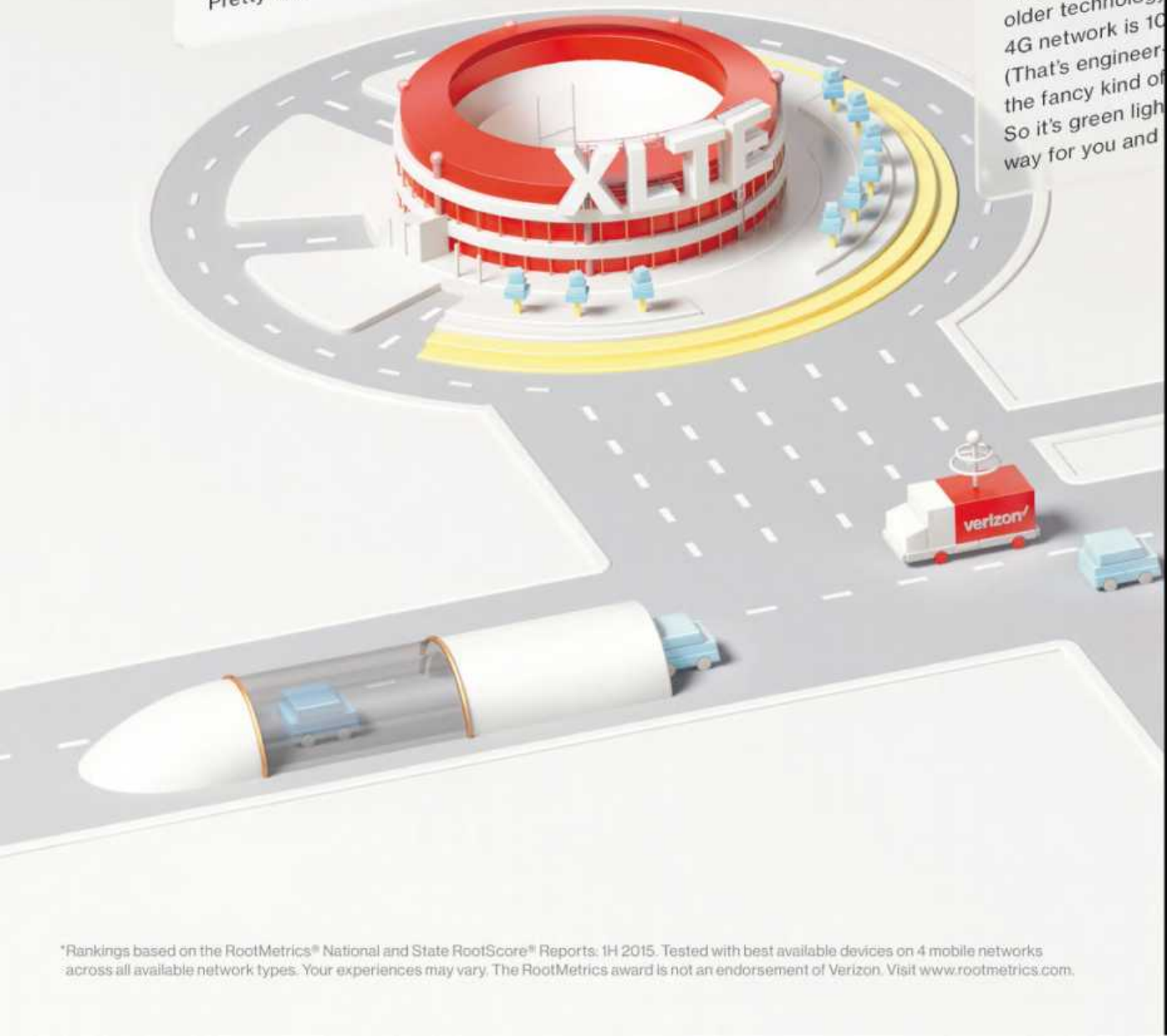
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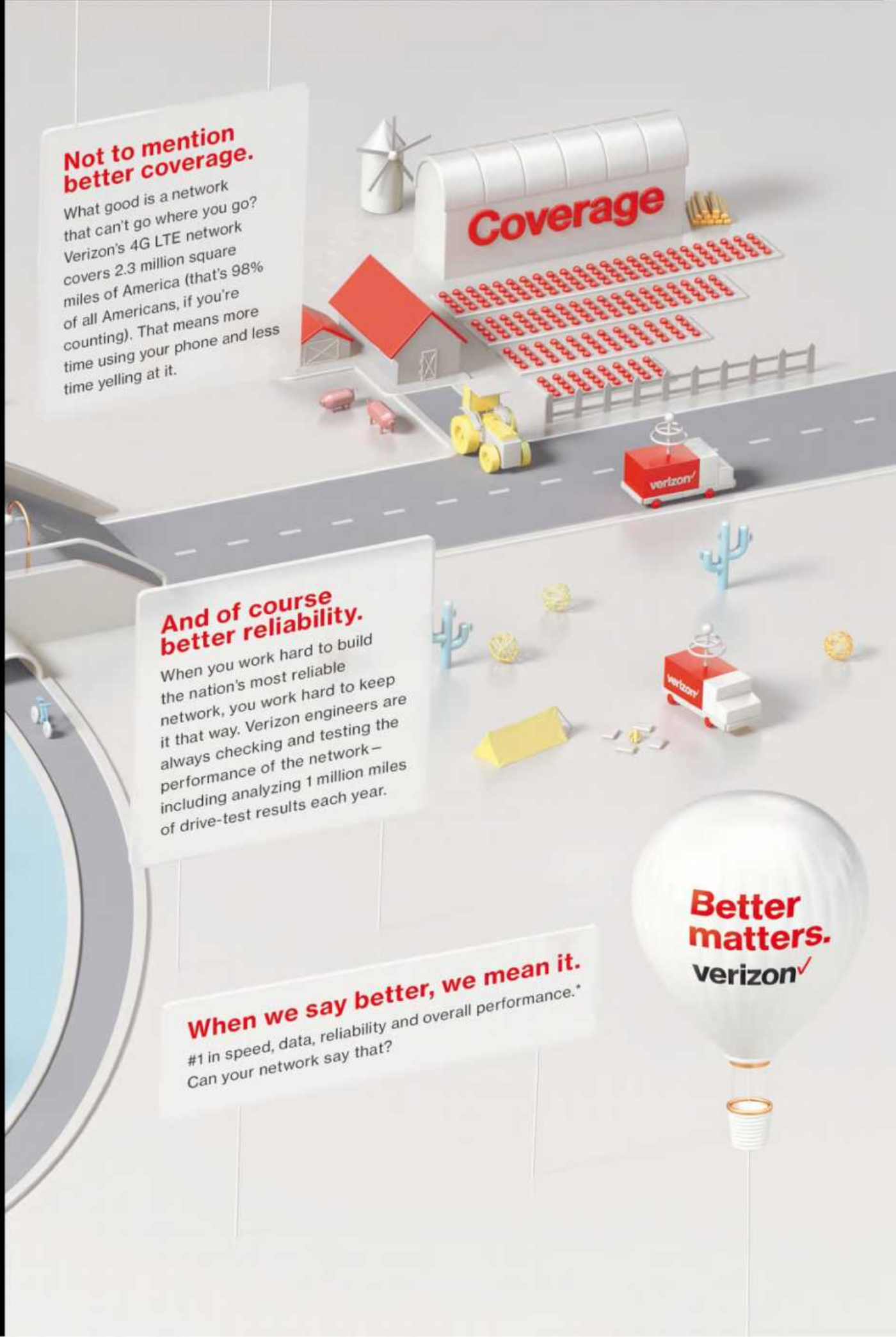
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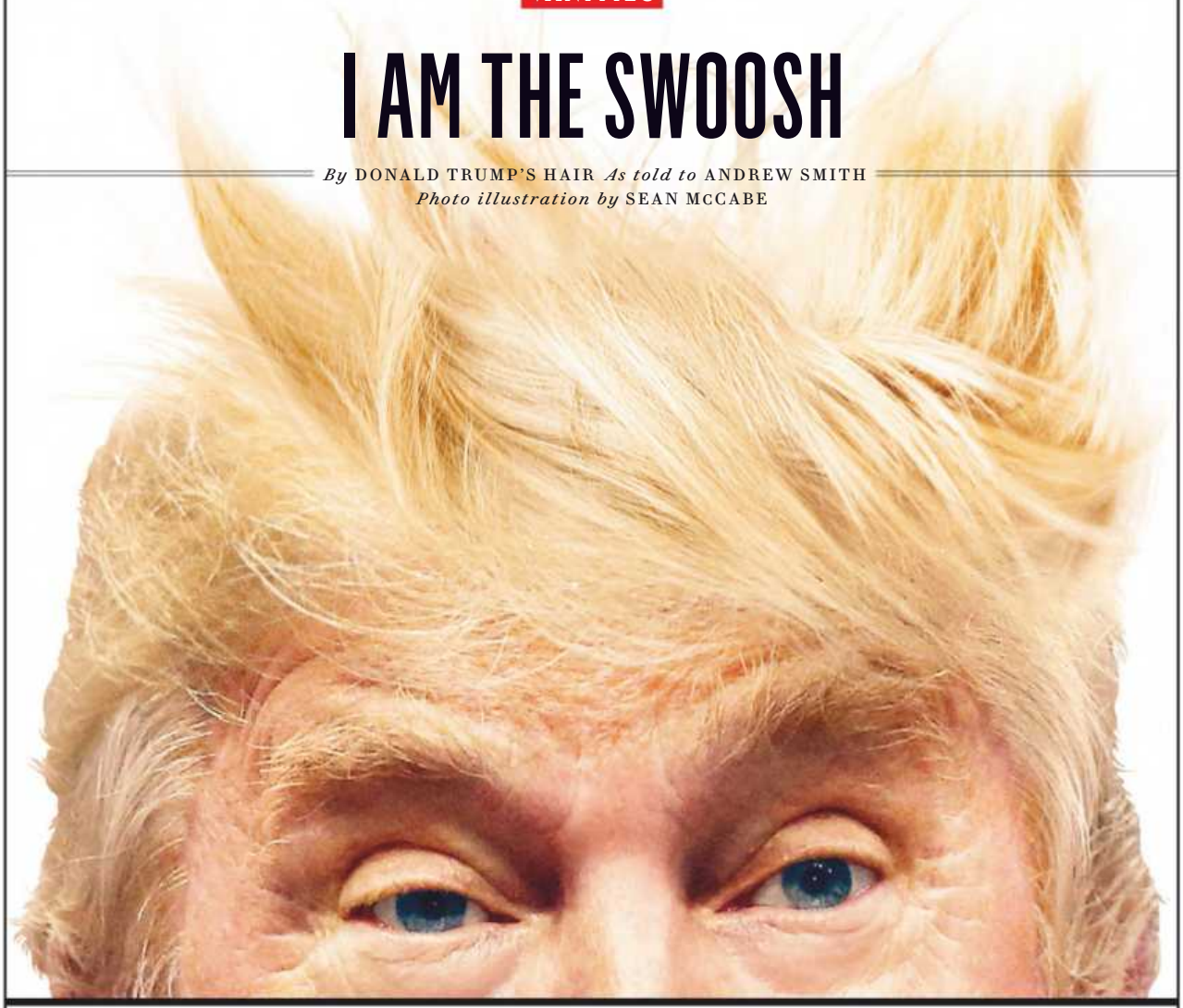
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# I AM THE SWOOSH

*By* DONALD TRUMP'S HAIR *As told to* ANDREW SMITH
*Photo illustration by* SEAN MCCABE



Anyone who thinks this is easy is a loser and is seriously kidding themselves because I'm not a comb-over. I'm a sweep, a swoosh. I haven't got time to explain the difference or the technique if you don't already know it. And if you don't know, I feel sorry for you. I really do. You'll have to trust me on this. I'll deal with you and your obvious lack of a simple understanding of the facts later. It is what it is. Maybe even *I* don't understand what it is that I do that just happens to be incredibly unique, and very effective, and truly revolutionary in many ways. But I don't question it. I reap the benefits. That's what America is about, or used to be. Let's be honest. Everybody else's hair stinks.

Rand Paul came to me and begged me to give him pointers. I was happy to do it, but I told him I don't make a habit of this. He said it was charity. I agreed with him. He asked, and I gave. Three years later, I call him for some contacts, and he's there for me.

Look. It's very simple. I'm the only one who knows what he's doing. The rest are fakers and idiots. You don't have to believe me, but you *do* have to pay attention to me because I'm right, and you know it. I don't need this. I've got plenty to do. But I care about this country and also about the future, which is where we're all going to be whether you happen to agree with me or not. I'm doing it for America. What could be better than that? If the front of his head looks like it's constantly out of focus, then I'm doing my job.

And let's be clear: It's an every-day job. Every day. I don't even take Christmas off. Neither does he. When he works, I work. And when he doesn't work, I *still* work. But that's what it takes to get the job done, and I'm all about getting the job done and getting it done right. It's pretty simple, really. That's why we're a team. Him without me doesn't work—and that goes for the other way around, too. Anyone who makes a crack about the end result or puts it down just because of their simple lack of intelligence doesn't know the facts.

So don't make me spell it out for you just because you're an idiot. Pay attention, and maybe you'll learn something. I happen to do something every day that has a tremendous impact on America. But I'm not going to play games with you. Frankly, I haven't got the time. Some people say I tell it like it is. But that's another lie. I simply tell it. Period.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM PENNINGTON/GETTY IMAGES




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# A JOURNEY THROUGH TIME – WITH RIMOWA

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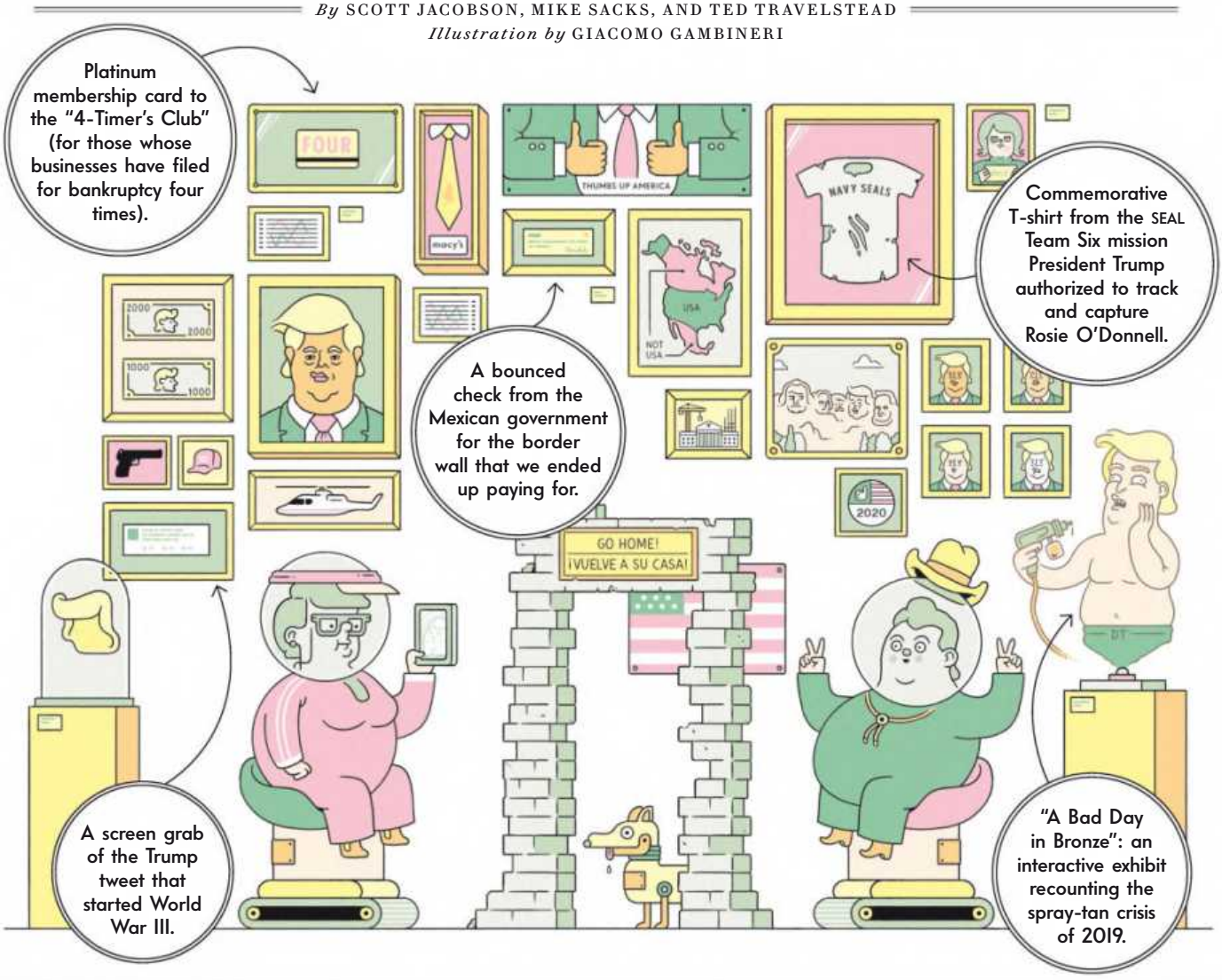

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# THE DONALD TRUMP PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY

A sneak preview of priceless historical artifacts from the library's permanent collection, on view beginning November 6, 2025

*By* SCOTT JACOBSON, MIKE SACKS, AND TED TRAVELSTEAD
*Illustration by* GIACOMO GAMBINERI




## A TWIT'S TWEETS

*As dutifully transcribed by* CRAIG BROWN

**Donald J. Trump** @realDonaldTrump · 17m
When elected U.S. President, my first act will be to introduce 5000 sharks to the coast of Alaska. Useful to send a strong message to Putin.

**Donald J. Trump** @realDonaldTrump · 19m
Weakest Pres. in our history. Faced with threat, acts like a woman. #trump2016

**Donald J. Trump** @realDonaldTrump · 20m
@BarackObama just sitting on his African-American ass doing zilch about forthcoming Soviet invasion of Alaska.

**Donald J. Trump** @realDonaldTrump · 22m
Have you seen how close Russia has gotten to Alaska recently? Just measured it. Not even a quarter-inch on my map. Frightening.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIK TANNER/GETTY IMAGES


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# Fanfair

➳ ALL-AMERICAN FLOWER GIRL *p. 96* ... THE WEEKND OPENS UP *p. 98* ... MOOD BOARD: ERDEM *p. 102* ... VRSE'S REALITY *p. 104* ... AND MORE...



## LONDON'S NEW CATCH

Fresh fish, Asian-inspired dishes, and Europe's largest Japanese-whisky selection are only part of the decadent appeal of Richard Caring's new restaurant, Sexy Fish, in London's Mayfair. The infusion of jaw-dropping art and design—floating fish lamps designed by Frank Gehry, Damien Hirst cast-bronze mermaids, and hand-cut collage artwork on the ceiling from illustrator Michael Roberts—also helps to make this the most eccentric dining room in town. (sexyfish.com)

FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK BRUMELL

# Fashion Forward

There's fashion, which is how we describe the prevailing way people dress. And then there's Fashion with a capital *F*, the international, multi-billion-dollar industry that dictates what and how people clothe themselves. **Imran Amed** founded the Web site Business of Fashion to link the two. "One of my first observations when I met people in the industry was this gulf in understanding between the creative side and the business side. It's like they spoke a different language," he says. "BoF translates business for fashion people."

Amed, 40—who was born in Calgary, Canada, to Indian parents who had emigrated from East Africa in the 1970s—graduated from Harvard Business School in 2002. He went to work at the consulting firm McKinsey & Co. in London. But by 2006, he had started a personal blog to entertain and update his family and friends on all the amusing interactions he had with the myriad personalities he worked with at fashion houses. His motto, "Content is the most important currency," defined his vision, and within the year his posts were capturing the attention of the fashion industry. In 2007 he was asked to teach a class, "The Business of Fashion," at London's famed fashion college, Central Saint Martins. (By now, he had also christened his site with this more official-sounding name.) In 2013, Amed raised a $2.5 million round of seed financing from investors, including LVMH and Net-a-Porter. Last year, BoF launched in China, the only fashion-industry publication of its kind in the country.

"He sees the fashion business objectively and holistically, from design to investment to marketing and commerce. He understands new media very well," says Net-a-Porter founder Natalie Massenet. He also acts as a barometer. For example, when Gucci needed a new designer last year, industry insiders looked to BoF to speculate. Same thing with Balenciaga this year.

In 2013 he entered the ranking game by inducting the first annual BoF 500, an insiders' list of industry V.I.P.'s who often wheel and deal behind the scenes. What Amed is best known for among BoF's 30 employees, however, is the way he runs a weekly team meeting. No one sits—that fosters idleness and chitchat. "Fashion is an industry of action, not discussion," he says, smiling.

—DEREK BLASBERG



Imran Amed, just before the Louis Vuitton women's spring-summer 2016 show at the Fondation Louis Vuitton, in Paris.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE-ALBAN HÜE DE FONTENAY




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*From top:* the café's cozy interior; outside the café; proprietor Sylvia Whitman, partner David Delannet, and the shop's dog, Colette.



# Literati Who Lunch

It's hard to improve upon perfection, but in the early 1960s **George Whitman** felt that something was missing. Yes, his Left Bank bookstore, **Shakespeare and Company**—an homage to the original bookshop owned by Lost Generation doyenne **Sylvia Beach**—had become a celebrated haunt for his generation's literati, but that wasn't quite enough. Soon Whitman identified the missing ingredients: coffee and lemon pie. Shakespeare and Company needed a literary café in the little medieval building next door. The only hitch: the building's owner wouldn't let him have it. Every weekend, Whitman knocked on the owner's door and made his case, and every weekend he was refused.

Whitman died in 2011, but now, more than a half-century after he first had the idea, his vision will finally be realized. His daughter, Sylvia—the current proprietor of Shakespeare and Company—has secured the next-door space at last. The **Shakespeare and Company Café,** which has just opened, serves light, healthy fare from morning through evening. "Coffee and books go so well together," says Sylvia. Visitors can nibble on literature-inspired fare (such as a cheddar-relish sandwich called the Bun Also Rises) and gaze at Notre Dame from the café terrace, or they can tote Shakespeare and Company picnic lunches down to the banks of the Seine, where Ernest Hemingway liked to edit manuscripts. Books line the café's walls, and if you glance up above the front door you'll discover the restaurant's mantra, gleaming in metal letters: "Open door, open books, open mind, open heart."

—LESLEY M. M. BLUME

# In Full Bloom



"I always joke that I learned everything about floral arranging from the University of YouTube," says **Christina Stembel,** the 37-year-old founder and C.E.O. of **Farmgirl Flowers.** "But I didn't like the aesthetic out there. I wanted to be able to send my mom flowers I wouldn't be embarrassed by." Stembel has neither a college degree nor a background in horticulture, yet she is revolutionizing the multi-billion-dollar-a-year floral e-commerce business. "Those companies are all owned by men, even though 78 percent of people who buy flowers are women," she says. Her Eureka! moment came in 2010, when she was working in event planning at Stanford University and saw that floral centerpieces were costing up to $200 a pop. "That just didn't make any sense to me," she says. So, Stembel did her research and realized she could do to the flower industry what farmers' markets did to the food industry: both meet and create a demand for locally sourced, high-quality product with a personal touch. With just $49,000 of her savings as seed money, Stembel launched Farmgirl Flowers out of her 100-square-foot dining room in—where else?—**San Francisco.** As of May, Farmgirl Flowers delivers nationwide, with one available arrangement a day wrapped in recycled burlap or arranged in wine bottles to minimize waste. She also plans to eradicate bad taste. "Those roundy-moundy, red-roses-with-baby's-breath designs are of the past," Stembel says. "People want flowers that look just-picked-from-their-garden—that warm, cozy feeling, even if they're ordering from thousands of miles away." (farmgirlflowers.com) —MAUREEN CALLAHAN

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, BY GIACOMO BRETZEL; RIGHT, BY CHLOE AFTEL; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY SHERRIE LONG



Christina Stembel, photographed at Farmgirl Flowers, in the San Francisco Flower Mart.

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The Weeknd performs in Toronto, September 2014.

# Hot Tracks

## THE WEEKND

"My life's been wild ever since I left home at a young age," says Abel Tesfaye—a.k.a. **the Weeknd**—whose new album (*Beauty Behind the Madness*) entered the charts at No. 1 in more than 70 countries this past September. "I think going through my darkest times first actually helped me cope with the fame life more," adds the Toronto-born 25-year-old Tesfaye, who started out as a mysterious, reclusive artist before he won over the mainstream with his melodic, infectious, but edgy R&B. "I've learned to balance everything out, and one thing is for sure—I'm always focused, especially when it comes to the music." Here, Tesfaye talks with **Lisa Robinson** about love, music, success, and his hair.

**LISA ROBINSON: How are you handling all the attention?**

**ABEL TESFAYE:** I'm overwhelmed and grateful for my success. I also controlled how famous I was getting; I slowly would reveal more of myself every year. That helped me cope with fame as opposed to it all just falling on me.

**L.R.: Your music has old-school references like Motown and Michael Jackson, but with a yearning, sadness, and darker edge. Is this organic or a conscious move?**

**A.T.:** I do it subconsciously, mostly because I grew up with this music in my household. [Michael Jackson's] "Don't Stop 'til You Get Enough," from *Off the Wall*, is actually the song that helped me find my voice. It's the reason I sing. The sadness I inherit is from the Ethiopian music my mother would play. A lot of sad songs about heartbreak. Even though I couldn't really make out what they were saying, I could feel it.

**L.R.: When you first had three mix-tape hits online no one knew what you looked like—why?**

**A.T.:** I always hated how I looked on camera. I never put a face to my music, which actually made the music that much more mysterious. It kind of worked in my favor, and I ran with it as long as I could. None of my fans knew how I looked until I played live shows.

**L.R.: You've collaborated with Ariana Grande, Ed Sheeran, and others, you've worked with producers such as Kanye West and Max Martin, and you've brought a new, exciting sound to R&B. What haven't you done musically that you'd like to do?**

**A.T.:** I want to produce the music to a movie that I'm working on, like what Prince did with *Purple Rain.* It's a very personal project. It could take up to two years, though. And I really admire Ed Sheeran's work—I had the most fun collaborating with him, so, hopefully, more to come.

**L.R.: What's the biggest misconception about you?**

**A.T.:** People always say when they meet me that I'm not what they expect. I assume they think I'm this super dark and depressing guy, but I like to channel all of those emotions into my work. I'm pretty laid-back in real life. I just love hanging with my friends and making jokes. The jokes don't stop—literally, all day.

**L.R.: You've been photographed out with a well-known model [Bella Hadid]. How have you managed to maintain a private life?**

**A.T.:** I'm definitely not scared of love anymore. If it happens, then it happens. It's definitely refreshing to find someone who's as passionate about their career as I am about mine.

**L.R.: Even if you wanted to walk around incognito, it would be hard with your hairdo. Have you ever considered just cutting it off?**

**A.T.:** Every time I get recognized, I feel blessed, like "Thank God this is happening." The last thing you want is to not be recognized for all of the hard work you put in. [As for my hair] at first, I had a small little messy high-top with more hair in the front. Then I just let it grow. I don't do anything to it but clean it. This is my natural hair, it's growing naturally, and I love it. It gives me an identity—I feel like it gives me powers sometimes. I came really close to cutting it once, but then I realized that I would just look like everyone else. That would be boring.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HYGHLY ALLEYNE; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

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Countess Debonnaire von Bismarck in her London showroom.







# Private Lives

## DEBONNAIRE VON BISMARCK

**Debonnaire** is the new answer to great gifting. Think Aladdin's cave meets Santa's grotto, with a hefty sprinkle of Euro-chic fairy dust. A place where gift-giving crises are solved in a slinky flash by **Debonnaire "Debbie" von Bismarck,** one of the world's most glamorous countesses, wife of Count Leopold "Bolle" von Bismarck, and widely regarded as London's best hostess.

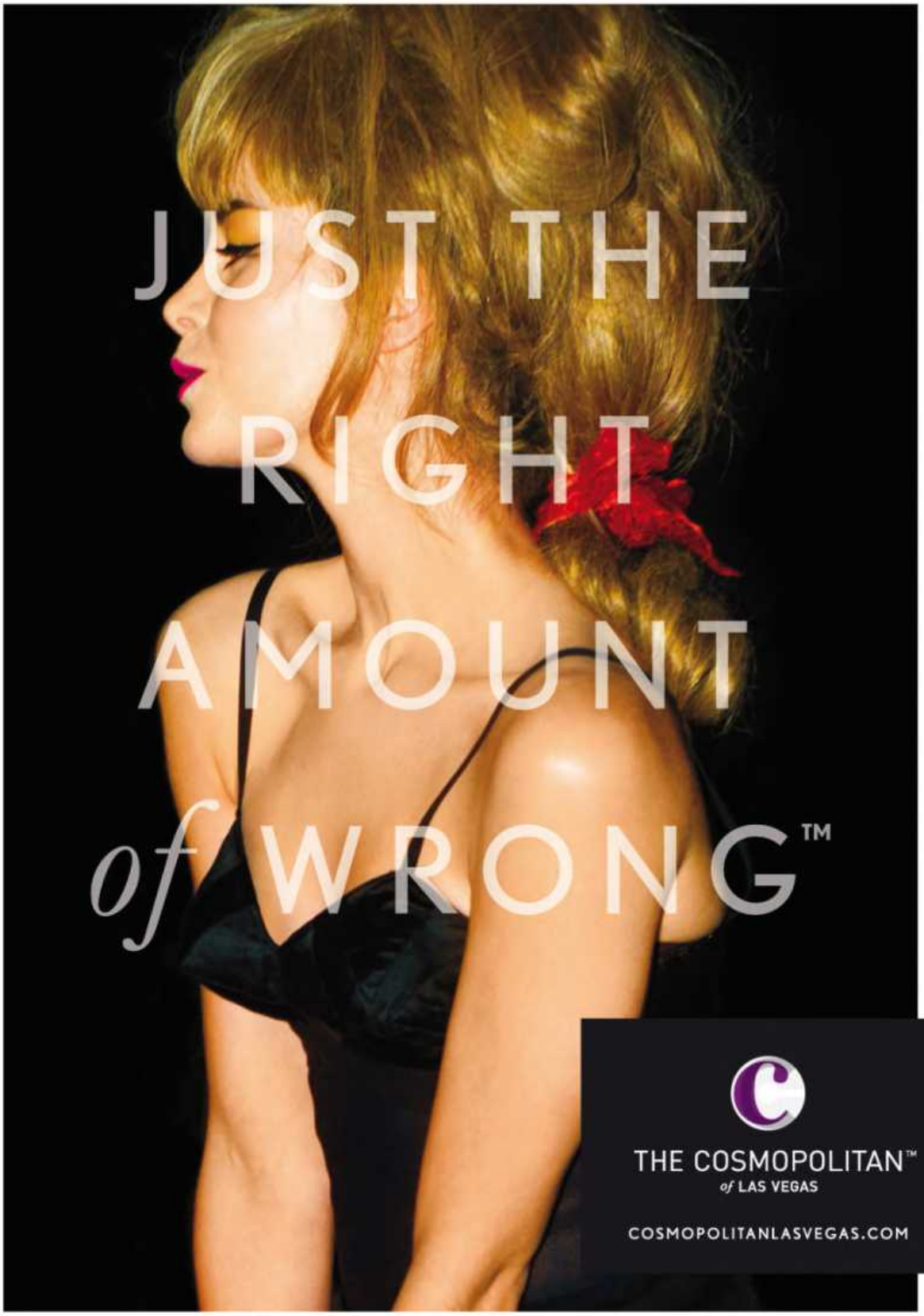
To find her by-appointment-only showroom requires the sleuthing skills of Sherlock; on a rather nondescript street in Knightsbridge, an unprepossessing bell is to be rung, then it's up some stairs and the door swings open to a world of endless treasures … Countess Debonnaire's gifting lair.

"The idea came from traveling," says von Bismarck—who enlisted a number of friends, including Annabelle Neilson, Gala Gordon, and Kate Moss (who, incidentally, is rumored to be dating the countess's son Nikolai) to style the inaugural Debonnaire look book."When I go somewhere new, I go hunting for things." Things such as the best slippers from Lebanon, velvet jackets from Marrakech, butter-soft leather washbags from Italy, silk pajamas from Paris, yoga shawls from Nepal, pumpkin-shaped silver salt and pepper grinders from Venice, and champagne coupes modeled on Kate Moss's left breast. "I always thought, One day I must do something with it all," she remembers. In March 2014, she flew to India with her partner, Judith Loof, former director of marketing and of operations for L'Wren Scott, and started making cotton shirts and boxer shorts. Just seven months later, the Debonnaire showroom opened.

There was no fanfare or swanky launch party. And in this era of digital shopping, Debonnaire has no online retail option. The Web site is simply a cover page, with a phone number, no address, and a quote: "'It is said that presents persuade even the Gods'—Euripides (480–406 B.C.)." In a world where rarity is a rarity, von Bismarck values exclusivity. "I want to keep it really small," she explains. "If you go online, then you get 'Oh, *that's* where you get it' or 'She only spent *that* much on me for Christmas.'"

Everything is wrapped, packed in matte-black boxes decorated with bells and colorful pom-poms, and labeled with the contents. "I just really enjoy finding the right thing for the right person," says von Bismarck. So, Santa . . . you'd better watch your back. —ALICE B-B

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DYLAN THOMAS




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"For Spring-Summer 2016 I was inspired by prairie madness, a condition that affected 19th-century Europeans migrating to the Great Plains."
*—Erdem Moralioglu*



# Mood Board

**Erdem Moralioglu's Spring-Summer 2016 collection focuses on romantic floor-length dresses with puffs of volume at the wrists and elbows and long, tiered, ruffled skirts. Intricate floral embroidery and guipure evoke Victorian-era beauty, while the delicate silhouettes give way to *Little House on the Prairie* nostalgia.**

BY PUNCH HUTTON





*Christina's World*, by Andrew Wyeth, tempera on panel, 1948.







"I was looking at Andrew Wyeth paintings and novels like Willa Cather's *O Pioneers!* and Dorothy Scarborough's *The Wind*."
*—E.M.*








"I love the idea of portraying character through fabrication. There was this sense of coming-undone frayed edges, sleeves hanging loose, buttons left open juxtaposed with ribbons, lace, and crochet—like nostalgic mementos of life back home."
*—E.M.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MANNO (BOOK); © THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/LICENSED BY SCALA/ART RESOURCE, N.Y. (*CHRISTINA'S WORLD*) © ANDREW WYETH). FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS




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DESIGN CONSULTANT: Susan M. Jamieson, ASID



Chris Milk, photographed at the Vrse office, in Venice, California.

# What's Your Reality?

It's been 30-odd years since **Chris Milk** played around with his grandfather's VHS camera trying to remake **Michael Jackson's** "Thriller" music video in his backyard. Two decades later, he created videos for musicians like **Kanye West, U2,** and **Modest Mouse.** Today, Milk has the audience in mind—hoping to put them smack in the middle of all the action—with **Vrse,** his 360-degree virtual-reality venture. Milk founded Vrse and its production company, Vrse.works, in 2014, visualizing ideas for immersive content that had to be shot using cameras that didn't yet exist. So Vrse built them.

"We build camera rigs tailored specifically to the story we're trying to tell, or the shot we're trying to capture," he says.

Milk did this with the films he made in collaboration with the United Nations—one story took viewers into the daily life of a 12-year-old Syrian girl in a Jordanian refugee camp; the other followed a survivor in an Ebola-torn village in Liberia. The difference between the films Vrse makes (Milk has also partnered with *The New York Times,* Vice News, and *Saturday Night Live*) and traditional cinematography feels like "the difference between watching an interview on TV and actually speaking to someone face-to-face. It all comes down to the emotions we're trying to convey," he says.

A documentary may tell a story using footage of a police-brutality demonstration or of comedian **Jerry Seinfeld** doing a monologue, but Vrse gives its viewers the ability to roam through throngs of protestors or zoom in on **Larry David's** reaction to the joke. These moments are delivered through Vrse's mobile app or a Space Age–looking headset.

"For a long time, I believed that a great piece of music on its own could do more to stir the soul than any other single art form," he said. "But in virtual reality, we're placing the viewer inside a moment or a story . . . made possible by sound and visual technology that's actually tricking the brain into believing it's somewhere else."

There's a symbiosis between major players on the technology side, from Oculus Rift to Sony and Google, which are developing affordable mass-market platforms, and content producers such as Vrse, Digital Domain, Oculus Story Studio, and RYOT. With every technological leap, Milk says, "a new corridor of creative thinking opens."

"Virtual reality is the 'ultimate empathy machine.' These experiences are more than documentaries. They're opportunities to walk a mile in someone else's shoes."

—EMILY JANE FOX

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# Ah yes, The Zone. You remember that place where you relax your body and mind just enough to shape those random little notions into something useful.

You know: ideas. An elusive place these days, for sure. And yet, the new **Lincoln Black Label MKX*** is doing its small part to help you find it. How? By paying attention to nuances of texture and tone, by using only the top 1% of hides for leather seating. And then there are the exceptional privileges, like having your vehicle personally picked up by a Lincoln Black Label Specialist if it ever needs service, then delivered back, good as new. It's like it turns even your time into a luxury. *Who wouldn't love that?* All to inspire that feeling of effortlessness, yet leaving you in total control. Ah yes... The Zone. Remember? *LincolnMKX.com/BlackLabel*

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A 1956 Alfa Romeo Giulietta Sprint Bertone Speciale from *Best in Show: Italian Car Masterpieces from the Lopresto Collection* (Skira), by Andrea Cittadini.

# Hot Type

**Christopher Hitchens** is sorely missed, *And Yet . . .* (Simon & Schuster) a bounty of his famous scalps, his thunder-blasted targets, and a few love letters brings the spirit of the iconoclastic late *V.F.* contributing editor and provocateur in chief roaring to life with such a vengeance it's almost as if he were here.

Flashback: **Blair Jackson** and **David Gans's** 50-year oral history of the Grateful Dead, *This Is All a Dream We Dreamed* (Flatiron), is an epic jam. Famously shy songstress **Carly Simon** comes of age in her lyrical memoir, *Boys in the Trees* (Flatiron). **Rick Moody** deftly remakes the novel in his four-star *Hotels of North America* (Little, Brown). **Christopher Buckley** frolics through the 16th century with *The Relic Master* (Simon & Schuster). **Amos Kamil** and **Sean Elder** expose the decades-long pattern of sexual abuse at Horace Mann School in *Great Is the Truth* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). **Joel Lobenthal** spotlights the Kirov's rebel prima ballerina, *Alla Osipenko* (Oxford). **Fergus Fleming** cracks Ian Fleming's Bond letters in *The Man with the Golden Typewriter* (Bloomsbury). **Justin Cartwright** wrestles with South Africa in *Up Against the Night* (Bloomsbury). **Alistair Horne** ruminates on the tragedy of war in *Hubris* (Harper). **James Harkin** targets the violent rise of the Islamic State in *Hunting Season* (Hachette). **A. David Moody's** third volume of *Ezra Pound: Poet* (Oxford) plots the anti-Semitic writer's downfall. Football takes a hit in **Jeanne Marie Laskas's** *Concussion* (Random House). **Kate Williams's** *Young Elizabeth* (Pegasus) paints the Queen as a pre-teen princess. **Michael Cunningham** and **Yuko Shimizu's** *A Wild Swan* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) is an enchantment. Writers famous and not-so boil down *The Best Advice in Six Words* (St. Martin's Griffin), edited by **Larry Smith.** Dazzling dance photographer **Lois Greenfield** and **William A. Ewing** frame *Lois Greenfield: Moving Still* (Chronicle). Rising star **Ryan Britt** blasts off with *Luke Skywalker Can't Read* (Plume). **Mary-Louise Parker** debuts with the deeply funny and entirely original *Dear Mr. You* (Scribner). Finally, it's the ab-so-lute-ly spiffy portable paperback of *Bohemians, Bootleggers, Flappers, and Swells: The Best of Early* Vanity Fair (Penguin), edited by the best of us, **Graydon Carter** and **David Friend.** Ain't that ducky?

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL




## IT TAKES *TWO*

Imagine the black-clad, proto-Goth twins in Diane Arbus's famous photograph a few years older. Now imagine them as the heroines of a new Y.A. novel that shuffles the teen-dystopia deck with some *Narnia*-style fantasy. Intrigued? The twins, Charlotte and Sonja, perform as musicians in a tattered, Victorian-esque circus that travels through the nightmarish Outskirts, an ash-heap wasteland patrolled by PG-13 versions of the gangs in *A Clockwork Orange*. But wait, that's only the first few chapters! The twins are soon spirited off by a mysterious guardian for an adventure that takes them through hidden worlds, full of supernatural creatures and known as the Seven Edens. Will Charlotte and Sonja uncover the secret of their own birth and regain their strange, stolen powers? Designer and illustrator **Juman Malouf** sets quite a few plates spinning in *The Trilogy of Two* (Putnam), her first novel. She keeps it all whirling with aplomb and no broken crockery—a bit of a circus performer herself. Plus, her line drawings are exquisite.

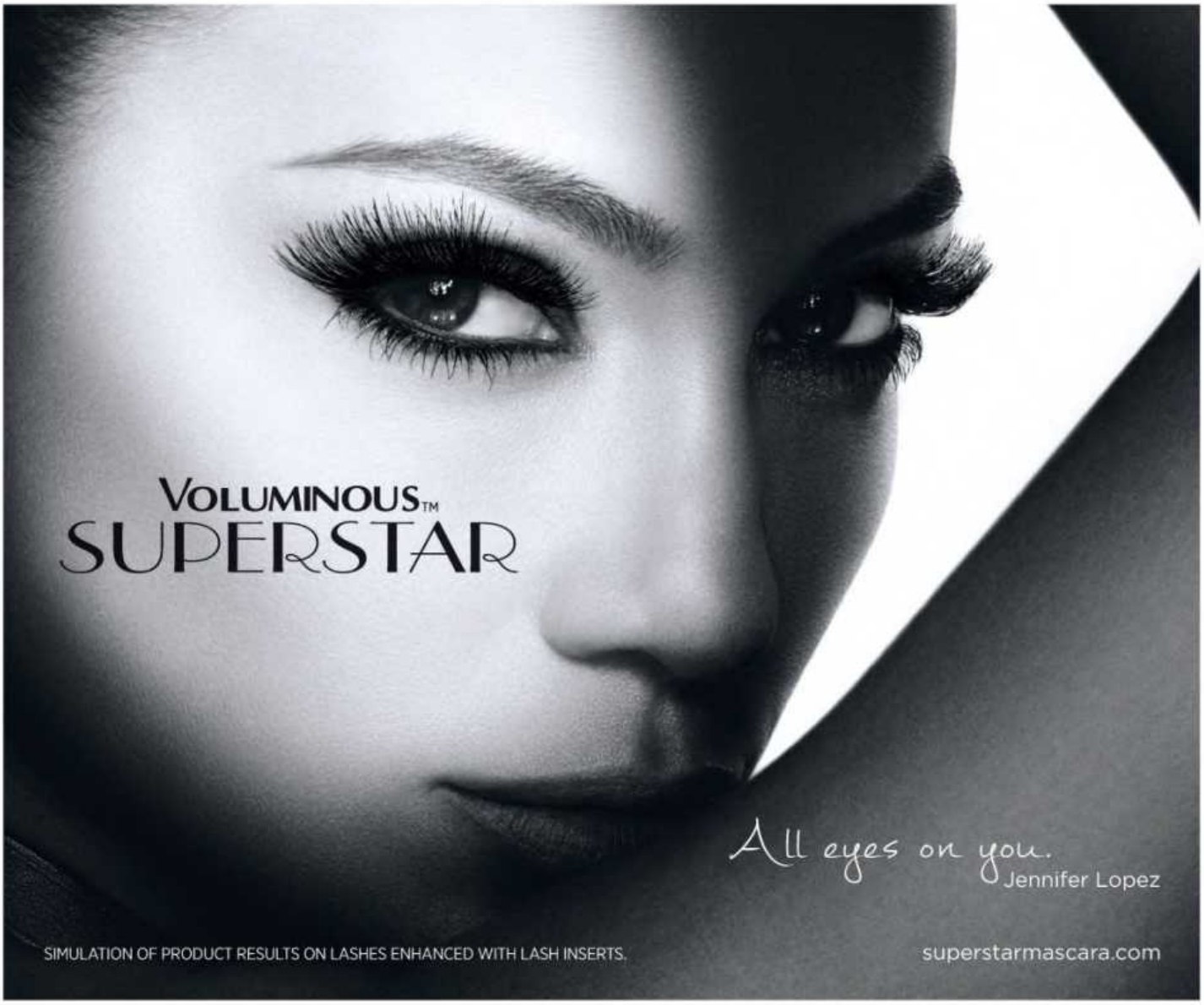
—BRUCE HANDY




## IN SHORT

**Lucinda Hawksley** digs up *Queen Victoria's Mysterious Daughter* (Thomas Dunne). The late **Oscar Hijuelos's** *Twain & Stanley Enter Paradise* (Grand Central) is inspired. **Molly Crabapple's** memoir is *Drawing Blood* (Harper). **Sarah L. Kaufman** performs *The Art of Grace* (Norton). Philosopher turned novelist **Simon Critchley's** *Memory Theater* (Other Press) is trippy. **Dita Von Teese** pens *Your Beauty Mark* (Dey Street). **Winston Groom** hails *The Generals* (National Geographic) of W.W. II. **Saul David** relives *Operation Thunderbolt* (Little, Brown). **Victor Sebestyen** rewinds to *1946* (Pantheon). **Michael Connelly** takes us on *The Crossing* (Little, Brown). Photographer **Gary Zuercher** basks in *The Glow of Paris: The Bridges of Paris at Night* (Marcorp Editions). **Bruce Weber** makes the *All-American XV: Leap of Faith* (teNeues). **Shonda Rhimes** shares her *Year of Yes* (Simon & Schuster). **David Thomson** directs *How to Watch a Movie* (Knopf). *Lee* (Assouline) is **Lee Radziwill** *in toto*. **David Rose** thrills in *Taking Morgan* (Skyhorse). Photographer **Dan Martensen** runs with the Angulo brothers of *The Wolfpack* (Damiani). **Lloyd Ziff** pans *New York/Los Angeles* (KMW Studio). **Debbie Reynolds** works it in *Make 'Em Laugh* (Morrow). **Tom Jones** lets it all hang out in *Over the Top and Back* (Blue Rider). —E.S.

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Ex Nihilo's in-shop boutique at Bergdorf Goodman; *inset*, Fleur Narcotique, one of the brand's demi-bespoke fragrances.

## Making Scents

**Ex Nihilo,** the new kid on the fragrance block, arrives at **Bergdorf Goodman** this month. In addition to launching its eau de parfum **Sweet Morphine,** which is composed of citrus, vanilla, and green notes, the line will offer a unique demi-bespoke experience. Consumers can select one base scent from the available eight and then add a raw ingredient to make it their own. This takes the meaning of personal fragrance to a new level. ($225–$415; bergdorfgoodman.com)

—AUDREY NOBLE

# Beauty




Kiehl's Holiday Collection.

## Crème de la Crop

Fashion designers **Jeffrey Costello** and **Robert Tagliapietra**—known as "the lumberjacks of fashion"—have collaborated with **Kiehl's** to create charmingly eclectic custom art for the apothecary's **7th Annual Limited Edition Creme de Corps Holiday Collection** packaging. As a beautified bonus, 100 percent of net profits from sales (up to $100,000) will benefit **Feeding America.** ($29–$48; kiehls.com)

—CAT BUCKLEY




## DISCOVERY KIT

This month, perfumemaker **Ben Gorham** dispatches the limited-edition **Byredo La Sélection Parfum,** a travel kit consisting of six iconic scents that evoke dreams of far-flung locales. ($145; byredo.com)

—SUNHEE GRINNELL

## Hot Looks

### Tom Ford



**Lip Color** Drench lips in this buttery formula that feels as narcissistic as its name, So Vain. ($52; tomford.com)

### Guerlain



**Orchidée Impériale Night Detoxifying Essence** Achieve maximum cellular renewal with this skin treatment. ($230; saks.com)

### La Mer




**The Renewal Oil** This highly potent sea-sourced elixir will plump, firm, and smooth your complexion. ($240; cremedelamer.com)

### By Terry



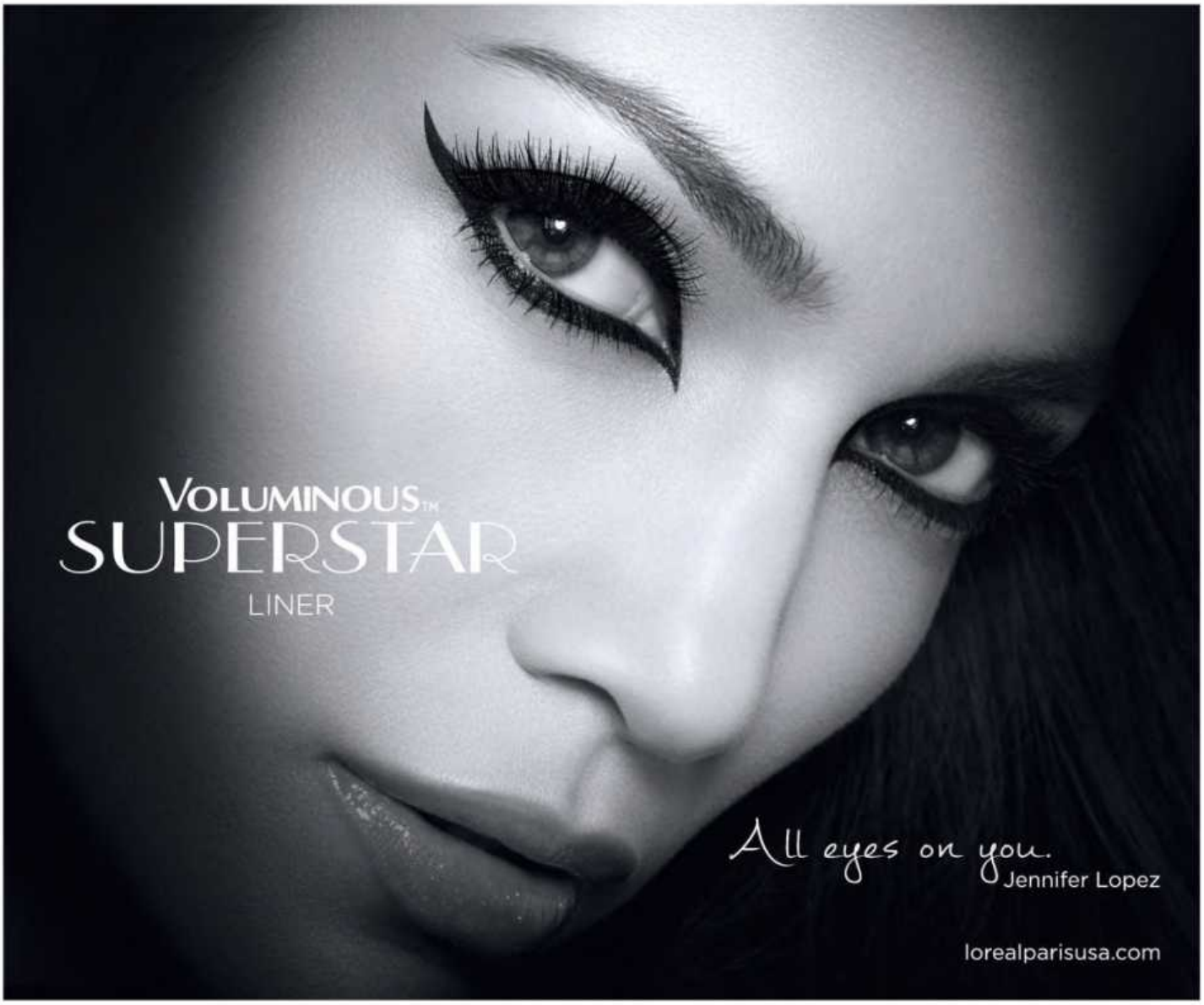
**Ombre Blackstar Cream Eyeshadow** Crystallize the eyes in No. 11 Beyond Gold for a shimmery tattoo effect. ($44; barneys.com)

### Elizabeth Arden



**Superstart Skin Renewal Booster** This fast-acting, lightweight formula should be first in line for any skin regimen. ($65; elizabetharden.com) —S.H.G.

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# Fairground



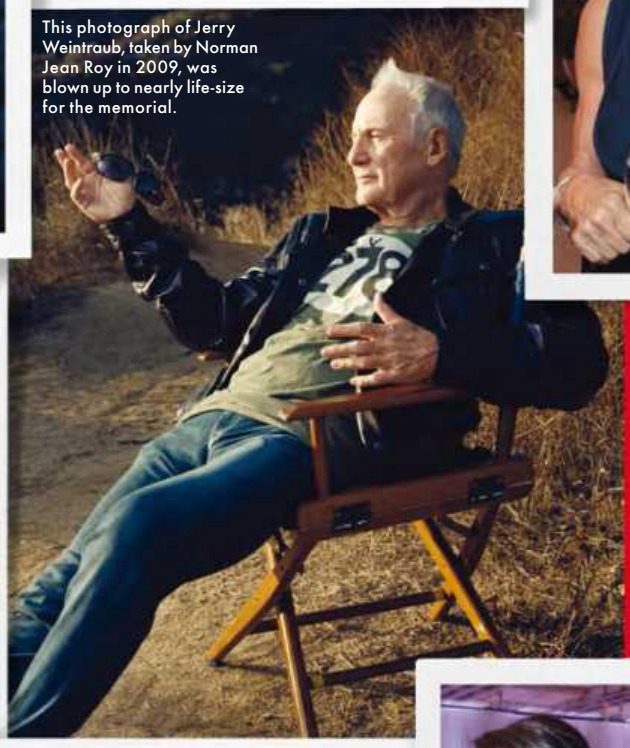
Bryan Lourd and Richard Plepler



Don Cheadle and Scott Caan



Susie Ekins



This photograph of Jerry Weintraub, taken by Norman Jean Roy in 2009, was blown up to nearly life-size for the memorial.

## REMEMBERING HIM THEIR WAY

Family, friends, and colleagues celebrated the life, lessons, and stories at the memorial for beloved producer Jerry Weintraub in Los Angeles.



Billy Crystal and Sharon Stone



Matt Damon



Ron Deutschendorf, Jane Morgan, and Nancy Lesser



Amal and George Clooney

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# FAIRGROUND


Amir Bahadori and Amitiss Nasiri


Cassandra and Brad Grey

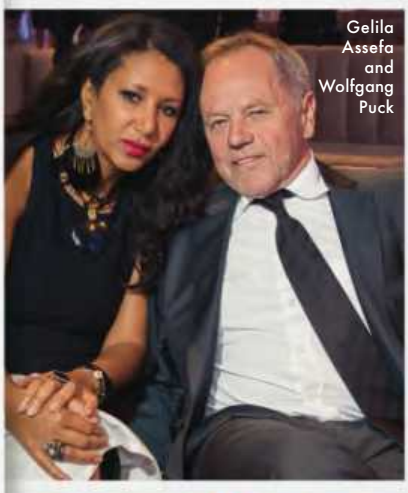

Paul Anka sang a version of "My Way."

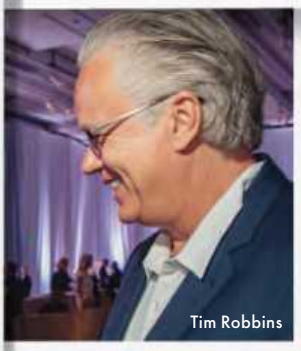

Scott Caan, Steven Soderbergh, Don Cheadle, George Clooney, and Matt Damon


Brett Ratner and Dan Fellman

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUSTIN BISHOP


The Weintraub family, from left: Jody, Sarah, Rachel, Joseph, Jane, Ari, Jamie, Julie, and Michael.


Gelila Assefa and Wolfgang Puck

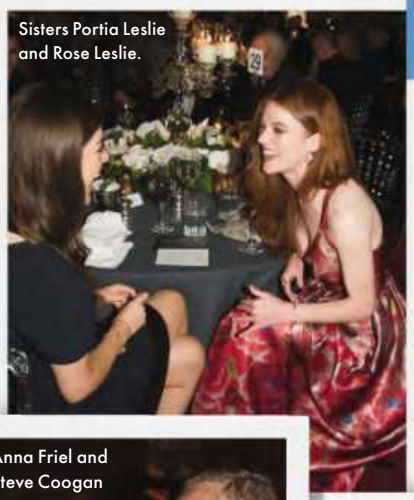

Tim Robbins

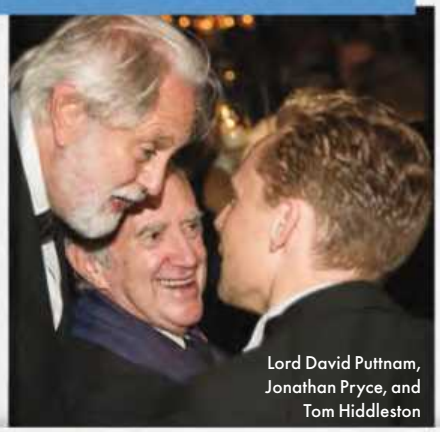

Jerry's golden retriever, Bet.


Leslie Moonves, Richard Plepler, and Sharon Stone


Caitlyn Jenner and George and Amal Clooney

# FAIRGROUND


Sisters Portia Leslie and Rose Leslie.


Lord David Puttnam, Jonathan Pryce, and Tom Hiddleston


Jonathan Ross and Amanda Neville


Anna Friel and Steve Coogan


Cressida Bonas

Guests enjoyed dinner and bid on auction items.


Anna Friel and Tom Hiddleston


Guy and Jacqui Ritchie

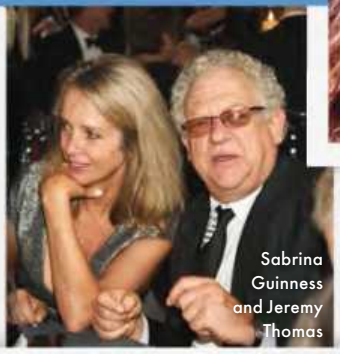
## LUMINOUS AFFAIR

Britain's entertainment community turned out at the Guildhall in London to support the British Film Institute National Archive. The Luminous gala, in partnership with IWC Schaffhausen, helped raise funds to secure the future of the U.K.'s collection of films and TV programs.


Joan Collins


Tatiana and Helly Nahmad


Josh Berger and Len Blavatnik


Sabrina Guinness and Jeremy Thomas


Madeline Di Nonno and Louisa Corben


Terry Gilliam, Lily Cole, and Kwame Ferreira

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAFYDD JONES

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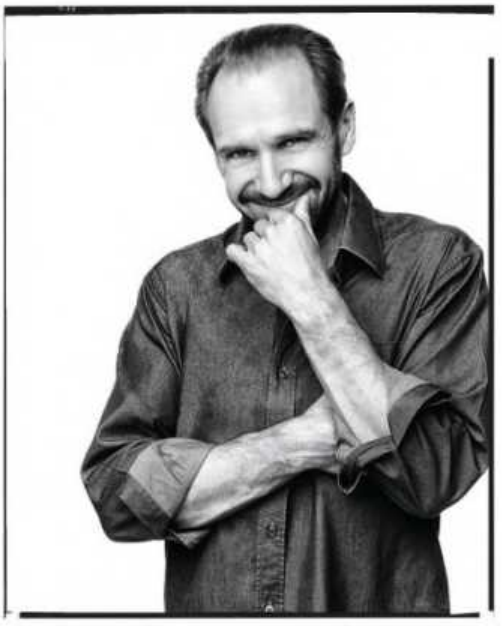

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*What You Should Know About*

# RALPH FIENNES

*A PANOPLY OF ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHICAL DATA RE:* **FILM'S UNOBVIOUSLY SYMPATHETIC ANTIHERO**

Ralph Fiennes must infuriate fellow actors who lack his range, which almost defies believability. Over the past 25 years, the English actor has readily conquered Shakespeare, Ibsen, and Shaw, and collaborated with Spielberg, Minghella, and Anderson. He has played sinister villains, idiosyncratic Lotharios, and earnest romantic leads. An indie darling, Fiennes also regularly titillates the masses in blockbusters such as the *Harry Potter* franchise and *Clash of the Titans.* His latest spate of projects is neither less diverse nor less envy-inspiring. This month, he appears as M in the new James Bond film, *Spectre,* and is co-starring in *Hail, Caesar!,* the latest Coen brothers farce, to be released in February. Considering his sprawling résumé, it's hard to believe that he once doubted that he had the stuff to act in the first place. Below, Fiennes, eternally boyish at 52, talks about his affection for anachronistic turns of phrase, why he roots for the bad guy, and his teenage infatuation with Ian Fleming novels.



SCREEN GRABBER Fiennes, photographed in New York City.

**EVERYONE MISPRONOUNCES** his first name (it's "Rafe"), which he inherited from a relative, who sensibly went by Rusty. Some of Fiennes's friends call him Riff-Raff.

**HE ALSO** has a vexingly complicated triplicate surname: Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, a legacy bestowed upon him by long-forgotten ancestors.

**HIS FAMILY** is exuberantly creative: His father was a photographer, his mother a painter; he has actor and musician siblings, of which there are six. The family tree also includes a famous explorer, Ranulph Fiennes, and—on a faraway branch—royalty. (Prince Charles is a distant relation.)

**AT FIRST** he planned on becoming a painter: he was happiest "in the art room of my school." Yet one day, while doing an art project, he realized that he was actually designing a little set—his first inkling that he might be destined for the stage.

**HIS EARLIEST** role: one of three kings in a Nativity play, at age eight. "We had to sing 'We Three Kings' . . . and I couldn't really sing. A girl who was very good at singing stood behind the curtain and sang over me."

**HE HAS** a red-brick house in London—designed more than a hundred years ago for "carpenters, furniture-makers, glaziers, and people in that sort of business"—and a loft in Manhattan's Meatpacking District.

**BUT HE** truly adores his little rented house in Umbria, which is surrounded by poppies in the spring and wildflowers in the summer. "I love it because it's basic . . . I go alone and love reading there."

**HE IS** teaching himself to be a photographer and often carries a small digital Leica everywhere. "I like to have a camera close by. It makes you see differently." But he admits that he's not exactly pushy with it. "I'm not very good at getting into people's faces." His inspirations: Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Saul Leiter.

**HE LOVES** directors who challenge him on set. "Sometimes it's good to have your preparation taken out from under your feet. It throws you. I wish that would happen more."

**BUT HE** dislikes obviously sympathetic characters: "I like audiences being confused as to who they should root for. I want to root for the barf bag."

**HE RARELY** watches his own films.

**BY THE** age of 14, he was a full-blown, self-described James Bond nerd: "But not the films, the books. They were all these crappy, scruffy paperbacks. I could tell you the names of all the girls, and all the baddies."

**HIS FAVORITE** James Bond on film: It's a toss-up between Sean Connery and Daniel Craig. Although he also carries a torch for Roger Moore: "He had a lightness of touch."

**LIKE BOND,** he has an affinity for martinis.

**UNLIKE BOND,** he takes his martinis stirred, not shaken.

**THE LIVING** directors he's still keen to collaborate with: Michael Haneke (*Amour, The White Ribbon*) and Pawel Pawlikowski (*Ida*).

**HISTORICAL DIRECTORS** he would have loved to act for: Ingmar Bergman and Federico Fellini, whose *La Dolce Vita* is Fiennes's favorite film. "It's got everything in it: the metropolitan world, the vanity of the metropolitan man, the modern person lost-looking. And it's funny."

**HE GETS** upset when his dressing-room rituals—stretching, sipping tea—are disturbed, for fear that his performance will be jinxed. "But then sometimes I go, 'Oh, fuck it—I should risk jinxing it.'"

**THE ONLY** novel he has read over and over: Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment,* which he's been through three times. Why so few other books get a second glance-through: "Because life seems to be rushing by."

**HE HAS** a penchant for endearingly old-fashioned expressions, including "loosey-goosey" and "bugger's muddle" (i.e., a total fiasco).

**HE ALSO** likes to abide by certain profound mantras: "'This too shall pass.' That's a good one. And also 'Let it go, just let it go.' That's the hard one."—LESLEY M. M. BLUME

**"I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT GETTING INTO PEOPLE'S FACES."**

GROOMING BY JOANNA PENSINGER; PHOTOGRAPHED AT INDUSTRIA SUPERSTUDIO; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



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*Out to Lunch with*

# WILLIAM EGGLESTON

**THE COURTLY FATHER OF COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY DEMONSTRATES HIS ART—AND HIS HEART**



*By* **JOHN HEILPERN**

William Eggleston, the near-mythic southern gentleman and father of color photography, who is placed in the pantheon of the greats alongside Walker Evans and Robert Frank, greeted me with a courtly little bow at his favorite hangout in New York City, El Quijote restaurant, the joint adjoining the Chelsea Hotel.

It would be a liquid lunch for the 76-year-old Mr. Eggleston, who pointed out, in his wry, gracious way, that if he had felt like lunch he would have surely had one of El Quijote's small, signature lobsters. He began with champagne mixed with vodka, in a tall glass.

"You look well," I said.

"Thank you," he said in his light southern accent. "A compliment is always nice."

He still lives in Memphis, Tennessee, where he was raised a son of privilege on a 12,000-acre plantation. "Ever used a gun?" I asked. "Certainly," he replied, "but not seriously."

He was supposed to take over the plantation from his parents. "It didn't interest me. I thought, There's nothing to do but watch the cotton grow." He studied the piano as a child and loved to play Bach. "My parents suggested a concert career. But I said, 'No, I just like to play for myself.'" He still does, playing the piano in solitude for hours most days. Music is as important to him as his other solo preoccupation, photography.

Yet he's always been a sociable man equally at home in the dive bars of Memphis and, in earlier hipster days, among the Sex Pistols milieu of the once notorious Chelsea Hotel. He lived there during the 1970s with Viva, one of Andy Warhol's most liberated superstars. "We're still very close," he said. "She moved to the West Coast, and every time I'm out in L.A. visiting one of my sons, she'll come right over, and it's just like we never separated."

"You like women," I ventured.

"You're damn right!"

And women like him. I'd heard about another of his girlfriends, by the name of Misty Lavender. "She worked in Memphis nightclubs and described herself as a 'titty dancer,'" he recalled. He took Misty home to meet Mom, who mistook her for a ballerina.

He was happily married to the beautiful, complaisant Rosa Kate Dossett, the daughter of plantation owners, during his various open relationships with other women. He even set up house in Memphis with a local lady who also came from a prominent local family, and nobody seemed to mind that either. "You're a lucky man," I said of the phenomenally tolerant women in his life.

"You're so kind and, at the same time, so right," he replied. Rosa, his longtime wife, died earlier this year. "It was 50 years," he said. "Actually, it was 60 years, because for almost 10 we were courting. I'd give anything in the world to see her walking through the door right now." And, at that, desolation overcame him.

William Eggleston's first photography exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, in 1976, was a now infamous critical disaster. His enigmatic pictures, saturated in color—a blood-red ceiling, a child's tricycle, gas stations, a green tiled shower—encouraged new ways of seeing everyday life. Color had been used until then mostly in fashion photography and ads, and the snobby critics, accustomed to black-and-white photography as "art," were outraged.

"What do you think of photography critics?" he asked me, and called for a double vodka with ice. I replied that they can seem as woolly and pretentious as wine critics. "It's a sorry thing," he said matter-of-factly.

Even one of his early, enduring influences, Henri Cartier-Bresson, said to him at a dinner party in Paris, "William, color is bullshit." What did he reply? "I said, 'Excuse me,' and left the table. I thought it was the most polite thing to do."

In 2012, Christie's auctioned 36 Eggleston prints for almost $6 million. A single print of his now iconic tricycle, which appears on Earth like a found object from outer space, sold for $578,000. For good measure, I was meeting the man—whose photography has influenced film directors such as David Lynch, Sofia Coppola, and the Coen brothers—to celebrate *The Democratic Forest,* a 10-volume set of his 1980s work (published this month by Steidl).

We leafed together through several of its haunting visions of the American landscape—many of them without people. The people are present through their absence, as his friend Eudora Welty pointed out. "They once were there," Eggleston added intriguingly, "but not now."

He still takes pictures most days, functioning intuitively with one of his many Leicas. Photographers tend to take scores of shots of a single subject, but he believes that once is just about enough. Besides, he says that he doesn't always look directly through the lens. He is the eye of the camera.

"But we're all photographers now," I suggested. He ordered one more for the road. "May I take a cell-phone picture of you?" I asked.

"Go ahead," he obliged. I took three of him. Then he sportingly offered to take a cell-phone shot of me, although he confessed he didn't know how. After a little explanation, he figured out my cell phone's push button and took one picture, scarcely glancing through the lens.

The difference was laughable. Mine were just the usual snapshots, while his was a single, masterly composition of someone seated amid the day-for-night kitsch of El Quijote. He's a magic man, that's for sure. □

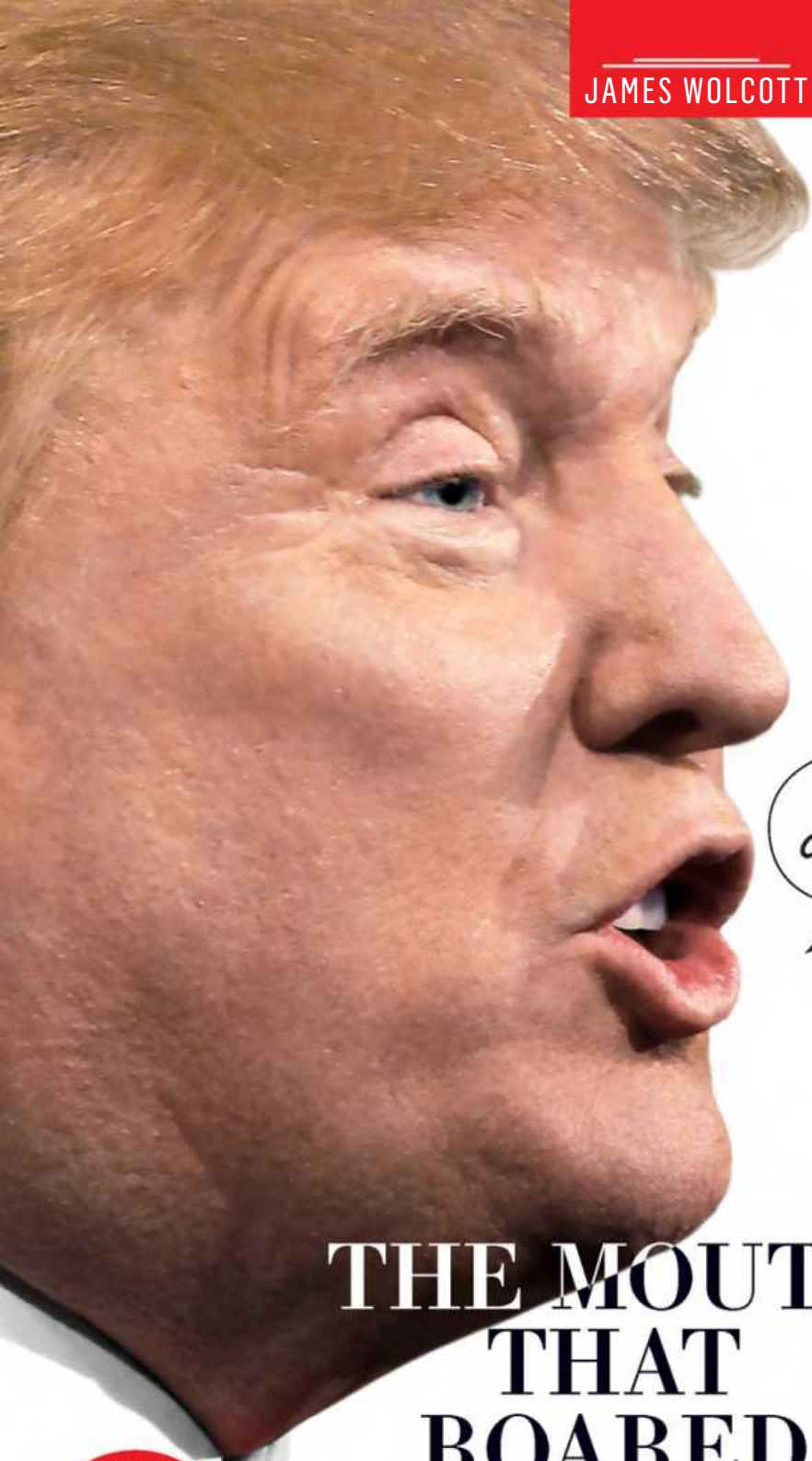
**"I JUST LIKE TO PLAY FOR MYSELF."**

PHOTOGRAPHED AT INDUSTRIA SUPERSTUDIO, NEW YORK CITY

JAMES WOLCOTT

# THE MOUTH THAT ROARED

**From being the butt of the roast, Donald Trump has become America's insult comic in chief, smacking down anyone in the G.O.P. who earns his displeasure. His jabs may not be witty—or funny—but they reveal the weak spots of his rivals and his party**

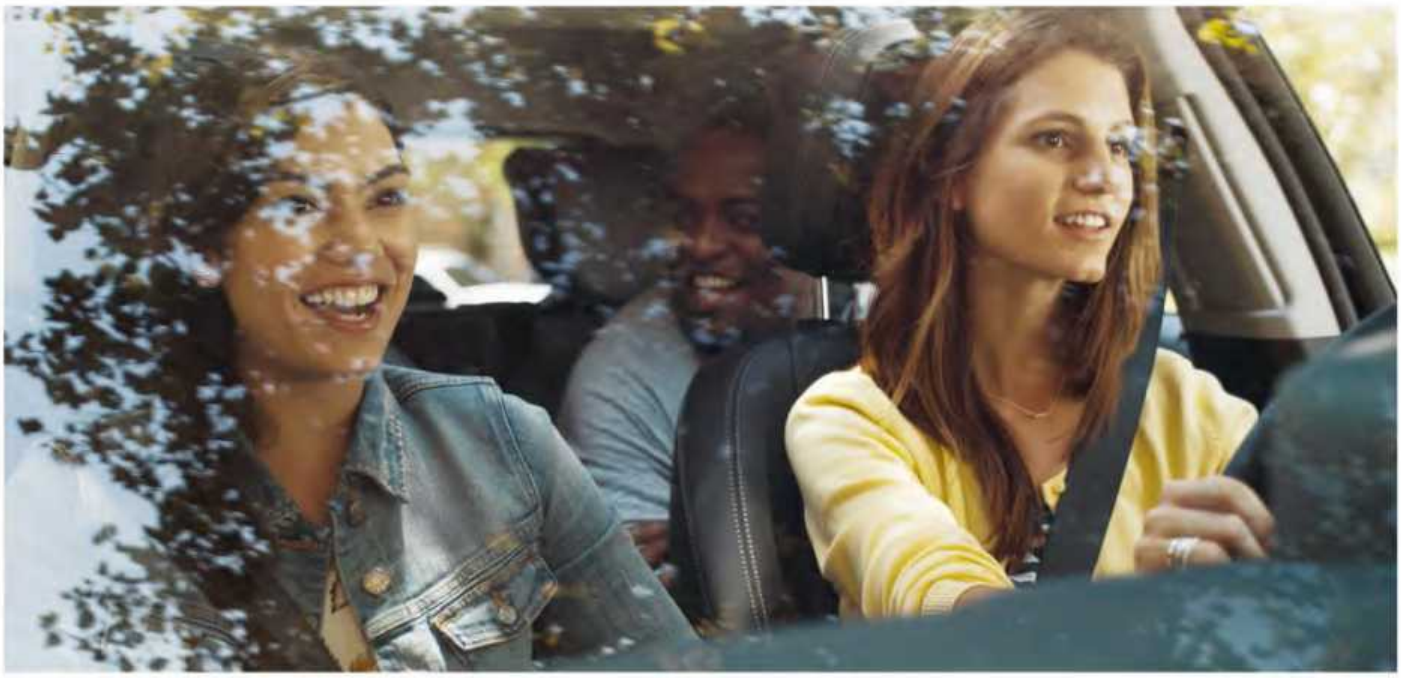



★★★
**TRUMP CARD** Donald Trump on the campaign trail, channeling Don Rickles.

Donald Trump's quest to become president of the United States as a stepping-stone to emperorship and eventual godhood is clearly a new viral strain of performance art, a vanity production with innovative, popular appeal, so let's examine its tooth marks. It feeds off too many swamp-brain paranoias and bigotries to qualify as a lightweight satirical put-on, like the 1968 candidacy of TV's *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* cast member Pat Paulsen, whose slogan was "We Cannot Stand Pat" and whose oratory drooped with deadpan malaprops and double-talk delivered with a Bob Newhart–ish stammer. Paulsen's joke campaign had a kind of dumb innocence to it, a benign contrast to the raw furies of 1968. But after David Letterman, Robert Altman's *Tanner '88, The Daily Show, The Colbert Report,* and *The Onion,* the put-on as a political specialty became so all-pervasive that it's lost its potency and diffused. It can barely keep pace with the hyper-unrealism that has become a pop addiction on both sides of the Atlantic. The plump, hedonistic sugar-daddiness of trophy wives and Miss Universe pageantry that give Donald Trump's features their glazed indulgence mirror the moist sheen of Italy's former prime minister, media mogul, and ringmaster of bunga-bunga bacchanal, Silvio Berlusconi. It was Berlusconi who made Reality TV and its soap-opera paroxysms the template of political life in Italy, and as the former star, host, and boardroom executioner of NBC's *The Apprentice,* Trump received an invaluable education in the immersive bubble of bogus posturing that has become his spaceship.

An orange Elvis squirted from a can of Cheez Whiz, the Trump of *The Apprentice* bent the distortion field of Reality TV until it fit him like a girdle. But Reality TV is an ensemble genre, and *The Apprentice* depended on the variety pack of prime-time has-beens and discount divas to draw viewers until its formula got stale. What's distinctive about Trump's campaign so far is that it reads strictly as a solo act. He doesn't seem to tote the retinue of consultants and advisers that most campaigns lavish lousy money on, has few allies, and his wife, Melania, is a murmur in the breeze, seldom

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seen and even less heard. It is his weaponized mouth that has gotten Trump where he is. The performance art that has loogied him to the top of the Republican polls is insult comedy, and an insult comic as presidential timber is not something the Founders anticipated, judging from the screams resonating from the Hereafter.

I am a student, nay, a scholar, of insult comedy, and you can be, too. Watch Trump on the televised stump or during debates with the sound off (your blood pressure will thank you) and observe how he grips the lectern, employing a battery of shrugs, hand jive, and staccato phrase blurts—it's like being teleported back to an old Dean Martin roast, those medieval days of yore when Foster Brooks hiccuped through his drunk act, Phyllis Diller cackled, and Orson Welles shook from underground rumbles of Falstaffian mirth. The main *macher* of the Dean Martin roasts was Don Rickles, "Mr. Warmth," a snapping turtle in a tux who knocked the starch out of showbiz sentimentality as he mowed down the other roasters, informing talk-show king Johnny Carson, "Johnny, I'd like to say, from the bottom of my heart, nobody likes you." Rickles was the successor to Jack E. Leonard, the pioneer of insult comedy in the black-and-white infancy of TV variety and talk shows, a rotund nightclub comic who rat-a-tatted his put-downs with the perforating rhythm of a used-car salesman making a dodgy pitch; he claimed that Rickles had stolen his act, but the race belongs not to the swift but to the last one still chugging along, and nearly nonagenarian Rickles is an institution, a living landmark with a documentary in his honor, while Leonard's name (he died in 1973) has faded into the clipping files.

Unlike Leonard, Rickles found the perfect boxing ring for his jabbing routine—the celebrity roast—and the insult comics who have followed in his grandpa footsteps have also earned their scalp-hunter reputations and nicknames as roasters. Jeffrey Ross, a debauched cherub who presides over the Friars Roasts as "the Roastmaster General" and is the distinguished author of *I Only Roast the Ones I Love: How to Bust Balls Without Burning Bridges,* and Lisa Lampanelli, "the Queen of Mean" (you're not an insult comic until you earn a nickname), are far more profane, transgressive, unsparing, and gasp-inducing with their inspired low blows than Rickles, whose nervous laugh and incipient flow of flop sweat have always been an implicit plea for leniency. A softy underneath, Rickles takes his subjects down a notch, then applies the schmaltz. Ross and Lampanelli go for the groin shot.

Ross and Lampanelli dominated the Comedy Central roast of Donald Trump in 2011, hosted by Seth MacFarlane, a sophisticated affair which found Trump enthroned onstage as Lampanelli indicated the lovely Melania in the audience and said her name is Slovenian for "get that wrinkled penis off of me." Jeffrey Ross, taking note of Lampanelli's predilection for black men, mused, "Lisa's vagina is so big and full of black dudes Trump's turning it into a housing project. Good idea, right, buddy?" To which Trump conceded with an affable nod, "Not bad." From such lofty exchanges, true leadership is forged. Hazed about his hair, his narcissism (shouting out his own name during sex), his presidential ambitions (Whitney Cummings: "If I wanted to support a greedy whore who's pretending to run for president just to get on TV, I'd vote for Sarah Palin"), Trump remained a good sport, his ego baked in batter under the hot lights.

His ability to laugh at himself abandoned him a month later at the White House Correspondents' Dinner when a train of pain rolled over him, driven first by President Obama and then by M.C. Seth Meyers. Exacting payback over Trump's racially tinged conspiracy mongering and Inspector Clouseau investigation of Obama's birth records, the president ridiculed Trump's rinky-dink executive decision-making on *The Apprentice* and pip-squeak grandiosity. Obama's takedown was so cool, methodical, and magisterially droll, and Trump's humiliation so complete, that those of us affixed to C-SPAN at home assumed that this pouter pigeon wouldn't be poking his head up in the political arena anytime soon. How naïve we were. Of some nuisances, the world will never be rid. Trump not only returned to the White House Correspondents' Dinner in subsequent years ("And Donald Trump is here . . . still," Obama dryly commented at the W.H.C.D. in 2015) but nursed his pride at being the butt of ridicule into a personal crusade and perhaps revenge fantasy, as if determined to have the last jeering laugh. He first improbably declared for the presidency, a possibility he had teased in the past only to hype some half-baked book, but, even more improbably, he proceeded to chew up the track and leave everyone behind. Understanding social media better than any of the chumps eating corn dogs in Iowa or tramping through New Hampshire, Trump turned Twitter into his comedy-roast dais. Unable to top or topple Obama, he has been giving his Republican rivals the business like Al Capone going around the dinner table with a baseball bat.

No one has been a more sneering serial violator of Ronald Reagan's 11th Commandment ("Thou shalt not speak ill of any fellow Republican") than Trump. From his early salvo at John McCain ("He's a war hero 'cause he was captured. I like people who weren't captured"), which shocked the punditry but did him no harm with conservatives, he has extended the perimeter of attack, going after Carly Fiorina for her face and voice, saying that Rand Paul inherited a bad gene from his libertarian father, dumping on pollster Frank Luntz as a "low-class slob," and the hits just keep on coming. Yes, he has slagged entire peoples (Mexicans, Muslims), but such broad stereotyping is becoming standard Republican Party sheet music. It is the bitching contempt with which he treats anyone on his own partisan side who vexes his prickly highness, such as Fox News's Megyn Kelly, that is without parallel in politics. That he not only has gotten away with it but has become emboldened with each flare-up attests to the intestinal rot of discipline and cohesion in the G.O.P. ever since the Tea Party boarded ship. The lack of respect Trump has for the party reflects the lack of respect it has for itself, and there's no referee to stop this free-for-all. Never mind that the majority of Trump's schoolyard taunts aren't witty or funny and often border on the subliterate, they succeed in delivering electric shocks and uncovering weak spots, occasionally hitting on something so obvious that it somehow managed to be overlooked by our overpaid Beltway soothsayers.

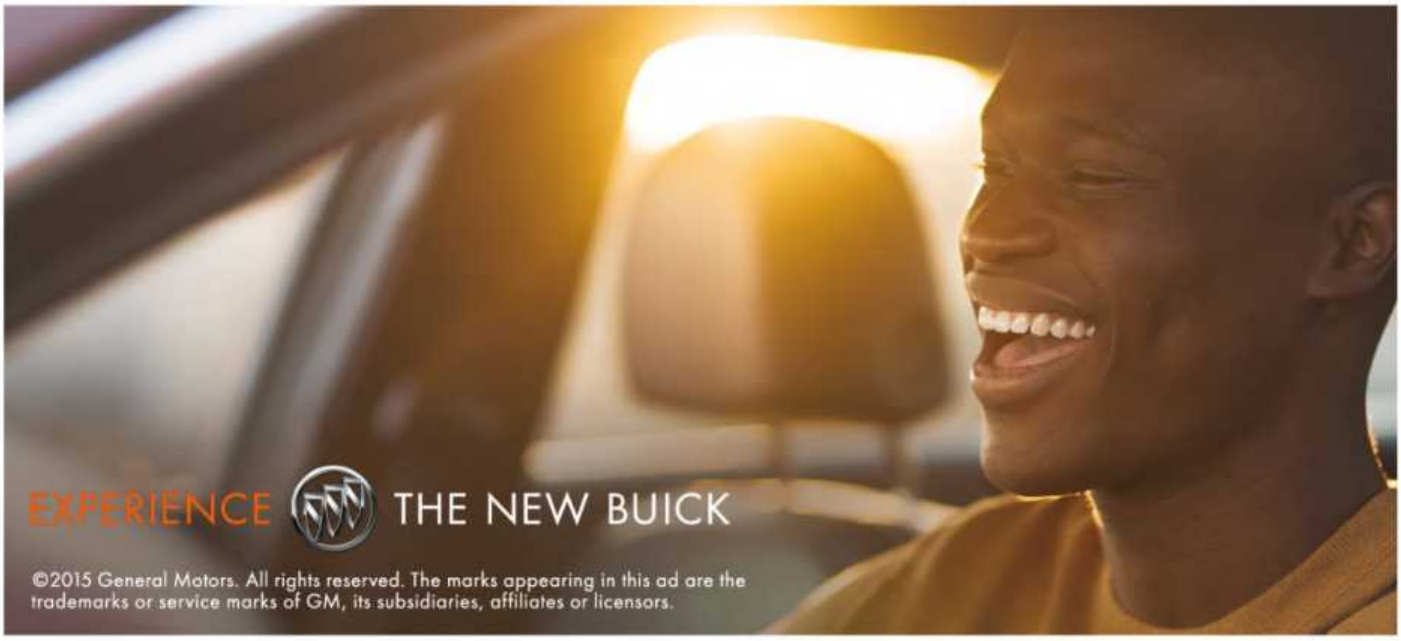
When Trump derided Jeb Bush's "low energy," it left a bruise because there *is* a logy quality to Bush, despite the pounds shed through the Paleo Diet intended to get him into fighting trim. Realizing that he had found a soft spot, Trump razzed him even harder, posting an Instagram video recommending Bush's low energy as the perfect insomnia remedy. "Having trouble sleeping at night? Too much energy? Need some low energy? . . . Jeb, for all your sleeping needs." Bush attempted to take the high road out of the land of Nod, telling CNN's Jake Tapper that he has presented a positive vision of the future, unlike Trump: "I don't see how over the long haul that you can insult your way to the nomination or the [presidency]." But to get to the long haul a candidate has to survive the short haul, and Trump's persistent whacks have been a one-man gauntlet that has lamed up one seemingly sturdy contender after another, exposing their hollow casings. He revealed the touted "bench strength" of the Republican field as a bunch of unripe bananas. A Great White Hope such as Chris Christie found himself flailing at the bottom of a well, and Rick Perry and Scott Walker barely hung around long enough to get their windshields wiped. Can Donald Trump, running on a platform of free-floating hostility, possibly win the nomination and then usher in the End of Days by taking the presidency? Reason and precedent would argue no, but we are in uncharted post-modern territory now. If nothing else, Trump will almost certainly carve himself a prime speaking slot at the Republican National Convention in 2016. There he will have the opportunity to set aside the insults and slurs and rise to statesman-like stature, show a little class. That's a scenario I can definitely picture happening, if I hallucinate hard enough. □

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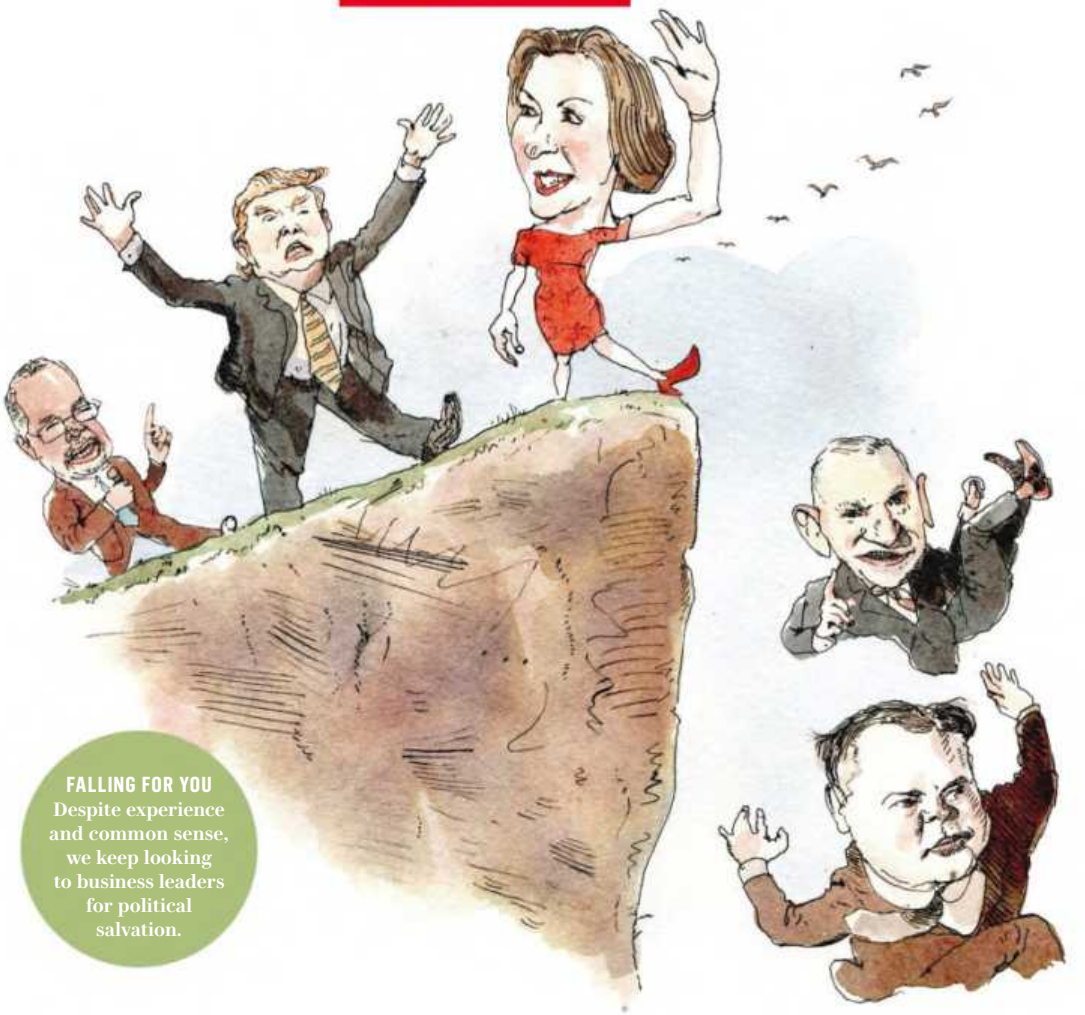

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MICHAEL KINSLEY



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# THE CORNER-OFFICE DELUSION

## Did Carly Fiorina wreck Hewlett-Packard, or succeed in keeping the company afloat? Does it matter? The last major business figure to run successfully for president was, um, Herbert Hoover

The charge against Republican presidential candidate Carly Fiorina is that she took a reasonably good company, Hewlett-Packard, and wrecked it by engineering a merger with another computer company, Compaq. No doubt this criticism is enraging to Fiorina and to her supporters. Where were all these Clever Nellies back then, if they're so smart, instead of now, when all they do is get in the way of her presidential campaign?

Fiorina's defense against the charge that she made an unholy mess at Hewlett-Packard is that the company was already an unholy mess, maybe even a hopeless case. There are no such things as miracles, and therefore Fiorina should not be blamed for failing to produce one. Actually, she sometimes throws numbers around which suggest that she did, but the claims and counterclaims get murky very quickly.

In any case, nobody is asking, "Where is Carly's miracle?" No one is demanding miracles at all. The point her critics are trying to make is that you don't deserve a reputation for business genius simply by failure to wreck a



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company under your surveillance and control. And that is essentially what Fiorina's most plausible defense amounts to: I took a company that was going to hell and I didn't make it worse. Even this modest claim is contested by critics such as Joe Nocera, in *The New York Times,* who say that she did in fact make things worse. Some may argue that "she didn't make things worse" is actually not a bad slogan in this era of voter cynicism. But even if Fiorina is right about the H.P.-Compaq episode, one single deal would not be enough experience to run for president on.

The claim that she didn't make things worse may impress some in the business world (although there is little evidence of business executives flocking to support one of their own), but it doesn't impress the world of politics, where you either win or you lose and there is no middle ground. In trying to evaluate a business, you start wherever the business happens to be on the profit-loss spectrum when current management took over. Then you measure success or failure from there. If you run a small division of a big company, and you've turned it from a $100 million loss to a $25 million loss, you've done much better than your rival who has turned a $200 million profit into a $15 million loss, even though his loss is $10 million less than yours. In politics, by contrast, you start at zero and must persuade voters that you see eye to eye with them about price supports for wheat or getting the Mexican government to pay the cost of building a border wall, or you get them to admire your skill and gumption in being able to wear three-and-a-half-inch-high Manolo Blahniks during a three-hour debate. For a politician, every day is truly the first day of the rest of your campaign.

For any other job I can think of, experience at the job is considered to be an asset. Obviously no one can truly have had experience at being president except for an incumbent running for re-election. There are certain jobs, however, that prepare you at least for a small part of the job of president. I would have thought, for example, that being secretary of state is pretty good training for a future president. So is being vice president, to take another example. Governors running for president like to say that the governorship experience is valuable because their state is larger than 63 members of the United Nations, or has an economy the size of the moon, or something along those lines. The analogy between running a sovereign nation and running a state government is not perfect. A nation has to field a military force or at least have some theory of what happens if neighbors invade. It must do something about the currency and the economy in general. It must have a foreign policy. Nevertheless, the mandate of a governor remains larger than that of, say, a senator. But with the voters of 2016, this sort of experience cuts no ice. In fact, experience like this is a negative. It's not your long record of loyal service that counts. It's the gaffe you committed last week. The newer you are in public life, the less likely you are to have committed a career-compromising gaffe. That's why experience of any kind—in politics or in business, successful or unsuccessful—can be a disadvantage in politics.

But voters have somehow gotten the impression that experience in business is closer to the real world than experience in politics. In terms of lifestyle—how you get to work, where you buy your suits, whether you know how your dishwasher works, what you do on weekends—this is almost certainly not true. C.E.O.'s live on a cloud of assistants, standing ready to satisfy their slightest whim. Think of the Smithers character on *The Simpsons.* Or think of another cartoon character, Donald Trump. When was the last time he rode the subway? Giving too much weight to this kind of symbolic populism, which we do, is foolish. But to assume that a congressman leads a lifestyle that the C.E.O. of even a small business would envy is naïve. It's the other way around.

(Giving the keynote speech at the annual convention of cartoon characters in Las Vegas recently, Arianna complained of exploitation. "Darlings," she told a crowd of 10,000, "we must stop allowing them to portray cartoon characters as shallow and one-dimensional. We have depth, we have psyches, etc., etc. . . . Now where does it go from there? Google it for me, darling. I think it was Thomas Jefferson.")

Actually, Donald Trump is nothing new, and Carly Fiorina is new only because of her gender. Most recent presidential campaigns have featured some deus ex machina candidate, usually from the business world, claiming to have experience that is better than the experience of running for office and then running the government. Only one business titan has ever been elected. That was Herbert Hoover, a mining magnate who traded in an enviable reputation as overseer of humanitarian work in Europe during and after World War I for a reputation he will never shake, whether justifiable or not, as the hopeless loser who needed to be ejected from the White House in order to make room for F.D.R., the professional politician.

**WORTH A TRY?** Corporate titans are even less like ordinary Americans than politicians are, and generally don't survive long in politics.

It's a typical pattern that voters begin looking with interest at a businessperson early in the campaign, then switch allegiances when it's time to get serious. That's what happened to Lee Iacocca, the C.E.O. of Chrysler, whose chief accomplishment as a businessman was getting the government to bail out his failing car company. And don't forget Peter Ueberroth. (Too late? You've already forgotten him? Oh well . . . ) He was the head of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games, and some people came to believe—briefly—that anyone who can run an Olympics should find running the country a piece of cake. A generation later, Mitt Romney tried the same argument, with the same lack of success.

And we mustn't forget Ross Perot (although there's no harm in trying). In 1992 he ran an independent campaign for president, got on all 50 state ballots, and ended up with about 19 percent of the popular vote. Perot claimed we'd soon be hearing a "giant sucking sound" that was the sound of jobs leaving the U.S. for Mexico. He promised that, as president, he would open up the hood and see what that rattling noise was in the machine of government, or some such metaphor. (Perot's campaign was a symphony of peculiar sounds.)

But at least all these earlier business candidates had substantial records of achievement. Carly Fiorina's campaign is based on the equivalent of one business-school case study. And she seems to have gotten even that one wrong. □



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# THE TALK OF MAYFAIR

**A billionaire's widow out on the street. A feud exposed by Sotheby's auction of her husband's art collection. A venerable Savile Row tailor imperiled. And a new Labour Party leader baying for the blood of the wealthy. Mayfair, London's bastion of the 1 percent of the 1 percent, has seen plenty of drama this season**

*By* **JAMES REGINATO**




**EMOTIONAL BAGGAGE** Judy Taubman and 10 pieces of luggage, locked out of her Mayfair apartment for eight hours on September 11, 2015.

If there's anyplace left in the world safe for rich people and their chattel, you'd think it would be Mayfair, that silkiest swath of central London. Yet, apparent assaults on some of the precinct's longtime icons were in progress on the bright fall day on which I landed.

SOTHEBY BILLIONAIRE'S WIDOW IS LOCKED OUT OF HER MAYFAIR FLAT . . . BY HER OWN STEPCHILDREN! STRANDED ON THE STREET, blared a September 13 headline in the *Daily Mail,* accompanied by photos of Judy Taubman kicked, it seemed, to the curb.

Meanwhile, just a few blocks away, on Savile Row, that bastion of gentlemen's bespoke tailoring, there was grumbling that the reputation of Huntsman, one of the street's most venerable firms, was being tarnished by Pierre Lagrange, the 53-year-old hedge-fund mogul who snapped it up two years ago, with his boyfriend, Roubi L'Roubi, a fashion designer of Sudanese origin, whom he started seeing after he separated from his wife of 20 years.

But the greatest peril—hanging like a storm cloud over Mayfair—emanated from

PHOTOGRAPH © JENNY GOODALL/SOLO/ZUMA PRESS




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the newly elected Labour Party leader, Jeremy Corbyn, a figure from the far left whose sudden and surprising rise to power made him resemble an inverted Donald Trump. Complaints of Corbyn's vehemently anti-rich stance seemed to dominate conversation at 5 Hertford Street, that swell private redoubt of London's gilded set.

"Corbyn is a neo-Marxist, a Trotskyite," said Robin Birley, the establishment's elegant proprietor, over a cigar in the smoking room. "If he wins [the general election], I'll either have to move abroad or turn this place into a sandwich shop."

In spite of the gloomy prognostications, it's nearly impossible to get a reservation at Hertford Street or any of the other ineffably fashionable and stratospherically priced hot spots of the moment, such as André Balazs's Chiltern Firehouse, Jeremy King and Chris Corbin's Beaumont hotel, and Richard Caring's brand-new Sexy Fish (see story on page 93), which—at a rumored cost of £15 million—might just be the most expensive restaurant ever built.







**ART ATTACK** *Clockwise:* Judy and Alfred Taubman in 1987; Picasso's *Femme Assise sur une Chaise,* expected to sell for more than $25 million at Sotheby's; artworks being transported from the Taubman apartment.

But back to Judy, the Tel Aviv–born 1962 Miss Israel–pageant winner, who became a noticeable figure in international society following her 1982 marriage to A. Alfred Taubman, the Detroit-based property mogul who purchased Sotheby's in 1983. Famously extravagant, she was once said to have sent her husband's jet halfway across the country to pick up a pair of shoes she had forgotten to pack.

There she was, out on the South Audley Street pavement, with 10 voluminous suitcases that had accompanied her on an overnight flight from New York to her London apartment, an $8 million pied-à-terre she occupied for 29 years with Alfred, who died in April at age 91.

On this particular morning, according to the *Daily Mail,* her usually gracious entry was impeded by a burly security guard who would not let her in until representatives of Sotheby's could collect two paintings inside the apartment. They were part of Alfred's staggering art collection, due to go on the block this fall and winter in a series of auctions that could shatter records and net more than $500 million.

Considering that hefty total—and the $3 billion fortune left by her late husband—it was surprising that this ruckus was kicked up over just these two pictures, valued at a "mere" $300,000 each, according to the *Mail.* ("Worthless," one of her friends scoffed to me.) But the episode exposed the bitterness that has festered between the 70-year-old widow and Alfred's children, Gayle, 64, Robert, 61, and William, 56, whom he had with his first wife, Reva Kolodney, his college sweetheart. (Their 29-year marriage ended in 1977, and she died in 1999; Judy's first marriage, to garment executive Herbert Rounick, with whom she had a daughter, Tiffany, and a son, Christopher, ended in divorce around 1978.)

Enmity between stepmother and stepchildren has existed since the get-go. "It's been a problem forever. She hates them and they hate her," said a friend of Judy's.

"Now the kids have a chance to get their revenge," this person adds.

Judy certainly proved she can stick it right back to them. Faced with the blockade at her doorstep, she didn't roll over. ("I would have just gone around the corner and checked into Claridge's," one dowager remarked.) Instead, Judy apparently dialed the *Daily Mail*—in any event, their reporter and photographer showed up on the double.

To some, the portrait appeared pretty staged. After an overnight flight, she was perfectly coiffed and made up, with a gray cashmere sweater tied over her shoulders.

Judy's comments were equally dramatic. "I was married to my husband for 33 years," she told the *Mail.* "He will be turning in his grave at how his children are behaving. . . . It is evil, pure evil. . . . My husband was a wonderful man, the kindest man. . . . He would cry seeing this happen. He left the estate in the control of his children, because he . . . trusted his children to do best."

After an eight-hour standoff—during which the children's lawyers reportedly sent someone to change the locks on the property—the paintings were removed and Taubman was allowed to enter the apartment. A spokesman for the children told the *Mail* the incident had been "regrettable and unnecessary," and said that "no one was blocking her entry."

A few days later, Judy declined to speak to me about the matter via e-mail. "As you know, I never give interviews, and not about to start," she wrote.

Yet she elaborated:

As you could see, I was dealt a terrible *choc* when I arrived from NY and found out that the children sent goons to stop me from entering my flat for stupid technicalities of the time of pick up.

It was Friday, all my friends were in the

PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, BY RON GALELLA/WIREIMAGE, COURTESY OF SOTHEBY'S, © JENNY GOODALL/SOLO/ZUMA PRESS


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country, and I didn't know what to do. I did something I am not proud of, but it was my only way to fight back the cruelty that was dealt to me.

It's over, and I am in France with friends, and will return to NY in November in time for my husband's sale.

See you then.

XO Judy

A week or so later, she begged off another pitch from me, citing her further travels. "I am in Malta, Jim. Then going to Rome. See you in NY. XO J."

Depending on whom you talk to, Judy Taubman is either highly delightful or quite disagreeable. The same can be said about her stepchildren. Both camps have their supporters and detractors; you can get whiplash going from one to the other.

A sampling of comments I heard:

"She's been so nice to everybody through the years. She's quite popular."

"She's been mean to people as she's scratched her way up."

"The children are wonderful people—lovely, intelligent, elegant."

"The children are greedy and awful people."

During the course of the Taubmans' 33-year marriage, stepmother and stepchildren just never warmed up to one another. "The antipathy between them at the funeral was palpable," said one person who was present at the services for Taubman in Detroit, in April, attended by 1,000 mourners. During their eulogies, Bobby and Billy, as they are usually called, did not mention Judy, though Gayle did. But even a friend of Judy's suggests that she "didn't help the situation. . . . In the beginning, she wasn't very nice to the children, and that sort of thing sticks with kids."

Still, pragmatic people point out that Judy has certain consolations. "She's got so much money, you'd think she'd be happy," said one Palm Beach doyenne. According to this lady—and other Taubman friends—Judy is getting somewhere between $300 million and $400 million from her late husband. Plus $10 million annually "for expenses." As for property, she keeps the palatial duplex at 834 Fifth Avenue, in New York, and lifetime use of the baronial manor in Southampton and the London flat. She loses the Addison Mizner–designed mansion in Palm Beach (but Al had purchased her an apartment there a few years ago) and the large, modernist house in the Detroit suburb of Bloomfield Hills ("she never set foot there, anyway," according to my Palm Beach source). A chalet in Gstaad, which she visits every winter, remains hers, too.

Her extraordinary jewelry collection alone could be worth $100 million, by some estimates. "Al bought the very best things for her over the years," said a friend.

But she's going to have some empty walls to fill. Sotheby's is selling more than 500 works of art from the various Taubman residences in four blockbuster sales (the first on November 4 and the last on January 27). Proceeds, according to a Sotheby's press release, will be used to settle estate taxes and fund the A. Alfred Taubman Foundation.

Said to be one of the most valuable private collections ever offered at auction, the Taubman trove ranges from ancient Egyptian items to 20th-century modernist masterpieces, with works by iconic artists including Raphael, Dürer, Schiele, Picasso, and Rothko.

Judy merited no mention in Sotheby's initial press release about the sale or in the September 3 *New York Times* front-page story that broke the news. Negotiations for it were handled by Billy and Gayle; Bobby recused himself because he is a Sotheby's director.

The Taubman family's relationship with the auction house has certainly been dramatic. In 2001, Al was convicted for a price-fixing scheme with Christie's. He resigned as chairman and served nine and a half months in prison. He sold his controlling stake in the company in 2005 but very much remained a presence at the auction house.

So, it was shocking when it was revealed that the Taubman children had also solicited a bid from Christie's for the auction of their father's collection. "They were absolutely ruthless playing Christie's against Sotheby's," said one major collector.

Ruthless and *effective.* According to a major art-world player, Sotheby's had to ratchet up its initial $350 million guarantee to $500 million after it was informed the family had decided to give Christie's the business. It is the largest guarantee in auction history.

"I'm appalled at what the children did," said this player. "Bobby is a board member; he's supposed to increase shareholder value. It's going to be very hard for Sotheby's to earn out that guarantee. And they are so greedy that they were willing to do business with the people responsible for sending their father to jail." (Christie's went to prosecutors first, ensuring amnesty for itself and for Christopher Davidge, its C.E.O. during the price-fixing episode, and bringing prosecution to Taubman and Sotheby's instead.) Not everyone finds fault with the Taubman heirs' shrewd bargaining. "If they hadn't got competitive bids," says another art collector, "they wouldn't be doing their fiduciary duty to the estate."(Full disclosure: I contribute to *Sotheby's* magazine.)

The stately red-brick Edwardian-era building in Mayfair where the Taubman apartment is located merits a footnote to history: the road to the price-fixing that sent Al to jail arguably began here one morning, when Taubman invited Christie's chairman Sir Anthony Tennant over for a hearty English breakfast of scrambled eggs and bacon, according to *The Art of the Steal,* by Christopher Mason.

Located just steps from two of Mayfair's most sacrosanct institutions—Harry's Bar and the Connaught—the building is only a short stroll from Sotheby's New Bond Street salesrooms. Sotheby's lobby café offers an excellent opportunity to spy on the comings and goings of top collectors as well as lots of art coming on and off the block. On the day I was there, things seemed particularly frenetic as gloved porters carted in crate after crate.

Some have been saying that Savile Row, a few blocks east, is not what it used to be. True, the greatest of the street's tailors, Anderson & Sheppard, moved around the corner 10 years ago, and the Row has been invaded by Abercrombie & Fitch and Gallic interlopers such as Lanvin, but it remains one of the last bulwarks of a gentleman today. A bespoke suit purchased here is an icon of Britain, an enduring and exquisite symbol of the finest a man can buy.

Among the remaining bespoke houses on the street, arguably the grandest is Huntsman, founded in 1849. Its customers have included the Duke of Windsor, Earl Mountbatten of Burma, Gregory Peck, and Ronald Reagan, who flocked to the house for its trademark cut: "high armhole and strong shoulder but with a more pronounced waist and skirt, all balanced on the fulcrum of the house's signature one-button fastening," a longtime head cutter at the firm once wrote. "The one-button is notoriously difficult to balance—the cutter's answer to the perfect pirouette en pointe—hence Huntsman's pride in it," adds James Sherwood in his book *Savile Row.*

So, the news in January 2013 that the firm had changed hands rattled the Row. The new owners certainly didn't fit the traditional mold; they had been the subjects of a *Daily Mail* story themselves. MILLIONAIRE HEDGE FUND BOSS WHO ANNOUNCED HE IS GAY IS HEADING FOR ONE OF THE UK'S BIGGEST DIVORCE SETTLEMENTS, read a September 2011 headline.

In the article, Pierre Lagrange confirmed he had separated from his wife, Catherine, and had begun a relationship with Roubi L'Roubi, then 42, a fashion designer who produced primarily women's wear.

The press anticipated that Lagrange would pay his ex-wife a divorce settlement of around £160 million ($260 million); the couple's mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens had already been sold to Roman Abramovich for £90 million ($146 million).

After Lagrange bought Huntsman, in early 2013, L'Roubi was introduced as the house's new creative director.

"Here was this person who worked with chinchilla and Astrakhan!" one Savile Row insider gasped to me.

This is when—according to some competitors on the street—things went awry. "Roubi

started changing the cuts; he started exhibiting women's wear," said one neighbor. "There was lots of turmoil and staff turnover. The head cutter and the G.M. eventually left."

"What on earth is going on at Huntsman!" one longtime customer was heard to exclaim.

Lagrange and L'Roubi, meanwhile, gave the *Evening Standard* a joint interview that turned out to be an exercise in tying one's own noose—although the reporter clearly seems to have enjoyed twisting it tight, as she took apart L'Roubi's enthusiastic statements about country weekends and shooting parties at their estate in Berkshire: "The reason they are telling me all this, L'Roubi explains in his languid drawl, is so that I understand how 'relevant' their 'private life' is to Huntsman. . . . 'It's our lifestyle.'"

The gentlemen seem to have parted ways. L'Roubi, on his own Web site, now describes himself as "retired" from Huntsman. Lagrange, meanwhile, has hired a new team of respected managers for the firm.

Recent press reports on the firm have been positive. In September, Ben Goldsmith raved to the *Financial Times* that his three-button blue Huntsman suit "works perfectly," while the house scored perhaps the best product placement of the summer when it outfitted James Rothschild for his wedding to Nicky Hilton, at Kensington Palace.

At large in London society, Lagrange is very highly regarded, judging by the many positive remarks I heard about him. "He's a jolly good egg," says Ben Elliot, the dashing founding director of Quintessentially and a nephew of the Duchess of Cornwall. "I really like Pierre," says Robin Birley. "Huntsman was dead before he bought it. He's breathed new life into it."

So, why do some people on Savile Row keep saying unpleasant things about Lagrange? "This is a place where ways of doing things are set in stone. If you try to make any dramatic changes, you've got a problem," observes one Row denizen.

Lagrange was in California while I was in London, but he replied to me via e-mail:

> I . . . am one of the outsiders owning one of the best tailoring houses of the row, so understand some noise can come out of this. . . . I am not surprised if I don't only make friends, but these businesses needed investing in and I'll invest what I can to keep Huntsman as perhaps the best bespoke house on the row. . . . We probably now have the best cutting team on the row.

The next day, Lagrange arranged for me to meet with the senior members of his new team, who seemed equally determined to right the ship. "We heard about it," says the new head of house, Ben Allen, acknowledging complaints about the previous round of changes.

"Mr. Lagrange is investing a lot of money and time. He knows you can't do luxury on a budget. He is very passionate and involved," says new general manager Carol Pierce. "But he knows when to step back."

Later this winter, Huntsman plans to open a "pied-à-terre" on West 57th Street, in New York, a first for a Savile Row house.

Could homophobia have fomented any of the hostile comments about Lagrange? No, claims the nay-saying Savile Row insider. "That wasn't the shocker. A lot of our workforce has always been gay. And our customers.

"For us, it was more about: Here's this super-rich hedge-fund guy who's never worn a bespoke suit in his life—who's not even well dressed—trying to take over."

At the studio of Hugo Rittson Thomas, a photographer who happens to be a cousin of Ian Fleming's, I got a vivid affirmation of the influence and supremacy of British tailoring, in the form of a portrait series Rittson Thomas recently completed, titled "The Queen's People."

For it, Rittson Thomas accomplished nearly the impossible: he persuaded the Queen and some 50 members of her family (including Prince William and Camilla) and the royal household (from a Yeoman of the Guard to the Queen's Swan Marker) to pose for highly formal portraits in their ceremonial uniforms.

Tailoring, explains Rittson Thomas, was an essential building block of the British Empire. "Uniforms and suits—many of which came from Savile Row—projected the power and pageantry of Britain to the world."

Rittson Thomas and his crew built an elaborate blackout set at various royal palaces to photograph his subjects. When he finally got to Windsor Castle to shoot the Queen he had a precise operation with a well-drilled team.

"Of course, that's the only time, in 52 sittings, that the camera broke," he says. "It had a digital seizure. I had a mental seizure.

"But she couldn't have been nicer or more relaxed about it. While we were waiting for the camera to be fixed, I brought up my cousin Ian—I thought that was a 'safe' area of conversation. That got us to talking about her film for the opening of the Olympics. She told me that she was delighted that the corgis had performed to Oscar-winning levels." Good to know that somebody in London is happy. But just wait until Jeremy Corbyn gets ahold of the dog-food budget at Buckingham Palace. □









**TAILOR SWIFT** *From top:* Roubi L'Roubi and Pierre Lagrange in Bloomsbury, 2013; the interior of the Huntsman shop on Savile Row; the Tweed Run bicycle ride starting off at Huntsman, 2009.

PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, © DESMOND O'NEILL FEATURES LTD., © KIRSTY MCLAREN/ALAMY, BY JIRI REZAC/POLARIS

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**THE FUTURE** An artist's conception of what encroaching water could do to the mid-beach area.

# WATERWORLD

**Miami Beach is booming as never before, with developers and 1-percenters betting big on the hundred-year-old city's future. It is also threatened by rising sea levels. The mayor, climate scientists, and other experts tackle the paradox**

*By* **DAVID KAMP**

### I. Paddling Home

In the summer of 2013, one of the leading candidates in Miami Beach's mayoral race, a businessman named Philip Levine, released a TV commercial that showed him kayaking his way home through traffic in a Paddington hat and a plastic poncho, accompanied by his boxer, Earl, who was kitted out in a life jacket. "In some parts of the world," Levine said in the spot, "going around the city by boat is pretty cool. Like Venice. But in Miami Beach, when it rains, it floods. That's got to stop. Because I'm just not sure how much more of this Earl and I can take."

Miami Beach does indeed have serious water issues. In the hundred years since it was incorporated as a city, it has repeatedly been pummeled by major storms, one of which, the Great Hurricane of 1926, wiped out buildings, tossed ships ashore, and remains, in adjusted dollars, the costliest hurricane in American history. Essentially a long, narrow barrier island, Miami Beach is surrounded by and infused with water. Biscayne Bay (which

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PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS BY DARROW

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separates the city from its larger neighbor, Miami) lies to the west, the Atlantic to the east, and a large waterway, Indian Creek, cuts through the city for much of its length.

Compounding the city's vulnerability to major weather events is the worldwide phenomenon of sea-level rise. Due to thermal expansion of the oceans and the melting of ice sheets and glaciers in the Earth's far latitudes, the global mean sea level is rising. How fast and how much is a matter of debate, with such federal agencies as the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, NASA, and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration projecting, on the low end, eight inches of sea-level rise by the year 2100, and, on the high end, as much as six feet.

FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SET, MIAMI BEACH IS THE SITE OF A "THIRD, FOURTH, OR FIFTH HOME."

But Miami Beach, a low-lying city to begin with, is already feeling the effects of sea-level rise. Every time there's a heavy rain, the locals brace for flooding on Alton Road, the main north-south thoroughfare of the city's west side, as well as on smaller roads in the area, such as Purdy Avenue, where Levine filmed his commercial. The city's bay side is more susceptible to flooding than its ocean side because it lies lower, less than two feet above sea level in some sections, and was built on cleared swampland that still wants to be what it used to be: a mangrove swamp.

On top of all this, Miami Beach must contend with a fairly new phenomenon that has come to be known locally as sunny-day flooding, in which Alton Road and its neighboring streets are awash in water even when no rain has fallen. This is a consequence of southeast Florida's geology. Unlike, say, the island of Manhattan, whose bedrock is composed of hard, relatively impermeable marble, granite, and schist, Miami Beach and its neighboring towns sit upon a foundation of porous limestone. When the tides are at or nearing their seasonal highs—the highest, which occur in March and October, are known as king tides—seawater surges inward from the bay and the ocean, bubbling up through the limestone and infiltrating the sewer system. The very drains and gutters built to channel water *off* the streets function in reverse, becoming the conduits through which water gushes *onto* the streets.

With water now threatening the city from its shores and the skies above, as well as from the ground below, Levine and Earl are not the only flood-wary denizens of Miami Beach. "I feel sometimes like we're in Normandy in 1944," said Stephen Sawitz, the fourth-generation owner of the restaurant Joe's Stone Crab, a local institution that sits near the city's southernmost point. "Where is the invasion going to come? Calais? Omaha Beach?"

### II. Bloomberg South

By the time I actually met Philip Levine, earlier this year, he was in Miami Beach's City Hall. "You know how some people say they got swept into office?" he said, sitting at the head of a conference table, with Earl lounging serenely at his feet. "I always laugh and say I got floated into office."

Two years ago, Levine won the mayoral election, having made the city's constant flooding a central issue of his campaign. (As this story was going to press, he was running for a second two-year term and was widely expected to be re-elected.) A chipper 53-year-old native of Hollywood, Florida, 20 miles north of the city he now oversees, Levine is a self-made multi-millionaire who earned his fortune in the cruise-ship business, starting out in the late 1980s as an onboard lecturer who filled in passengers on the exciting things to see and do in each port of call—"I was kind of like Julie on *The Love Boat,*" he said. He parlayed this experience into a successful company called Onboard Media, which handled the duty-free shops, in-cabin magazines, and in-cabin TV programming for big ocean liners. In 2000, he sold his company to LVMH Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton, the luxury-goods conglomerate, for a reported $300 million.

Levine models himself after Michael Bloomberg, New York City's mayor from 2002 to 2013—as a first-time officeholder whose wealth and outsider status allow him to bypass an entrenched political culture of intransigence and inaction. After he took office, in November of 2013, Levine fast-tracked a program to install electric pumps along Alton Road and other prime flooding spots on the city's west side so that, during a storm surge or high tide, the pumps can be switched on, suctioning water off the streets and out into Biscayne Bay.

The cost of the program is huge, in the range of $400 million—for perspective, nearly the size of the city's annual budget. So far, the results have been encouraging. In October of 2014, with just a handful of the 80 or so planned pump stations installed, the streets stayed dry during the season's king tide, and, this season, the results have been much the same. Still, Levine told me, "We don't declare victory. It's one small step in a long war that we know we're facing."

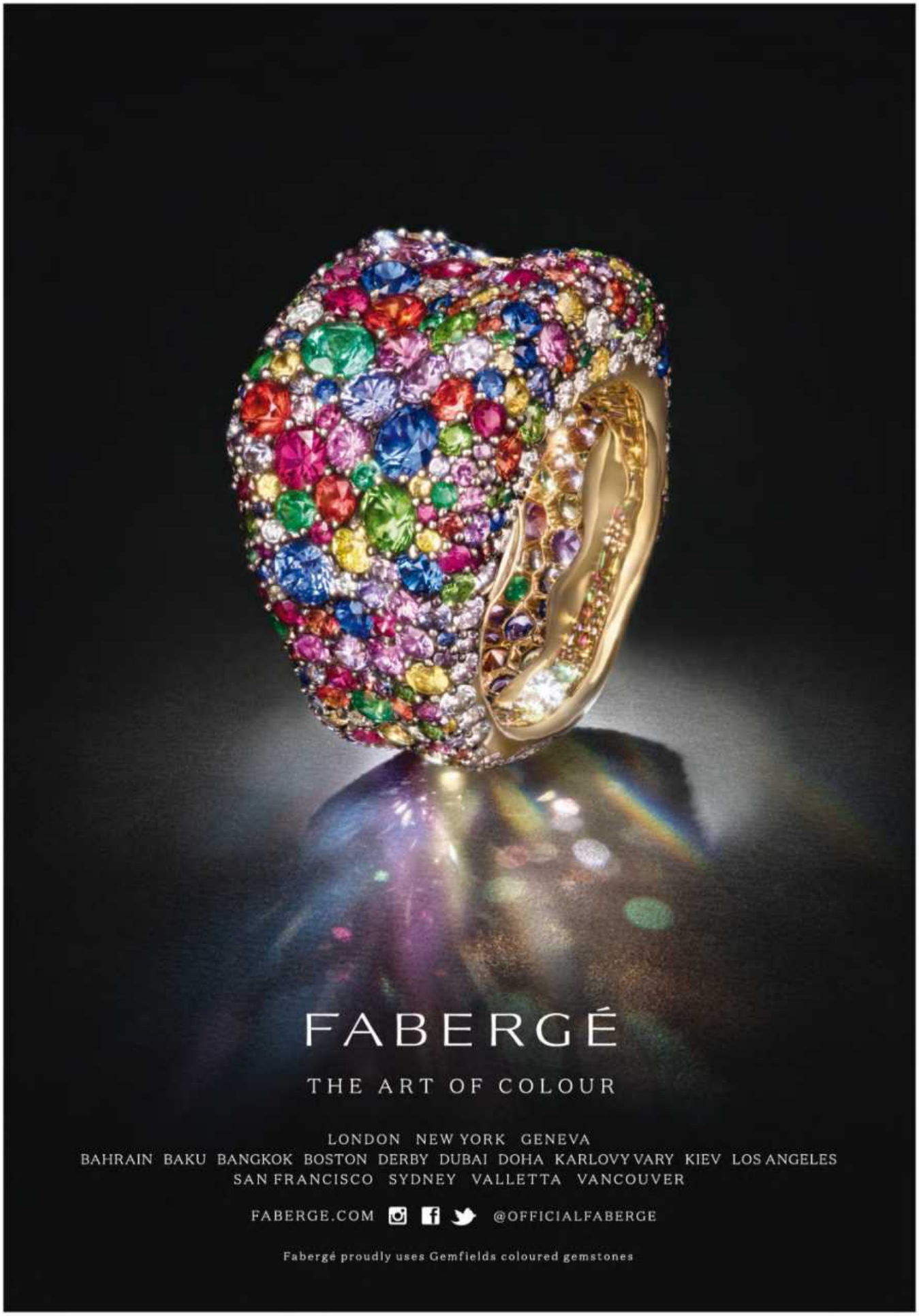
For all the sober talk about grave and ongoing environmental challenges, it is apt that Miami Beach has a self-styled Bloombergian mayor. For, curiously, at the very same time that some climate scientists are questioning whether the city will even survive into the next century, Miami Beach is going through an economic and building boom that evokes nothing so much as Bloomberg-era New York at its most sparkly and flash. In the last 12 months alone, the city has added more than 2,000 hotel rooms, many of them under impressive imprimaturs. Tommy Hilfiger is refurbishing the historic Raleigh hotel, and Ian Schrager has given the 50s-era Seville Beach Hotel a luxury redesign and a new name, Edition Miami Beach. And though the city doesn't boast a feat of urban design as ingenious as New York City's High Line, it can lay claim to what has become, since its completion in 2010, the world's most architecturally celebrated parking garage, 1111 Lincoln Road, a house-of-cards-like structure by the Swiss firm Herzog & de Meuron that has become an international tourist attraction in its own right.

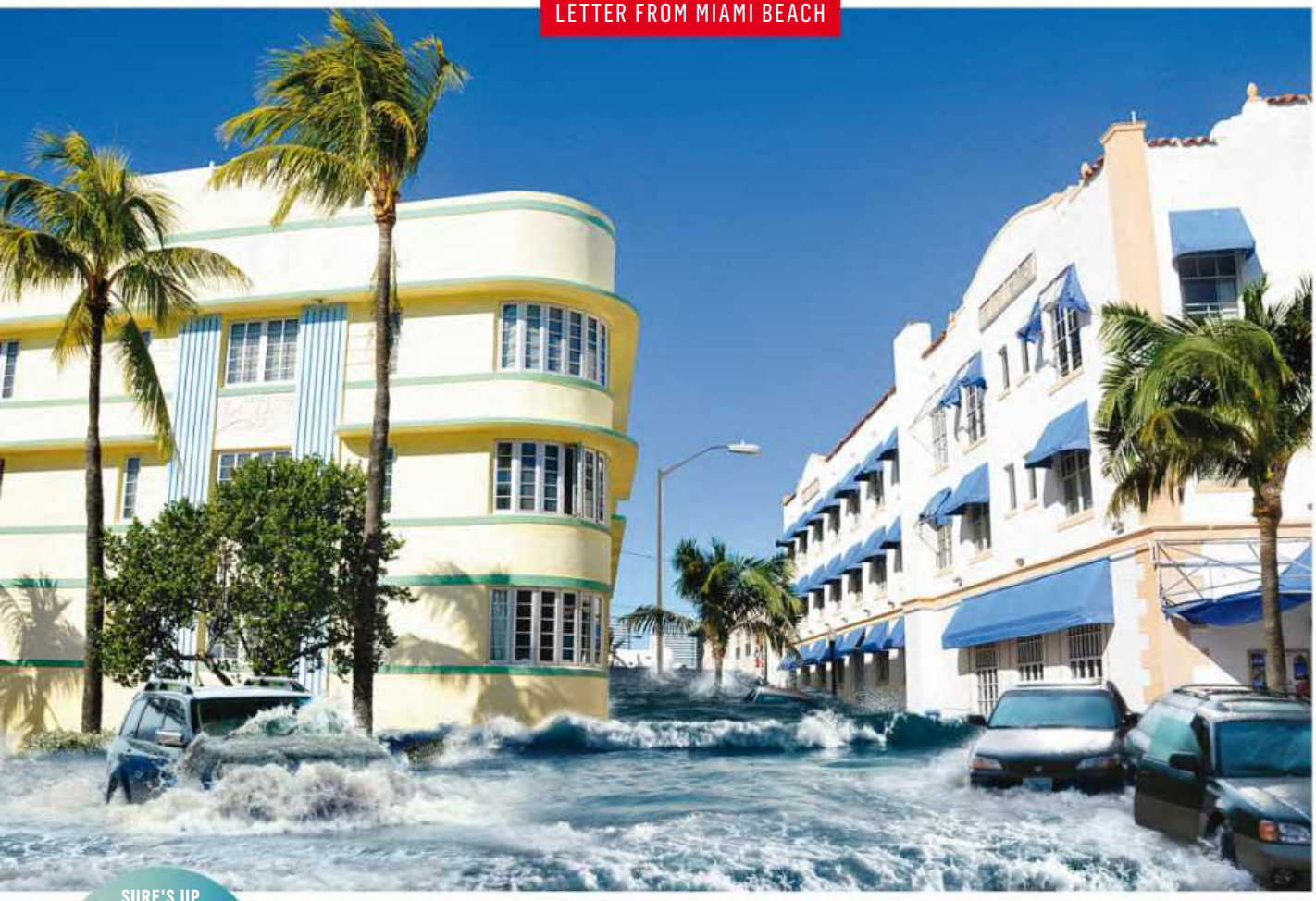
Perhaps the greatest engine of the city's current boom is Art Basel, the Switzerland-based art fair, which, in 2002, established a Miami Beach outpost, one that now effectively takes over the city for the first week of December. Marc Spiegler, Art Basel's current director, admits that he was among the skeptics 13 years ago when his predecessor, Sam Keller, set up the fair's satellite operation in South Florida. At the time an art journalist, Spiegler attended warily, concerned that the resort town lacked the requisite facilities and art-world history. "I was not convinced," he said, "that a show with medieval roots could work in a place like Miami Beach. Basel has been a cultural capital for centuries." But Spiegler is now a convert. There is such a strong "cultural infrastructure" in place, he said, and such a variety of places to stay and things to do, that "we're not just parachuting in as a pop-up anymore." And he went on, "When people look back upon this period in Miami Beach's development, I think it will be judged to have had a similar impact on the landscape as the Art Deco period."

### III. The Birthday Boom

The Art Deco period was an early demonstration of the young city's resilience. Miami Beach had begun as the brainchild of Carl G. Fisher, an Indiana-born entrepreneur who made his initial fortune in automobile headlamps and became convinced, during a vacation in Miami around 1910, that a resort city could thrive on the uninhabited barrier island across the bay. His vision proved prescient, but even Fisher's hustle and moxie were no match for the Great Hurricane of 1926, which might very well have wiped out Miami Beach for good.

Yet, in 1936, a determined group of city


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**SURF'S UP** Despite dire predictions, visionary planners believe that Miami Beach can adapt—and show other cities the way.

officials celebrated the opening of the first hotel to rise up on the beach since the devastating storm: the Whitman-by-the-Sea, a stately, porticoed Art Deco beauty that advertised itself as "the aristocrat of Miami Beach" and whose grounds occupied an entire oceanfront block. The Whitman was joined, four years after its debut, by another Art Deco hotel a block to its north, the Versailles, whose newspaper ads touted its "Continental verve and gayety." Both resorts thrived, attracting the swells and stars of the period, if not quite all of them; tacked onto the hotels' ads, in discreet lettering near the bottom, were the words "Restricted Clientele"—South Florida code for "No Jews allowed."

The Whitman's aristocratic reign turned out to be brief; it changed hands, changed names, and, in 1963, was torn down to allow breathing room and better sight lines for a newer hotel that had arisen a block to its south, the modernist and conspicuously more tolerant Saxony. (The Saxony's coffee shop, which served blintzes, pastrami, and tongue, was called Ye Noshery.) Not quite a half-century into its existence, Miami Beach had already established its rhythm: boom, bust, boom, with each regeneration fueled by new cash, new buildings, and a new demographic group or two.

In the decades since, the city has cycled through further downturns and reinventions. In brief: The 60s were glorious, with the Beatles frolicking in the surf outside the Deauville hotel on their first trip to America, and with the mammoth, Morris Lapidus–designed Fontainebleau hotel serving as the setting for Jerry Lewis's *The Bellboy,* Frank Sinatra's *Tony Rome,* and James Bond's sensual encounter with Jill Masterson, the young lady tragically gilded to death in *Goldfinger.* The 70s were rough, the "God's waiting room" era, when the Jewish population that had sustained Miami Beach in the midcentury was aging into senescence, the city's condominiums and infrastructure deteriorating correspondingly. The early 80s weren't much better, with *Scarface* and *Miami Vice* projecting an image of rampant criminality in the aftermath of the Mariel boatlift of 1980, which brought thousands of Cuban refugees to the shores. The late 80s and 90s were an improvement, especially in the city's southernmost district, South Beach, where an influx of gay residents breathed new life into the neighborhood's historic Deco buildings, a bustling milieu captured for posterity in 1996 in Mike Nichols's film *The Birdcage.* South Beach quieted considerably the following year after the murder of Gianni Versace.

The next big rebound came in this century, with the arrival of Art Basel. It was in this period that the city began to acquire a skyline, with developers building high-rise hotels and luxury condominiums to accommodate a new wave of wealthy international visitors who came for the art but stayed for the beaches and the scene.

Still, the Miami Beach real-estate market took the same hit that most others did during the 2008–9 economic downturn, and, as recently as five or six years ago, there were pockets of the city stubbornly immune to groovy revitalization—for example, the formerly busy stretch where the Whitman, the Saxony, and the Versailles had stood. The latter two hotels somehow remained upright at the beginning of this decade, but they had fallen into dilapidation, their mid-island acreage on Collins Avenue a drab, sleepy affront to the fabulosity of an otherwise bustling boulevard.

Yet this very stretch is now the site of the most audacious of Miami Beach's latter-day boomtown undertakings—the redevelopment of the entire neighborhood, encompassing eight city blocks, as something called the Faena District. The "Faena" behind the Faena District is Alan Faena, a 51-year-old Argentinean who dresses entirely in tropical whites and, with his shaven head and chiseled build, resembles an action star on holiday. Like a lot of participants in the latest Miami Beach rebirth, he is very rich (in his case, from successful endeavors in

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM CHINAFOTOPRESS/GETTY IMAGES (CAR, LEFT); © MEUNIERD/SHUTTERSTOCK (MIAMI BEACH); BY BILL O'LEARY/*THE WASHINGTON POST*/GETTY IMAGES (CARS, RIGHT)

clothing and real estate) and from South America. But unlike that of most buyers, his presence isn't merely recreational. With his business partner on these projects, the Ukrainian-born, New York–based entrepreneur Len Blavatnik, Faena envisions his district as a year-round extension of the energy and cultural life that Art Basel visits upon the city for that one week every December.

Where the Whitman once stood, there is now a floaty, sinuous new residential tower overlooking the Atlantic that was designed by Foster & Partners, the prestigious architectural firm. It is called Faena House, and among the buyers of its 42 sold-out units are Larry Gagosian, the art dealer, Lloyd Blankfein, the chairman and C.E.O. of Goldman Sachs, Leon Black, the head of the private-equity firm Apollo Global Management, and Kenneth Griffin, a hedge-fund manager who, in September, set a Miami Beach real-estate record by paying $60 million for the building's penthouse. The unit I toured features an extravagantly proportioned wraparound balcony, 11 feet deep on its ocean-facing side. As I stepped out onto the balcony and walked to my right, I could see the Saxony getting scrubbed down and brushed up in preparation for its pending rebirth as the Faena Hotel. Walking to my left, I could see the Versailles, stripped down to its concrete skeleton but still *Daily Planet*–building handsome, in a stage of its conversion to another luxury condominium building, the Faena Versailles Classic.

Across the street from Faena House, I saw construction crews and engineers doggedly seeing to it that the Faena District's cultural center, the Faena Forum, will be open for business by early next year. The Faena Forum, a funky, irregularly shaped pillbox with two auditoriums and a sunken, in-the-round performance space, was designed by OMA, Rem Koolhaas's firm, to be a venue not only for operas and concerts, Faena told me, but also "for talks, for conventions, for exhibitions, for literature." Work is also under way on an OMA-designed retail center in the district, to be called Faena Bazaar. It's as if someone with the megalomania and branding compulsions of Donald Trump had decided to impose his will on Miami Beach, only this person happened to have good taste.

Given the sheer amount of money, labor, and faith invested in Miami Beach, you get the sense that this hundredth-birthday boom just might be the one that will stick. But then, there is still the disquieting and unavoidable subject of sea-level rise. How can these two huge, concurrent phenomena, seemingly at odds, be reconciled?

Harold Wanless, chairman of the Department of Geological Sciences at the University of Miami and South Florida's most prominent climate-change doomsayer, was emphatic when I put that question to him: "They can't be." The developers, he said, are "building like there's no tomorrow—and they're right!"

### IV. In Deep

While floods have long been a fact of Miami Beach life, the concept of sea-level rise entered the public's consciousness there only relatively recently. One big awareness-raiser was a lawsuit that Biscayne Bay Waterkeeper, a clean-water advocacy group, filed against Miami-Dade County in 2012. That year, Albert J. Slap, an environmental lawyer working on Waterkeeper's behalf, asked a research geologist at Florida International University named Pete Harlem to work up some maps that would illustrate the degree to which the three largest sewage-treatment plants serving the county were vulnerable to seawater inundation. Waterkeeper's suit argued that the county's plan to upgrade these leaky, aging plants was inadequate because it didn't take into account the threat of sea-level rise.

Harlem had been making sea-level-rise maps since the middle of the last decade for his own research purposes, using data sets from federal, state, and regional agencies about tides, water levels, and the topography of South Florida. But the images he created for Slap, using the latest mapping software, became a news sensation. In Harlem's maps, which progress from one foot of sea-level rise to six, Miami Beach, a green, oblong strip in the first image, gradually goes bluer and bluer—transforming into a waterlogged remnant of its former self, with the final image depicting an archipelago of tiny islands abutting a long, skinny, north-south sandbar on the ocean side, also known as Hotel Row, where the existing city's elevations are at or near their highest. If Harlem's inundation simulations are correct, and if nothing is done to forestall or accommodate sea-level rise, there's a chance that all those new and newly refurbished hotels will still be standing in the 22nd century—but they will be marooned, with no infrastructure to support them, nor roads to link them to the mainland.

In March 2013, Biscayne Bay Waterkeeper (which has since renamed itself Miami Waterkeeper) shared Harlem's images with the *Miami Herald,* whose correspondent Curtis Morgan wrote of the maps, "If they prove anywhere close to accurate, the fate of three major sewage plants would represent only the tip of a hulking, hugely expensive iceberg of concerns for South Florida." It was in this context that Philip Levine was able to make flooding a persuasive issue on which to campaign, and, once he was elected, to raise the city's storm-water utility fee by $7 a month per household, with little protest, to underwrite the first phase of the city's pump program.

Nevertheless, as a pro-business Bloombergian, Levine sees no cognitive dissonance between fighting the seas and embracing the developers. The construction keeps the economy thriving, and the inflow of real-estate and hotel taxes helps pay for environmental initiatives—not just the pumps but also the city's plans to elevate 30 percent of Miami Beach's streets, replenish its oceanside dunes, heighten its existing seawalls, and create new urban greenspaces that will absorb water and carbon dioxide. By Levine's estimation, these moves are buying Miami Beach 50 years, during which time, he is convinced, scientists will develop ingenious new ways to combat the problem.

"If, 50 years ago, I had shown you an iPhone and an iPad, and how FaceTime works, you would have thought I was insane," Levine said. "So, 10, 20, 30 years from today, humankind will come up with amazing, innovative ideas that will create an even greater level of resiliency for coastal cities."

To Harold Wanless, such talk is foolishness. In his view, it is already too late; even if everyone in the world stopped burning fossil fuels tomorrow, humankind has already set in motion a chain of catastrophic events that we can't innovate our way out of. Miami Beach's new pumps, he said, are "just the tiniest little Band-Aid for a cost of hundreds of millions of dollars, and they certainly won't get us to the middle of the century."

While there is consensus in the scientific community that sea-level rise is accelerating, there is a startlingly broad divide in opinion on how severely and quickly it is going to affect us. Wanless stands with James Hansen on the more pessimistic end of the spectrum. In July, the 74-year-old Hansen, who was NASA's leading climatologist until he retired from the agency, two years ago, published an alarming (albeit not yet peer-reviewed) paper in which he, along with 16 co-authors, asserts that "multi-meter sea-level rise" is "likely to occur this century" unless carbon-dioxide emissions are drastically and quickly curbed. This would spell the demise not only of Miami Beach but also of the rest of the world's coastal cities: New York, Boston, New Orleans, Osaka, Mumbai—you name it.

Wanless, who is among the scientists whose work is cited in Hansen's paper, told me that he and Hansen take issue with the current models for projected sea-level rise—most of which top out at around six feet as the absolute worst-case scenario for 2100—because they don't account for how rapidly the world's glaciers and ice sheets are going to melt in the decades to come. "If you ever fly over Greenland, which I've done, it's unbelievable," he said. "The ice sheet is already melting from global warming, and now it's also dirty on top, because of dust and soot blowing in from other parts of the world." The darkened ice absorbs heat more quickly than clean, white ice, hastening its melt rate. Given such factors,

Wanless said, he predicts that Miami Beach will experience something in the range of *10 to 30* feet of sea-level rise by the end of the century. I was so stunned by these numbers that I asked him to repeat them, to make sure I had heard him right. He did.

### V. Record Highs

Wanless acknowledges that he is an outlier among his peers. I received a more optimistic take on South Florida's future from Ben Kirtman, a climate-modeling expert at the University of Miami's Rosenstiel School of Marine and Atmospheric Science. While not shying away from dire climatic trends or from the extraordinary measures that will be required to contend with them, he sounded a lot like Mayor Levine, believing that there remains time for human ingenuity to save the day. "I want to see Miami Beach survive," he said. "When we acknowledge a problem, we diagnose the problem, and then we start to develop really good technology to fix the problem. I believe in that."

**SOME PARTS OF THE CITY WILL HAVE TO GO AWAY—OR AT LEAST YIELD TO NATURE.**

It's this sort of determination that allows Levine to believe that the current boom of building and buying, far from being a crazy bet on what's destined to become Waterworld, makes perfect sense. "If you can show me the first owner of real estate who's panicky, who would like to sell cheap, please let me know—because I'd like to be the buyer," he said. "And I have about 100,000 people right behind me."

The real-estate figures bear him out. Peter Zalewski, the founder of CraneSpotters.com, a Web site and consulting service that monitors the high-end condominium market in South Florida, told me that, while the pre-2008 real-estate boom was actually bigger in terms of units sold, "from a price perspective, this is the biggest boom by far. It's triple or quadruple anything we've ever seen." To wit, two years ago, Alex Rodriguez sold his mansion on North Bay Road, for which he had paid $7.4 million in 2010, for $30 million. In June, Phil Collins paid $33 million for a home, also on North Bay Road, that had once belonged to Jennifer Lopez—and which Lopez had sold, 10 years ago, for $14 million.

Two of the foremost brokers in this superluxury market are Jill Eber and Jill Hertzberg, a pair of glamorous, mediagenic Coldwell Banker agents who bill themselves as The Jills®, and who, three years ago, bagged themselves what was then, pre–Faena House, the county record for a single-family dwelling, selling a mansion at 3 Indian Creek to a Russian buyer for $47 million. I met with Hertzberg at her office, where even she expressed surprise at what people are paying for properties nowadays—not just in desirable South Beach but in areas like the one where the Edition and the Faena properties are ("They're calling it 'Mid-Beach,' but no one had a name for it before," she said) and in the quiet town of Surfside, just north of Miami Beach proper, where the developer Nadim Ashi and the architect Richard Meier are making over the Surf Club, that toffs' haunt from the 1930s, as a Four Seasons–branded hotel-and-residential complex. It won't be completed until next year, yet Hertzberg has already sold one of its penthouses for $35 million.

Many of The Jills' well-off buyers are from overseas and pay for their purchases in cash. For her foreign customers, Hertzberg explained, Miami Beach is precisely the opposite of a risky investment; rather, it's a safe harbor in which to park their money (and often their extended families) when things get volatile at home. There is even a colorful real-estate term for the cash spent in this fashion: flight capital. Selling super-luxury real estate, Hertzberg said, has provided her and Eber with a continuing education in political unrest around the globe. "Years ago, when they started having all the kidnappings in Bogotá, and newspeople and judges were getting killed, we started to have Colombians coming in," she said. More recently, she noted, there has been an influx of customers from troubled Argentina. With Miami Beach offering beautiful views, a temperate climate, a stable national political system (well, relative to other countries), and properties that seem to only appreciate in value, sea-level rise is not foremost among the considerations of today's eight-figure buyer. In fact, when I asked Hertzberg how many of The Jills' clients have even raised the subject, the answer was precise: one. And that client still proceeded with his purchase.

Which isn't to say, Hertzberg hastened to add, that her customers are oblivious or delusional. "I don't want to belittle my clients, because I think they're very sophisticated, world-traveled, and well read," she said. "What it is, I think, is that they have confidence that the city will figure it out."

Zalewski, the condominium analyst, takes a more cynical view. "Rising sea levels are in the back of everyone's minds, but it's all about immediate gratification," he said. "I would wager that less than 10 percent of these purchases are long-term investments. It's more like 'I will buy into that position, I will hold for three, five, seven years, and then I will exit that position.' I like to say that in New York you trade stocks, in Chicago you trade commodities, and in South Florida you trade condos." It's an index of Miami Beach's ascendant cultural status that it now sits alongside New York, London, St. Barth's, Portofino, and Aspen on the circuit of the International Set—as the site of a "third, fourth, or fifth home," in Zalewski's words, that will sit unoccupied for the better part of the year.

Regardless of how invested Miami Beach's newest rich residents are in its future, they do strengthen its tax base, and some scientists and environmentalists are impressed with how the city is using its resources to address sea-level rise. "Give Phil Levine credit—he is more proactive than most of the officials down here," said Pete Harlem. Levine grants that the long-term solutions are going to be very expensive, and that he and his successors will need to harness state and federal funding to preserve the city. This is a trickier proposition than it sounds. Florida is the country's third-most-populous state, with nearly 20 million residents, and two-thirds of these residents live in coastal counties threatened by sea-level rise. Yet it is also a state whose current governor, Rick Scott, is a climate-change skeptic—officials in his administration have directed state employees and contractors not to use the terms "climate change" and "global warming" in public discourse.

Those who do make a concerted, good-faith effort to engage the global-warming skeptics face a tall task. Kirtman, the climate modeler, explained to me how gingerly environmental issues must be approached at the state level. He is part of a group of five prominent Florida scientists who last year met with Governor Scott at his office in Tallahassee to urge swift action on sea-level rise—a meeting that lasted only 30 minutes, with Scott asking no follow-up questions. Kirtman has also provided a briefing to one of the current presidential candidates, though he wouldn't say which one. In such meetings, Kirtman said, he is mindful of the need to speak in as "policy neutral" a fashion as possible. "You don't really talk about 'climate change,' but you're allowed to talk about 'sea-level rise,' because we can see it," he said.

This walking-on-eggshells approach may seem ridiculous, but Kirtman stresses that it's important for scientists of his ilk to at least impart the knowledge they possess. "I may not agree with what our politicians are doing, but that's my personal opinion," he said. "What I strongly disagree with is politicians' not taking the best available science to inform their opin-

ions. If you just say 'I'm not a scientist' and throw up your arms, that's the ostrich strategy. That's putting your head in the sand."

### VI. Back to the Swamps?

So, what are the next steps, beyond water pumps, fortifications, and placing one's hope in as-yet-unrealized engineering breakthroughs? Allan Shulman, one of South Florida's most celebrated architects (among his commissions is the Soho Beach House, a hotel and members' club just south of the Fontainebleau), noted that one emerging trend in his field is to adapt to, rather than mitigate, the effects of rising waters. For some architects and developers, he said, sea-level rise is actually viewed as a design opportunity to be exploited. Whereas, in the past, builders bristled at mandates from the Federal Emergency Management Agency to place new buildings on foundations a few feet off the ground, there is now a movement afoot to allow builders to go *higher* than the FEMA mandates. The expanded, heightened ground-floor space of a building might then become, Shulman said, "more of an indoor-outdoor area that is actually quite pleasant to be in, a kind of leisure space that's more common in tropical cultures around the world."

Jill Hertzberg, the realtor, pointed out that the expensive new-build condominiums that she sells take resilience into account. They must adhere to rigorous specifications, requiring, for example, thick, wind-resistant impact glass—no small thing in the city's new generation of towers, since a hurricane's wind speeds increase with altitude, posing a greater threat to the apartments on higher floors. Many newer buildings are also incorporating so-called "washout floors" at ground level, which are designed with flooding in mind—as rooms or open areas that can take a soaking without compromising the value or structural integrity of the building. And Alan Faena, during my hard-hat tour, noted that his condominiums have deliberately tall lobbies that place first-floor residences well above flood level.

Nevertheless, the bigger picture demands bigger solutions, since even a conservative estimate of Miami Beach's amount of sea-level rise by the year 2100—say, two to three feet—would still have a devastating impact upon the city as it currently exists. Harlem, who began his career as a protégé of Wanless's and shares his mentor's outlook, told me that if he had enough money he would buy land at a certain spot he knows along Route 27 in central Florida, where there's a high sand dune from an ancient interglacial era, incongruously landlocked. "I'd build a dock and tell everybody I'm waiting for the ocean to get there," he said. "That would be fun to do."

More realistically, the city of Miami Beach will have to take radical, massively ambitious measures to preserve itself. Shulman, who teaches courses in urban design and tropical housing at the University of Miami, put me in touch with one of his former students, Isaac Stein, whose senior thesis tackled this very subject on a scale that few public servants, mindful of tax dollars and public blowback, would dare take on.

Stein is now 24 and works in the New York office of West 8, an urban-design firm based in Rotterdam, a Dutch port city that knows a thing or two about resilience since much of it lies below sea level, protected by a series of dikes and dams. Stein's Miami Beach plan is impressively realized, proposing not only mitigation measures similar to those the city is already pursuing but also some bold adaptation strategies, such as raising entire neighborhoods on stilts, bringing in streetcars to replace automobile traffic, and cutting into the west side's broad north-south avenues to create canals and culverts—in other words, channels into which the encroaching seawater could flow without overwhelming the city. "You have these old roads built in 1915, 1920, that are 70 feet wide," said Stein. "And you can make the minor roads all one-way and designate 30 feet of them for the public sector—the trams—and 40 feet of them for a canal that would be enjoyable to walk along."

Stein, too, is a fan of washout floors, citing a museum in Venice, the Fondazione Querini Stampalia, that commissioned the Italian architect Carlo Scarpa to design a ground-floor space that changes with the floods, attractive both when dry and when wet. In Miami Beach, Stein said, "that sort of opportunity could exist on every block."

What Stein's plan doesn't shy away from is the idea that some parts of Miami Beach as we know it will have to go away, or at the very least yield to nature. His plan, for example, would warrant a human retreat from some sections of the west side, with developed areas returning to their natural past as mangrove thickets. And his culvert-and-canal system would necessitate the removal and relocation of several stores and businesses near the busy corner of Alton Road and 10th Street, where a Whole Foods and a Walgreens currently stand. Now, multiply that many times over.

"WE DON'T DECLARE VICTORY," THE MAYOR SAYS. "IT'S ONE SMALL STEP IN A LONG WAR."

In the short term, these would be politically unpopular moves, but they're the sorts of moves that Miami Beach will have to reckon with sooner or later. For scientists like Kirtman, the city's challenges are not only worth facing up to but an opportunity, he said, "for us to lead the world in how to plan and respond to sea-level rise." He noted that the city government has been working extensively with Dutch scientists and officials, who are in wide demand for their expertise in living with high water. Miami Beach, he said, stands to become an American analogue to the Netherlands: a laboratory in which to develop solutions for densely populated urban areas not only to survive but to thrive in the wetter future.

"I'm biased," Kirtman said. "I want to see Miami Beach survive. You know, South Florida is beautiful. And the concern I have about the gloom-and-doom approach is that it's too easy to give up and walk away. And that I am not ready to do yet—to walk away."

Even South Florida's Dr. Doom himself, Harold Wanless, who is 73 years old and lives in Coral Gables ("at 10.75 feet; we all know our elevations around here"), acknowledges that the romance of Miami Beach is not lost on him. "I grew up in Illinois, listening to Arthur Godfrey on the radio, broadcasting 'from beautiful Miami Beach.' And the last two winters here have been especially gorgeous."

The problem, Wanless said, is that the forces of nature and climate change are unsentimental. "Everywhere I go to give a talk," he said, "I hear people say, 'We must defend *this specific place,* because it has a special, unique something-something!' We have to get beyond that."

Yet it's hard to get beyond that where Miami Beach is concerned—beyond sentimentality about the raffish, sexy days of the Rat Pack and *Goldfinger;* beyond the collective national memory of a million winter vacations and early-bird specials with Grandma; beyond the city's dazzling, Art Basel–propelled maturation into an international destination. Like Hollywood, Miami Beach is one of America's great inventions—in its glamour and lore, the very definition of a special, unique something-something.

Shulman, like Kirtman a Miami Beach optimist, regards sea-level rise as another chapter in the city's ongoing saga of challenges. "Economically, the city has always been a boom-and-bust place, and the busts always seem existentially like the end," he said. "But they're not. The city continues to re-invent itself, in each case."

Inaction and denial are out of the question, he said, but then, so is retreat—"because a city is a great thing, and a city like Miami Beach is a tremendous achievement of mankind. So, we should think about how to adapt it, how to make it work—and not just, let's say, limit the damage. It's worth it. Miami Beach is worth it." □

INVESTIGATION

# A WING AND A PRAYER

**In the last decade, most of the big U.S. airlines have outsourced major airplane maintenance work to El Salvador, Mexico, China, and other places, where few mechanics are F.A.A.-certified, and inspections have no teeth. The result is every traveler's nightmare**

*By* JAMES B. STEELE



**WELCOME ABOARD** Thanks to offshoring, the number of maintenance jobs at U.S. carriers has plummeted.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TREY RATCLIFF/STUCKINCUSTOMS.COM

Not long ago I was waiting for a domestic flight in a departure lounge at one of the crumbling midcentury sheds that pass for an American airport these days. There were delays, as we've all come to expect, and then the delays turned into something more ominous. The airplane I was waiting for had a serious maintenance issue, beyond the ability of a man in an orange vest to address. The entire airplane would have to be taken away for servicing and another brought to the gate in its place. This would take a while. Those of us in the departure lounge settled in for what we suspected might be hours. From the window I watched the ground crew unload the bags from the original airplane. When the new one arrived, the crew pumped the fuel, loaded the bags, and stocked the galley. It was a scene I'd witnessed countless times. Soon we would board and be on the way to our destinations.

As for the first airplane, the one with the maintenance problem—what was its destination going to be? When you have time on your hands, you begin to wonder about


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things like this. My own assumption, as yours might have been, was that the aircraft would be towed to a nearby hangar for a stopgap repair and then flown to a central maintenance facility run by the airline somewhere in the U.S. Or maybe there was one right here at the airport. In any case, if it needed a major overhaul, presumably it would be performed by the airline's staff of trained professionals. If Apple feels it needs a "Genius Bar" at its stores to deal with hardware and software that cost a few hundred dollars, an airline must have something equivalent to safeguard an airplane worth a few hundred million.

About this I would be wrong—as wrong as it is possible to be. Over the past decade, nearly all large U.S. airlines have shifted heavy maintenance work on their airplanes to repair shops thousands of miles away, in developing countries, where the mechanics who take the planes apart (completely) and put them back together (or almost) may not even be able to read or speak English. US Airways and Southwest fly planes to a maintenance facility in El Salvador. Delta sends planes to Mexico. United uses a shop in China. American still does much of its most intensive maintenance in-house in the U.S., but that is likely to change in the aftermath of the company's merger with US Airways.

The airlines are shipping this maintenance work offshore for the reason you'd expect: to cut labor costs. Mechanics in El Salvador, Mexico, China, and elsewhere earn a fraction of what mechanics in the U.S. do. In part because of this offshoring, the number of maintenance jobs at U.S. carriers has plummeted, from 72,000 in the year 2000 to fewer than 50,000 today. But the issue isn't just jobs. A century ago, Upton Sinclair wrote his novel *The Jungle* to call attention to the plight of workers in the slaughterhouses, but what really got people upset was learning how unsafe their meat was. Safety is an issue here, too. The Federal Aviation Administration is supposed to be inspecting all the overseas facilities that do maintenance for airlines—just as it is supposed to inspect those in America. But the F.A.A. no longer has the money or the manpower to do this.

One of the fastest-growing of the offshore repair sites is on the perimeter of El Salvador's Monseñor Óscar Arnulfo Romero International Airport. Named for the archbishop who was assassinated during Mass in 1980, the airport has become a busy hub, owing largely to a steady influx of foreign jetliners needing maintenance and repair. Jets flying the insignia of US Airways, Southwest, Jet Blue, and many smaller American carriers are a common sight as they touch down and taxi to the Aeroman complex at the edge of the field.

Aeroman was once the repair base for El Salvador's modest national airline. It has mushroomed into a complex of five hangars, 18 production lines, and numerous specialty shops that perform virtually all phases of aircraft overhaul. The company has picked up the familiar multi-national technobabble, describing itself as a "world leader in providing aircraft-maintenance solutions." About 2,000 mechanics and other employees work in the company's tightly guarded airport compound, encircled by a fence and barbed wire.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK FAR TO FIND INCIDENTS THAT BRING YOUR SENSES TO AN UPRIGHT AND LOCKED POSITION.

The airplanes that U.S. carriers send to Aeroman undergo what's known in the industry as "heavy maintenance," which often involves a complete teardown of the aircraft. Every plate and panel on the wings, tail, flaps, and rudder are unscrewed, and all the parts within—cables, brackets, bearings, and bolts—are removed for inspection. The landing gear is disassembled and checked for cracks, hydraulic leaks, and corrosion. The engines are removed and inspected for wear. Inside, the passenger seats, tray tables, overhead bins, carpeting, and side panels are removed until the cabin has been stripped down to bare metal. Then everything is put back exactly where it was, at least in theory.

The work is labor-intensive and complicated, and the technical manuals are written in English, the language of international aviation. According to regulations, in order to receive F.A.A. certification as a mechanic, a worker needs to be able to "read, speak, write, and comprehend spoken English." Most of the mechanics in El Salvador and some other developing countries who take apart the big jets and then put them back together are unable to meet this standard. At Aeroman's El Salvador facility, only one mechanic out of eight is F.A.A.-certified. At a major overhaul base used by United Airlines in China, the ratio is one F.A.A.-certified mechanic for every 31 non-certified mechanics. In contrast, back when U.S. airlines performed heavy maintenance at their own, domestic facilities, F.A.A.-certified mechanics far outnumbered everyone else. At American Airlines' mammoth heavy-maintenance facility in Tulsa, certified mechanics outnumber the uncertified four to one. Because heavy maintenance is labor-intensive and offshore labor is cheap, there's a perception that the work is unskilled. But that's not true. If something as mundane as the tray of a tray table becomes unattached, the arms that hold it could easily turn into spears.

There are 731 foreign repair shops certified by the F.A.A. around the globe. How qualified are the mechanics in these hundreds of places? It's very hard to check. In the past, when heavy maintenance was performed on United's planes at a huge hangar at San Francisco International Airport, a government inspector could easily drive a few minutes from an office in the Bay Area to make a surprise inspection. Today that maintenance work is done in Beijing. The inspectors responsible for checking on how Chinese workers service airplanes are based in Los Angeles, 6,500 miles away.

Lack of proximity is only part of the problem. To inspect any foreign repair station, the F.A.A. first must obtain permission from the foreign government where the facility is located. Then, after a visa is granted, the U.S. must inform that government when the F.A.A. inspector will be coming. So much for the element of surprise—the very core of any inspection process. That inspections have had the heart torn out of them should come as no surprise. It is the pattern that has beset the regulation of drugs, food, and everything else.

What effect does all this offshoring have on the airworthiness of the fleet? No one gathers data systematically on this question—which is worrying in itself—but you don't have to look far in government documents and news reports to find incidents that bring your senses to an upright and locked position. In 2011, an Air France Airbus A340 that had undergone a major overhaul at a maintenance facility used by U.S. and European airlines in Xiamen, China, flew for five days with 30 screws missing from one of its wings. The plane traveled first to Paris and then to Boston, where mechanics discovered the problem. A year earlier, an Air France Boeing 747 that had undergone major maintenance at another Chinese facility was grounded after it was found that some of the plane's exterior had been refinished with potentially flammable paint.

In 2013, yet another Air France aircraft, this one an Airbus A380 en route to Caracas from Paris, had to make an unscheduled landing in the Azores when all the toilets overflowed and two of the airplane's high-frequency radios failed. The Air France pilots' union said the

incidents occurred on the airplane's first commercial flight after heavy-maintenance work in China. The company that performed the work also does maintenance for American. (Air France has denied that the problems were associated with maintenance done in China.)

In 2009, a US Airways Boeing 737 jet carrying passengers from Omaha to Phoenix had to make an emergency landing in Denver when a high-pitched whistling sound in the cabin signaled that the seal around the main cabin door had begun to fail. It was later discovered that mechanics at Aeroman's El Salvador facility had installed a key component of the door backward. In another incident, Aeroman mechanics crossed wires that connect the cockpit gauges and the airplane's engines, a potentially catastrophic error that, in the words of a 2012 Congressional Research Service report, "could cause a pilot to shut down the wrong engine if engine trouble was suspected."

In 2007, a China Airlines Boeing 737 took off from Taiwan and landed in Okinawa only to catch fire and explode shortly after taxiing to a gate. Miraculously, all 165 people on board escaped without serious injury. Investigators later concluded that during maintenance work in Taiwan mechanics had failed to attach a washer to part of the right wing assembly, allowing a bolt to come loose and puncture a fuel tank. China Airlines does maintenance work for about 20 other carriers.

Airline mechanics at U.S. airports who perform routine safety checks and maintenance tasks before an airplane takes off report that they are discovering slipshod work done by overseas repair shops. American Airlines mechanics contended in a lawsuit last January that they had been disciplined by management for reporting numerous safety violations they uncovered on airplanes that had recently been serviced in China. Mechanics in Dallas said they had discovered cracked engine pylons, defective doors, and expired oxygen canisters, damage that had simply been painted over, and missing equipment, among other violations. An American spokesperson denied the allegations, contending that the airline's "maintenance programs, practices, procedures and overall compliance and safety are second to none." Citing a lack of jurisdiction, a federal judge dismissed the lawsuit. The F.A.A., however, is investigating the allegations.

With huge subsidies, the Chinese government has created an aircraft-maintenance industry almost from scratch—building hangars, hiring mechanics, and aggressively courting airlines to have work done in the People's Republic. Even engine repairs and overhaul—the highly skilled aircraft-maintenance work that has remained largely in the U.S. and Europe—may follow heavy maintenance to the developing world. Emirates, the airline owned by the Gulf states, is constructing a $120 million state-of-the-art engine-repair-and-overhaul facility in Dubai.






**OOOPS!** *Above*, a facility in El Salvador. *Below*, a 2007 explosion, traced to maintenance in Taiwan.

Not everyone in official Washington is oblivious to what has been happening. The inspector general's office of the Department of Transportation has repeatedly called for the F.A.A. to demand more stringent reporting requirements. It needs to know where maintenance work is being done, and by whom. In 2003, the inspector general called on the F.A.A. to require drug testing of workers at foreign repair stations as a condition of F.A.A. certification. Twelve years later, the agency still has no such requirement. Similarly, there are no mandatory security checks for workers at foreign airplane-repair stations. In 2007, workers on a Qantas jet undergoing heavy maintenance in Singapore were reportedly members of a work-release contingent from a nearby maximum-security prison, though the airline denied the allegation.

In addition to sending work offshore, airlines are also outsourcing more maintenance work—including heavy maintenance—to private contractors in the U.S. Many of the issues that plague the foreign shops—unlicensed mechanics, workers who don't speak English, and poor workmanship—are also present at some of these private American repair shops. The F.A.A. at least has the capability to inspect domestic facilities more frequently than it does those overseas. (Despite frequent attempts, the F.A.A. did not respond to requests for information or comment on the issues raised in this story.)

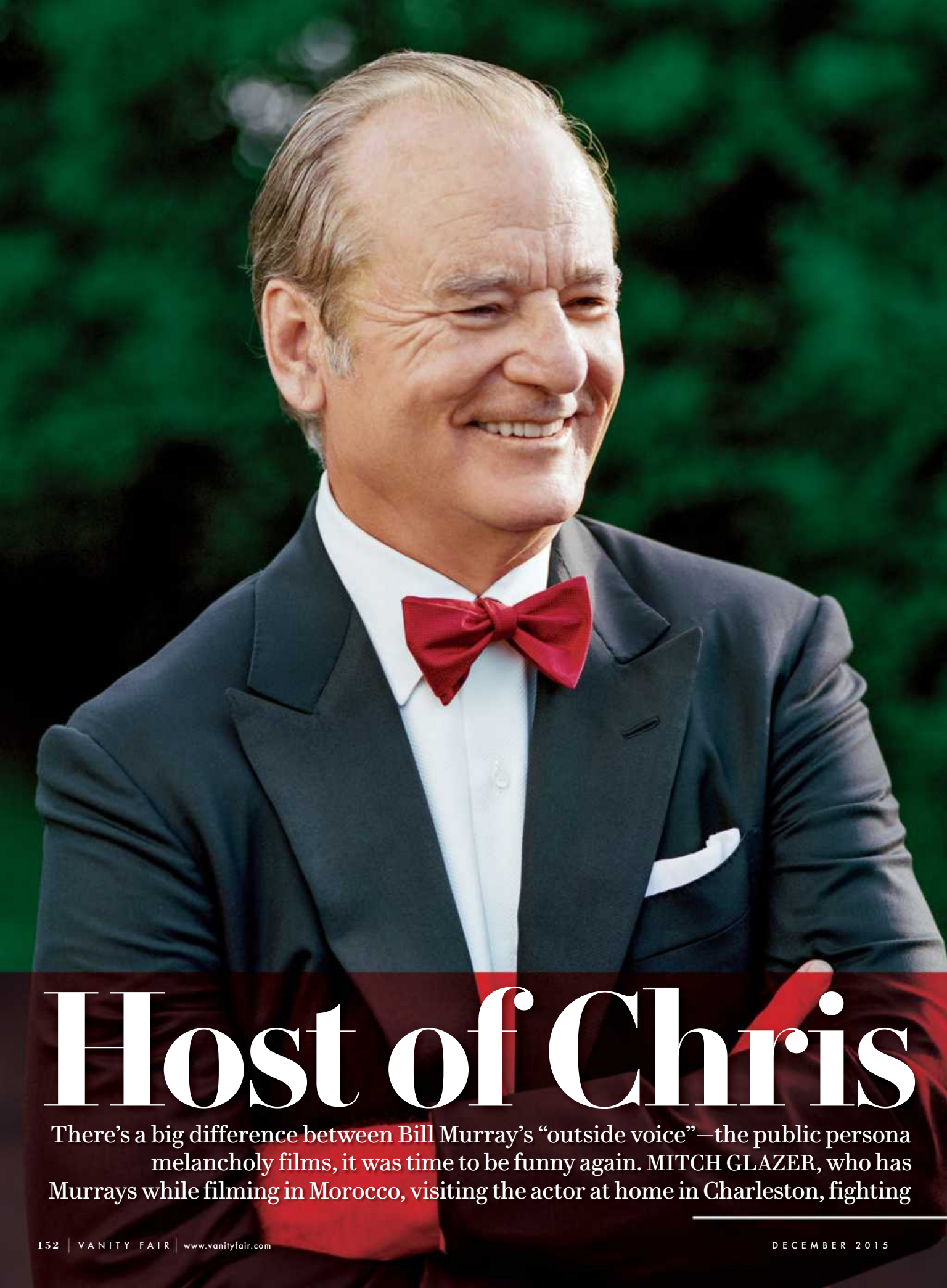
The reality is that from now on it's going to be up to the airlines to police themselves. With the F.A.A. starved for funds, it will be left to the airlines to oversee the heavy maintenance of their aircraft. Have you noticed that this sort of arrangement never works?

The F.A.A.'s flight-standards office in Singapore—the only field office it maintained in the entire developing world—once had half a dozen inspectors responsible for visiting more than 100 repair stations in Asia: not enough, to put it mildly, but they could accomplish something. By 2013 the number of inspectors was down to one. Now there is no one at all.

And I will confess that thinking about all this in the departure lounge puts the prospect of endless delay into perspective. Yes, I'll happily wait a little longer to board my flight—and then hope for the best. □

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# Host of Chris

There's a big difference between Bill Murray's "outside voice"—the public persona melancholy films, it was time to be funny again. MITCH GLAZER, who has Murrays while filming in Morocco, visiting the actor at home in Charleston, fighting



**TIE ONE ON**
Bill Murray, with model Leilani Bishop, photographed in Montauk, New York.

MURRAY WEARS A TUXEDO BY KITON; SHIRT BY ETRO; SHOES BY EDWARD GREEN; BOW TIE AND POCKET-SQUARE BY CHARVET; CUFF LINKS BY BROOKS BROTHERS. BISHOP WEARS A DRESS BY MICHAEL KORS COLLECTION; SHOES BY STUART WEITZMAN.

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# tmas Present

of an insanely popular star—and his "inside voice," which told him, after a string of written screenplays for the friend he calls the Murricane, hears from both crowds in Havana, and conjuring up the Netflix special *A Very Murray Christmas*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE WEBER

### Off on the Road to Morocco

Bill Murray and I ride the dark highway between Fez and Rabat. We are on Murray's "party bus," rented for himself and two of his sons for a seven-week shoot in Morocco for a movie we're working on, *Rock the Kasbah.* The bus's Kool Aid–blue disco lights are dimmed, and save for us and Abdul, the driver, the 30 seats are empty. For once, James Taylor's "Mexico" is not playing (a Murray-family favorite this summer). It's midnight-quiet as we drive from a Fez weekend vacation to Rabat and a final five-day sprint to finish work on the film. This Moroccan summer has been a joyous, tough, and utterly magical ride. Murray has inhaled it. Squeezed every drop from this adventure. He has been on fire—every joke lands; every scene with every actor lifts, hits unexpected heights; every night ends in a dizzy, giddy maze-walk through the chaotic Marrakech medina. Weekends, Murray brings family and friends along to cross cool Atlas Mountain streams or to listen to Bob Marley and Jimi Hendrix (both long-ago Moroccan visitors and favorite sons) as camels race on Essaouira's glassy, endless beaches. Several nights in Marrakech, as the sun sets, Murray leads us all atop the medieval four-story restaurant Dar Yacout to sip mint tea and listen to the Gnawa musicians play hypnotic, percussive North African blues on their three-string *guembris.* The city lights glitter beneath us. The players, elegant and ancient-cool, sit on their carpet, locked into their incongruous yet perfect "I'm a Man" riff. Their heads circle to the loping beat; fez tassels slowly propeller. The Ramadan call to prayer keens from deep within the medina, and Murray, cross-legged, facing the musicians, his head bobbing, a blissful, beaming smile planted on his face, has somehow conjured Chicago in Marrakech.

On the bus to Rabat, I leave Murray asleep across the back seats and move up front behind Abdul. It is a long, quiet ride; the Atlantic is heavy in the air yet invisible in the darkness. I let myself be lulled into a North African road dream when Murray suddenly looms in the aisle beside me.

"Fuck it!" he says, shaking his head. "Fuck it. I'm not gonna worry about jinxing us or any of that anymore. This movie is great. Every day ends and I'm lying in bed thinking, Holy shit. We killed this scene today! So hell with it—we have one week left and I am going to celebrate what the hell we have done here! O.K.?!! O.K.?!!" I nod, waiting for the other shoe to drop. I have never, in 30 years, heard Murray say anything even remotely like this mid-film. But no shoe drops. Murray just nods at his own truth, wanders back down the rocking bus aisle to the last seat, and lies down. I sit forward, trying to process this latest wonderful, Murricane explosion.

### Funny Again

A year later, Murray and I are driving through a Charleston, South Carolina, monsoon and I remind him about his midnight Moroccan party-van epiphany, about the magical summer in North Africa. "It's a whole different world," he says. "It really just raises the whole bar. Because you are—your consciousness has changed, because your ordinary stimuli are gone. You're eating different; you're sleeping different; you're drinking different. Everything's different; your whole body's different; the weather is different. The sky is different; the bacteria in the air is different. The people in the street are different. And you're left with what's essential."

Murray pulls his car over to the side of the road. The rain beats down on the windshield. I have no idea where he has brought me or why we are sitting, parked in the storm. Murray looks to his left and I follow his gaze. We are parked across the street from the Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church, the scene of the nightmarish Charleston slaughter only a few months earlier. Murray stares at the now familiar white church, the flowers on the pavement in the rain, the painted cross on which someone has written "forgiveness."

We sit for a long while. Murray finally starts the car and pulls off into traffic. He looks straight ahead. "I find myself driving here. Often."

There is a weight and thoughtfulness to Murray. An equally powerful shadow companion, I guess, to the free and spontaneous fun engine. I remind Murray that I wrote the part of Richie Lanz, the burnt-out rock manager in the movie *Rock the Kasbah,* eight years earlier, partly because of a conversation he'd had with film critic Elvis Mitchell. Mitchell was concerned that Murray had done a string of somber roles and that it was affecting his life, actually hurting his life.

Murray turns down the SteelDrivers on the radio. "Well, it was very generous of him to say, 'Look, your life is very melancholy right now and you're doing melancholy movies. So what do you think's gonna happen? It's just gonna get worse.' Which is what was happening. For years I'd been thinking, 'Gosh, I'd really like to be funny again.' You know? 'I'd really like to go and be funny again.' Because it's like writing. If you can write, you need to write. And if you can be funny, you need to be funny."

Murray's home is a classic Charleston three-story, 19th-century building on a cobblestone street tucked away in a quiet and timeless part of the old town. A wooden *Ghostbusters* arcade game lies on its side on his porch beside a couple of bikes and a football. It is a house of men. Or man-children. At different times, one or all of the four younger Murray sons live here with him. (There are six in all.) But the locker-room, *My Three Sons* vibe is pure Bill. He is a passionate and knowledgeable sports fan and competitor. He's won the Pebble Beach Pro-Am golf tournament, has been inducted, along with his five brothers, into the Caddie Hall of Fame, and actually got a pinch-hit left-field single for the minor-league Grays Harbor Loggers of the Northwest League. When we go see the Charleston RiverDogs team, which he co-owns, Murray hangs in the dugout chewing gum, offering the manager inside-baseball wisdom and hurling out a relentless stream of trash talk at the opposing side. As he says when offered extra onion rings at his Charleston restaurant, the Rutledge Cab Company, "No, thank you. I'm an athlete."

Murray and I sit in what he calls his "ramble"—a cozy, traditional, and manly study (fireplace, overstuffed couch, overflowing bookcase, golf clubs, serious stereo equipment, a basketball). I ask him about fame and celebrity. Murray sits forward on the couch in the late-afternoon half-light. "You know, being famous is obviously not a Devil's deal. I love the opportunity to work. It's the thing I do best. I'm a much better person when I'm working. I'm at my absolute best, because it's the ultimate terror. It's the ultimate terror that *I will not arrive,* the ultimate terror that *I am not.* You know? *That I am not.* But I don't feel that needy for the celebrity part of it. You have your inside voice, and you have your outside voice, like little kids. Well, my outside voice is the 'Bill

STYLED BY ANNE CHRISTENSEN; HAIR PRODUCTS BY ORIBE; GROOMING PRODUCTS BY CLINIQUE; HAIR BY GERALD DECOCK; GROOMING BY REGINE THORRE; SET DESIGN BY DIMITRI LEVAS; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY DAWN BOLLER; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

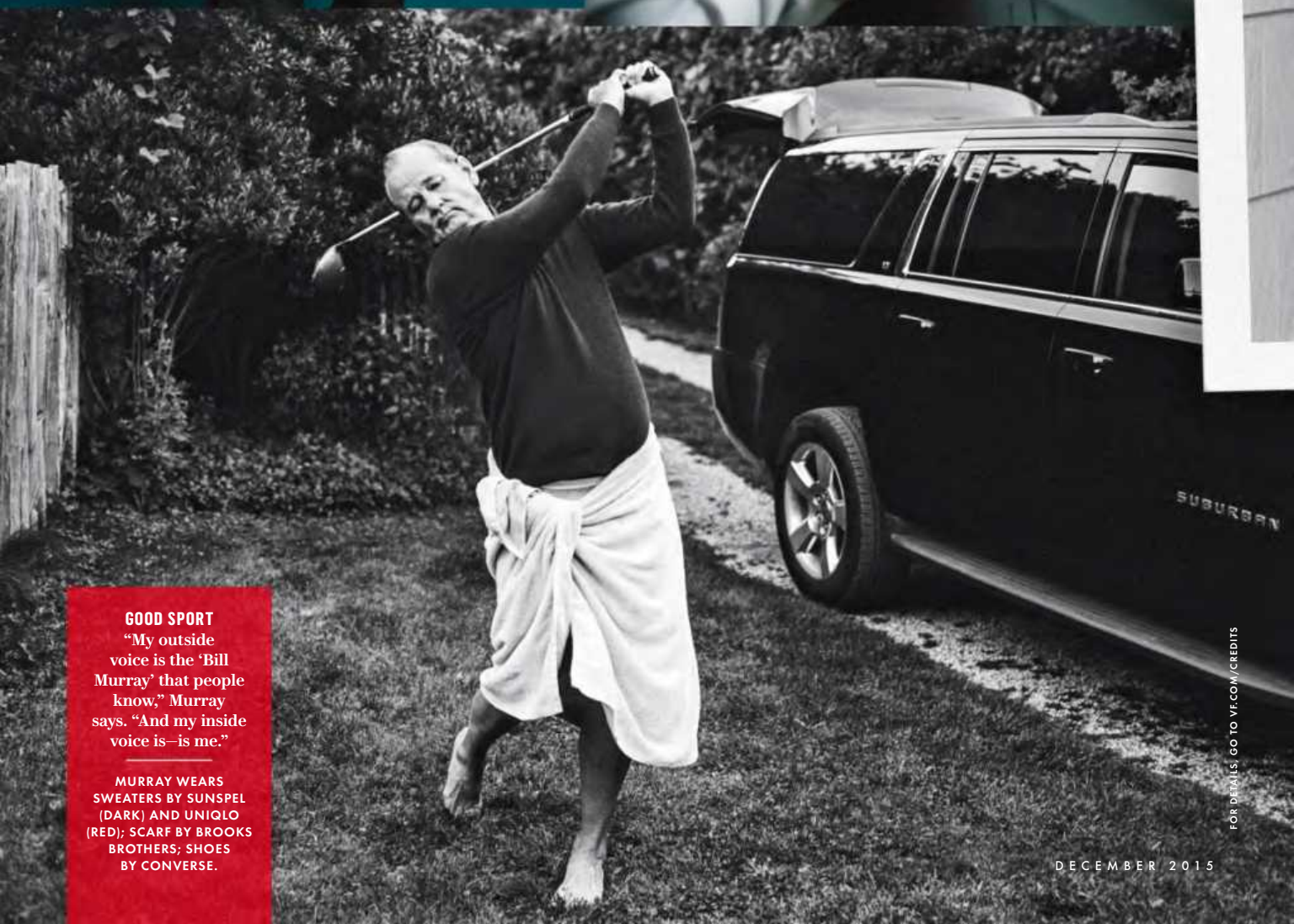


**YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE**
"Christmas was just waking up and feeling that feeling of Oh my God, life is good," Murray says.

MURRAY WEARS A ROBE BY TURNBULL & ASSER; PAJAMAS BY OLATZ.







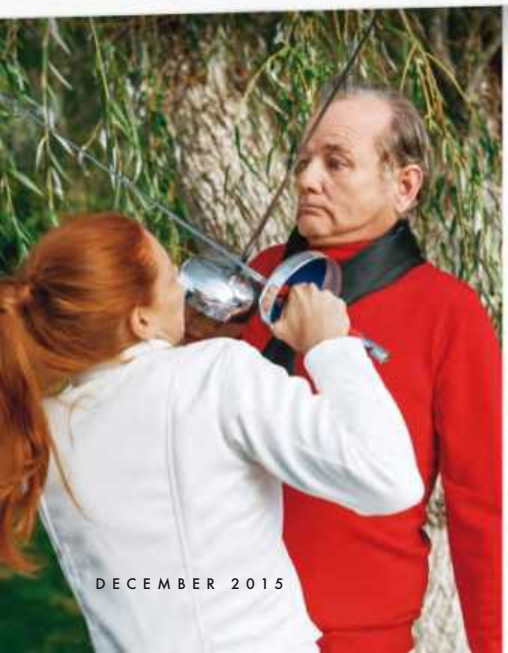

**GOOD SPORT**

"My outside voice is the 'Bill Murray' that people know," Murray says. "And my inside voice is—is me."

MURRAY WEARS SWEATERS BY SUNSPEL (DARK) AND UNIQLO (RED); SCARF BY BROOKS BROTHERS; SHOES BY CONVERSE.

FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS









Murray' that people know. And my inside voice is—is me. And sometimes that voice is heard. I can speak it aloud, when I'm really at my best. You can hear my inside voice."

I actually have heard the inside voice. I first met Bill Murray in February 1977. A cover story I'd written on John Belushi for *Crawdaddy* magazine had led to a close friendship with Belushi, and I was visiting him up in the greenroom outside *Saturday Night Live*'s Studio 8H at Rockefeller Center late one afternoon when he waved someone over. I turned and this young guy sauntered to our table. Belushi said, "Mitch. Meet Billy, the new kid." The new kid. And that is how I met Billy Murray.

In September of this year, on our way out to Montauk, Murray and I stopped at a Mobil station near Islip, Long Island, at midnight on a Thursday. Cars pulled up outside. By the time Murray stepped out of the john, the gas station was packed with people waiting for selfies. In the 38 years since we met, even during the post-*Ghostbusters* days (Murray starred soon after in *Scrooged,* which I cowrote), I have never seen this level of, what?, idolatry focused on Murray—or, really, any actor—before. Ever. Murray's appropriated face is on T-shirts, satin pillows, babies' onesies, framable high-art paintings, laughable low-art tattoos. There are online articles titled "Why Bill Murray Is a Living God," entire Web sites devoted to his "urban legend" sightings, an unauthorized volume called *The Big Bad Book of Bill Murray,* crammed with every detail—anything and everything he has ever said or done . . . in his life! Murray actually is omnipresent, institutional, a walking selfie magnet, a ubiquitous—and sometimes unwilling—brand. If I stop and think about what it really is to walk through this world as Bill Murray, to really *be* him, I have a panic attack. So I wonder aloud to Murray, as we sit in this quiet family study in Charleston, how, in the face of this Murricane madness, does he protect himself? How does he remain intact?

"Well, hell, I've been doing this awhile, and I *am* intact. If you're still intact, if you're still viable, it means you've been growing somehow. That all of the impressions of life have landed and stuck somewhere. You've been able to digest them and transform them into something, you know, that you can work with and live with and carry with you. The stars have shone on me." But, I ask, can't your inner self, your true self, be shaken, diminished, compromised, or even stolen from you?

Murray shakes his head. "It can't be diminished, because it's supreme. It really is supreme. It can't be diminished. The only thing is if you don't listen to it enough, you don't hear it enough. That voice can't be diminished. It can only be under-utilized—and mine is under-utilized. Everyone's is underutilized. I mean, God, I'm just so shallow, most of my day. You know? Most of my week, most of my month and year and life. But there is this desire, this wish to do better. Not in a competitive sense, but to just *arrive,* to *show up.* It's when you kind of quiet down, slow things down—everything sort of turns back inside and sort of re-settles. Then, maybe, you can hear something."

### Santa Claus Wants Some Lovin'

"As a kid, I never had any money at Christmas. So I was desperately scrounging for gifts that would be somewhat practical and functional. In the early days, they would cost a dime. Literally a dime. You would go to, like, a variety store. And you would get people combs. 'Hey, you're getting a comb this year.' And I mean, like, a pocket comb. Like an Ace pocket comb. And then girls had hairnets, so you buy them a hairnet. When I was really feeling flush they'd get a comb *and* a hairnet. In the drugstores, they used to have a nut display, where nuts would be available in there. And they would be, like, heated. They'd be under a heat lamp. I thought, Hey, you know what? We never have cashews. I'll buy everyone cashews. So I bought cashews—enough cashews for everyone, divided up into, like, eight groups for my brothers and sisters—and then wrapped them all in tinfoil. Unfortunately, I bought them about a week before Christmas. So I'd think, I don't think I packed those evenly. Maybe Nancy's had a couple extra cashews. And I just kept eating, eating—and the bags were getting smaller and smaller and smaller and smaller. So that it was really like everyone was getting about 14 cents' worth of cashews. But Christmas was just waking up and feeling that feeling of Oh my God, life is good. People have been thinking about me. And my brothers that have hit me in the head have bought me a present. It was a free zone. Everybody's in a good mood. There was no fighting. And whatever wrongs you've committed during the course of the year are all forgotten on that day. Which is its own little miracle."

It is Murray's Christmas-in-March 2015, at Silvercup Studios, in Long Island City, Queens, a very long way from the Wilmette, Illinois, young boy buying cashews for his eight siblings. We could, however, use our own little Christmas miracle. Murray and George Clooney, gorgeous in black-tie, and Miley Cyrus, wearing a red satin sexy-elf dress with white fur trim, kill time on a vast, all-white soundstage. They're surrounded by a dozen showgirls dressed as reindeer, musical director/pianist Paul Shaffer's all-star band (in white tuxedos), a couple of hundred crew members, director Sofia Coppola and her brother Roman, with his five cameras, and more—all waiting for rapper Rick Ross to arrive. Rick is playing Santa Claus and rapping to Albert King's classic "Santa Claus Wants Some Lovin'" for our Netflix holiday special, *A Very Murray Christmas,* which will debut on December 4. But Rick Ross is missing. And apparently it's my fault.

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To see **VIDEO** from the shoot, go to VF.COM/DEC2015.

Ross's sister and business partner, Tawanda Roberts, tells one of our producers, Tony Hernandez, that she has not actually heard from her brother in a while but that she's

"I'M A BETTER PERSON WHEN I'M WORKING, BECAUSE IT'S THE ULTIMATE TERROR."

pretty sure Ross is somewhere in Atlanta. Unfortunately, Tawanda adds, Ross has missed all the morning flights to New York.

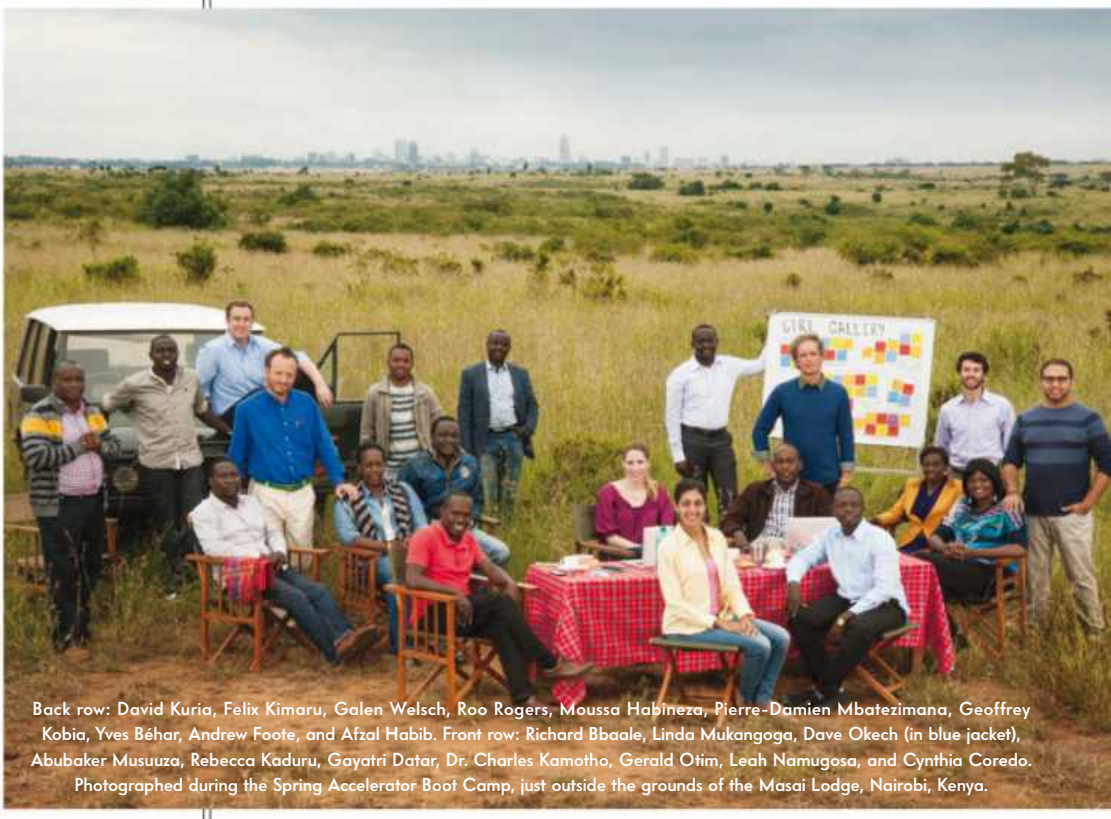
At that update, Bill Murray turns to me and unleashes "The Stare." I haven't seen The Stare since we worked together on *Scrooged* on another Christmassy soundstage nearly 30 years ago. My late writing partner, the former *National Lampoon* contributor and *S.N.L.* head writer, Michael O'Donoghue, named Murray's special look The Stare because of its terrible, dead-eyed power to stun and confuse. Back then, Murray would deliver The Stare, and folks would go into what writer Richard Adams called "tharn": in *Watership Down,* when threatened, his rabbits froze into terrified bunny statues. O'Donoghue and I were on a *Scrooged* phone call with Murray in 1987—we were in O'Donoghue's Chelsea living room, Murray was at his place up the Hudson—and O'Donoghue kept teasing Murray, refusing to deal with whatever the subject at hand was, being bratty. Murray went very quiet. After a few long, silent seconds, O'Donoghue leaned closer to the receiver and whispered, "Bill, The Stare doesn't work over the phone. I cannot see you over the phone."

I had worked with Rick Ross on *Magic City,* a TV series I created for the Starz network, and had championed him for this Christmas job. I had really vouched for his, um, professionalism against a wall of serious doubters, and now my guy is M.I.A. and the Silvercup Studios clock is ticking away money. Murray clicks out of The Stare and leads us into live-TV rescue mode. Shaffer and Murray, as musical partners during the *S.N.L.* glory years, have dealt with far worse last-minute disasters. Shaffer joins us by the camera, huddling with the Coppolas, Clooney, and myself to conjure up triage. Fortunately, Murray already knows the Albert King tune, having pre-recorded a killer vocal with the band a few days earlier. Clooney jumps in, offers to sing the funky "Santa Claus wants some lovin'" chorus after each of Murray's verses. Murray loves that idea and suggests that Clooney pop out from behind an aluminum Christmas tree, *Laugh-In*-style, to deliver the line.

We are, however, still one song short and realize we have one move—Miley Cyrus. We Marx Brothers into Cyrus's dressing room and spring the idea to her of doing a completely new, live, and CONTINUED ON PAGE 206



# NAIROBI'S SPRING AWAKENING



Back row: David Kuria, Felix Kimaru, Galen Welsch, Roo Rogers, Moussa Habineza, Pierre-Damien Mbatezimana, Geoffrey Kobia, Yves Béhar, Andrew Foote, and Afzal Habib. Front row: Richard Bbaale, Linda Mukangoga, Dave Okech (in blue jacket), Abubaker Musuuza, Rebecca Kaduru, Gayatri Datar, Dr. Charles Kamotho, Gerald Otim, Leah Namugosa, and Cynthia Coredo. Photographed during the Spring Accelerator Boot Camp, just outside the grounds of the Masai Lodge, Nairobi, Kenya.

In recent years Nairobi has emerged as one of Africa's most exciting hubs for entrepreneurs, who are drawn to the Kenyan capital for its growing middle class, rapidly expanding modern infrastructure, and deep creative roots in the arts and the tech industry. Little wonder, then, that the city was chosen as the base for the first iteration of Spring, a small-business accelerator designed by Yves Béhar and Roo Rogers and their team at Fuseproject, the design-and-branding firm known for Jawbone, One Laptop per Child, and innovations found in SodaStream and Herman Miller products.

With a mission to assist early-stage businesses that help transform the lives of adolescent girls, Spring launched its inaugural boot camp this summer at the Masai Lodge, on the southern edge of Nairobi National Park, where giraffes, antelope, and hippos roam the grounds and the city's skyline shimmers in the distance. Entrepreneurs from 18 businesses operating in Kenya, Rwanda, and Uganda took part, diving into sessions on branding and mission statements, financing and Web development—prototyping their products and refining their plans with the help of a world-class team of experts that included Béhar and Rogers. The idea is that for-profit ventures can succeed in Africa where charities have failed—that the good of society can best be served through building revenue and profit, allowing for innovation and growth without relying on donor support and handouts. Over the next two years, the accelerator will expand to Tanzania, Ethiopia, Nepal, Bangladesh, and Pakistan.

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For **MORE** on the Spring entrepreneurs and their businesses, go to VF.COM/DEC2015.

To be selected, the entrepreneurs—working in industries that include health care, transportation, and banking—had to use their businesses to help local girls. Kidogo, a day-care and education center, does this by providing affordable and high-quality childcare to poor families living in Nairobi, allowing young mothers to return to work and lessening the need for babies' older sisters to leave school to help manage the family. On a visit to Kidogo's brightly painted facility in Kibera (Africa's largest slum), where some 60 children were singing, drawing, and learning to read, the co-founder pointed out a Swahili proverb that was written on a wall. It seemed a fitting phrase for the children and Spring alike: CHANZO CHA MAKUBWA NI KIDOGO—"All great things start small." —AUSTIN MERRILL

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUILLAUME BONN

# Agnes Gund

**Beloved by the New York art world, Agnes Gund has poured boundless time, money, and effort into institutions ranging from MoMA to Studio in a School, which she founded in 1977. Her dinner parties bring haute bohemia to Park Avenue. BOB COLACELLO explains why the 78-year-old heiress thinks she hasn't accomplished enough—and why she's wrong. Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ**

Four years ago, the Foundation for Art and Preservation in Embassies honored Agnes Gund with its Leonore and Walter Annenberg Award for Diplomacy through the Arts. The award was presented to Aggie (as she is known to everyone from her driver, Robert, to her pal David Rockefeller) by Hillary Clinton, who proceeded to list all 23 charitable boards and advisory committees on which Gund served at the time. "My God," I said to Jo Carole Lauder, FAPE's chair, "when does Aggie sleep?" "At board meetings," she replied.

Hardly.

Gund's generosity of time, money, and effort knows no bounds. At 78 she is down to a mere 20 boards and committees, ranging from the New York State Council on the Arts to Socrates Sculpture Park. She was president of the Museum of Modern Art from 1991 to 2002 and currently chairs its International Council and the board of MoMA P.S. 1, its avant-garde branch, in Queens. Perhaps the cause she cares most about is Studio in a School, which she founded in 1977 in response to budget cuts that virtually eliminated art classes from New York City public schools. President Bill Clinton gave her the National Medal of the Arts in 1997. She hosts what are probably the most diverse dinner parties on Park Avenue, with guests such as Ellsworth Kelly, Julie Mehretu, and Vito Schnabel. Most nights, however, she can be seen running, in a Lanvin dress or Duro Olowu cape, to two or three exhibitions on her way to yet another benefit.

As we sat in Gund's living room one recent morning, surrounded by masterpieces by Rothko, Johns, and Lichtenstein, I asked her what motivates her philanthropy. "Guilt," she replied, "because I had money. I felt I had to do something with it that wasn't just for living well." Her father, George Gund II, she told me, "ran the Cleveland Trust Company. He was an isolationist Ohio Taft Republican, very strict, very forceful, and very tight." Aggie was the second of six children—four boys and two girls—"but whenever we had to sign documents, I signed fifth, because my father believed the boys came first. But he did leave us equal amounts." He also left $600 million in 1952 to the Gund Foundation, to which she has given over the years, though she did not go on the board, "because I was so much more liberal than my brothers were, and I was scared to death they'd just push me down and say no to everything."

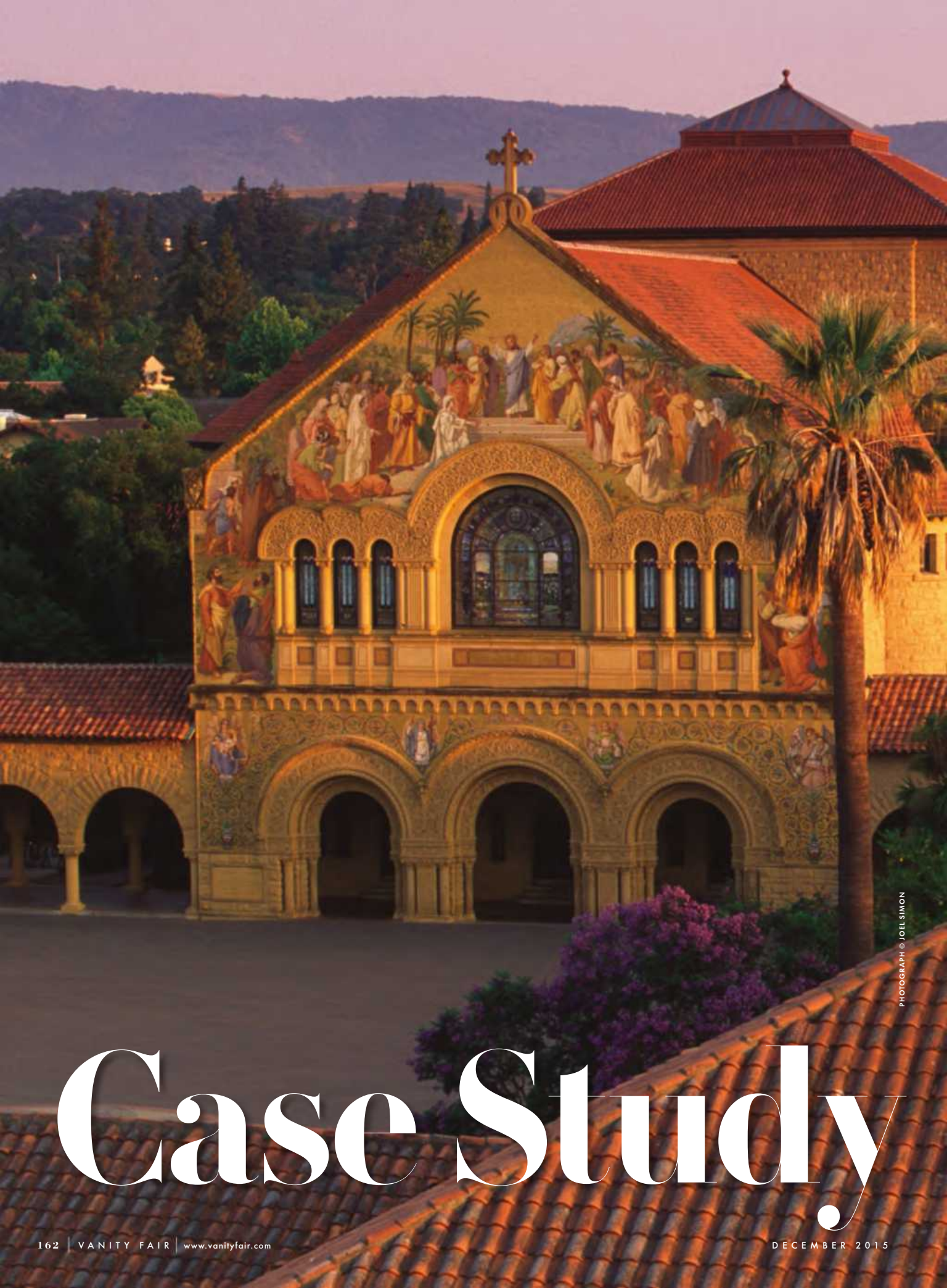
She is a graduate of Miss Porter's School and Connecticut College, has a master's in art history from Harvard University, has been married and divorced twice, is close to her four children and 12 grandchildren, and is beloved by the entire New York art world, yet there is a modesty at her core that is touching. A few days earlier she had been on a Bowdoin College panel with Madeleine Albright, former senator George Mitchell, and M.I.T. professor Alan Lightman. "I guess they had a seat to fill," she said. "The moderator asked us, 'How do you feel about what you've become?' I said, 'I don't feel like I've become what I want to become. I want to do more.'" □



**HOME IS WHERE THE ART IS** Agnes Gund, with Mark Rothko's *Two Greens with Red Stripe* and Martin Puryear's *Scrolling*, in her apartment, on New York City's Upper East Side.

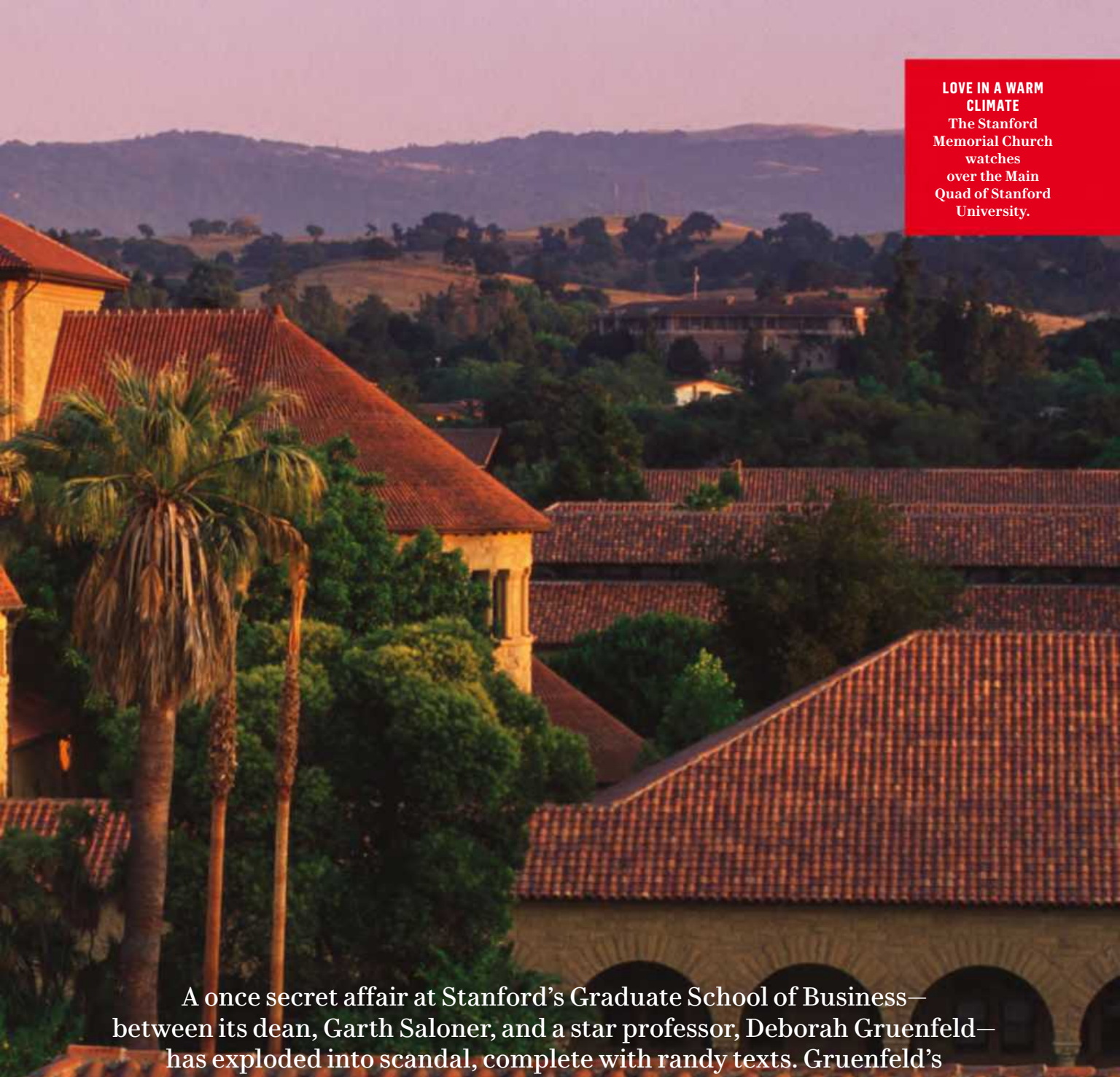
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# Case Study

PHOTOGRAPH © JOEL SIMON



**LOVE IN A WARM CLIMATE** The Stanford Memorial Church watches over the Main Quad of Stanford University.

A once secret affair at Stanford's Graduate School of Business—between its dean, Garth Saloner, and a star professor, Deborah Gruenfeld—has exploded into scandal, complete with randy texts. Gruenfeld's estranged husband, James Phills, an academic who was fired from the G.S.B. last year, is suing Stanford and the dean for discrimination and wrongful termination. Following Saloner's abrupt resignation, and with Phills breaking his silence, DAVID MARGOLICK reports

# in Scandal

When, in November 2013, Stanford University held one of its seminars on sexual harassment, the one its faculty and supervisors must take every two years, Professor James A. Phills, of the Graduate School of Business, heard a lawyer from the general counsel's office describe a romance gone sour at a primate-research center. A scientist ("Ed") kicked his former paramour ("Melissa") off a project involving monkeys, then slashed her bonus 80 percent, all because she refused to bleep him back at the hotel.

Such a problem, the lawyer declared, could *never* arise at Stanford. Had Ed worked there, she explained, he'd have had to cede all decisions regarding Melissa to a higher-up as soon as things turned sexual between them. But even before it was time for questions, Phills was sufficiently skeptical to butt in. "So the policy that Stanford has actually says that where such a recusal is required you must notify your supervisor, department chair, or dean," he said. "What if the person involved *is* the dean?"

"If the person who is involved is a dean, you should go straight to the provost," the lawyer replied. "And we will let the deans that are here know that," she added, prompting scattered laughs from the crowd. She resumed her talk, but before long Phills was at her again. "So suppose Ed were a dean and Melissa was a senior faculty member who was married to another senior faculty member," he began. "Ed was involved in a relationship with Melissa. Ed would have to recuse himself from making decisions about both Melissa *and* her husband?"

"That would probably pose a real problem," the lawyer replied. "Do you know something I don't know?" she asked playfully.

He might, Phills replied. "Don't out him or her here!" the lawyer exclaimed. There was more laughter.

"And your expectation would be that the provost or the general counsel, if something like this were to happen, Stanford would be concerned?" Phills pressed.

"Yes," the lawyer said. "And you and I need to talk outside!" More laughs still.

Phills assured the Stanford lawyer he was "speaking hypothetically." Only, he wasn't. By the time of the seminar, the dean of the business school, Garth Saloner, had been involved with Phills's estranged wife, Deborah Gruenfeld, a social psychologist and professor of organizational behavior there, for more than a year. And while Saloner had ostensibly removed himself from all decisions involving either Phills or Gruenfeld, Phills believed Saloner had remained enmeshed in his affairs, penalizing him professionally and injecting himself into his divorce and custody battles, all to drive him out of Stanford.

Some of this was not just conjecture. For three months in the summer and fall of 2012, as the incipient romance between Saloner and Gruenfeld developed, Phills, either sitting at his home computer or manning one of his other electronic devices—including, in one key instance, playing with the cell phone his wife had asked him to fix—had monitored and preserved the e-mails, text messages, and Facebook chats between the two. He'd followed their first walk together, and their first drinks, and their first date, and their first intimacies, real and cyber, fumbled and consummated. And all of this unfolded as he believed the Stanford Graduate School of Business (G.S.B.) was slowly squeezing him out, denying him crucial and lucrative teaching assignments and, by calling for a $250,000 loan to be repaid within less than a year, attempting to force him out of his house on the Stanford campus.

He knew that Saloner had disclosed the fledgling relationship to one of the main authors of the university's harassment policy, Provost John Etchemendy, as the regulations had required, but doubted whether the dean had done so in a timely fashion or had been fully candid with him when he did. And he knew, at least from what Saloner had had to say about it, how seemingly blasé Etchemendy had been about Saloner's disclosure. Phills had also come to believe that, with Saloner, the co-author of a textbook on strategy, now egging her on, the normally diffident and indecisive Gruenfeld had suddenly grown more aggressive, even ruthless, in their ongoing divorce and custody disputes.

"You are being too rational and generous," Saloner—sometimes posing as "Jeni Gee" on Facebook—had counseled her at one point. "Spewing the anger that you feel, even if it is unrelated to what you want, would make you a less predictable and rational adversary." Telling Phills what she *really* thought of him, he advised, would "push him back like a right to the jaw." At regular intervals, he bucked her up. "You are awesome," he told her. "You are the victim here. Roar!" Or "You're a star! Way to totally act w power. . . . Can you drive this process home now while you have momentum?"

Phills says that his monitoring wasn't hacking but simple self-protection. He had had to decide whether to stay at Apple University, the company's training school in Cupertino, where he'd been working while on a short leave from Stanford, or return to the G.S.B. And whether or just how much his boss, motivated by his ardor for Phills's wife, had it in for him surely mattered. Phills, in fact, denies he stole or hacked anything: he and his wife always shared equipment and passwords. Indeed, the technophobic Gruenfeld continued to use Phills as her personal Genius Bar even after she'd taken up with Saloner. (In her deposition, Gruenfeld denied sharing her passwords with Phills.) Only too late did she realize how much more difficult it has become these days to disentangle from someone electronically than emotionally. "I had e-mails to worry about," Gruenfeld testified this past June. "I had Facebook to worry about. I had Gchat to worry about. I had iMessages to worry about. And there were texts. . . . I didn't know how to unhook myself." Earlier, in a text exchange later produced under court order, she and Saloner had chatted about the problem.

Gruenfeld: I am sorry I did not change my facebook [*sic*] password when we started dating. Never occurred to me that Jim would go there. . . . My denial was profound.

Saloner: Only a truly awful human being, the lowest of the low, would snoop on private conversations and then use them as blackmail. . . . The depravity and lack of conscience is [*sic*] unbelievable.

For Saloner, that was mild. At other times in his chats with Gruenfeld he referred to Phills as an "asshole," a "sociopath," and a "dick." To him and Gruenfeld and Stanford, Phills's monitoring was a gross and unjustified invasion of privacy. The dean and the university have filed a counterclaim against Phills over it, which has been appended to the lawsuit Phills filed against Saloner and Stanford for unspecified monetary damages for discrimination based on race, gender, and marital status, as well as for wrongful termination and intentional infliction of emotional distress, on April 2, 2014—the day before Stanford fired him.

### Mutually Assured Destruction

Phills's head, it has turned out, was not the biggest one to roll. This September, after Poets & Quants, a Web site specializing in business-school news and gossip, prepared to post a story on the case, Saloner abruptly announced his decision to step down as head of what *U.S. News & World Report* ranks as the top business school in the country.

The shocking move came only a year after Etchemendy had CONTINUED ON PAGE 201

PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, FROM CINESMITH.NET/ENCORE.ORG, BY NANCY ROTHSTEIN, LINDA A. CICERO/STANFORD NEWS SERVICE, TONI GAUTHIER/*SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE*/POLARIS; DIGITAL ALTERATION BY SEAN McCABE

# SEX, LIES, AND LITIGATION

The Stanford Graduate School of Business scandal: a handy cheat sheet



**JAMES A. PHILLS**
Professor (teaching) at the G.S.B. and estranged husband of . . .



**DEBORAH H. GRUENFELD**
Professor at the G.S.B. and in a relationship with . . .



**GARTH SALONER**
Dean of the G.S.B., who is stepping down amid the scandal and downplayed the relationship to . . .



**JOHN W. ETCHEMENDY**
The 12th provost of Stanford University.

# *The* BANDIT PLAYS ON

Last December, after auctioning off personal possessions (his *Smokey and the Bandit* Trans Am, his 1998 Golden Globe for *Boogie Nights,* a gold watch from Sally Field … ), Burt Reynolds more or less retreated from public view. Was the 79-year-old Hollywood legend, who still holds a box-office record, desperately broke—or worse? As Reynolds's memoir is released, NED ZEMAN gets him to answer the tough questions about love, money, and what cost him the most

**ACT THREE**
Reynolds in his Tequesta, Florida, home, which was recently listed for sale at $4.9 million.

REYNOLDS WEARS A SHIRT, BOW TIE, AND CUFF LINKS BY THOMAS PINK; JEANS BY LEVI'S; ROBE FROM EARLY HALLOWEEN.

STYLED BY MICHAEL FISHER; GROOMING BY MELINDA PROENZA; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTIN SCHOELLER



The road to Burt Reynolds is a long one, and it's marked with a sign:

NO TRESPASSING
DO NOT ENTER
WITHOUT PERMISSION

The sign sits near an imposing home security gate in Tequesta, Florida, a prosperous enclave in Palm Beach County—the area where Reynolds has spent most of his 79 years. He grew up just 13 miles from here, in Riviera Beach, a working-class town that defied its name. Everyone called him "Buddy."

"Mr. Reynolds is ready for you," comes a voice from the gate's talk box. "Welcome to Valhalla."

That's what Reynolds calls the place, and only half-kiddingly. The 3.4-acre estate is lush, unspoiled, and secluded—the Indian River on one side, a state park on the other. Even its driveway goes on forever. Finally, after nearly a quarter-mile, comes the first sign of civilization: a residential compound composed of one- and two-story buildings built in classic Spanish Revival style. The compound houses two garages, two bedrooms, an office, and a bar called "Burt's Place."

Which is not to be confused with Burt's House. This becomes clear the instant a burly blond man ambles into view. "This is Mr. Reynolds's guesthouse," Todd says, in his genial way. "Mr. Reynolds is up in the main house."

That's up the road a piece. There, behind a circular driveway and a grand fountain, stands a 12,500-square-foot waterfront mansion that might be described as Spanish Revival meets Southern Plantation meets Burt-and-Loni. It was here that Reynolds and his second wife, Loni Anderson, played out much of their calamitous five-year disunion, which ended in 1993, accelerating Reynolds's slide into bankruptcy, foreclosure proceedings, shame, and retreat.

Lately, his absence from public view has fueled doomsday reports. Last year, after Reynolds auctioned off personal possessions—among them the 1998 Golden Globe award he won for his role in *Boogie Nights* and a gold watch he received from Sally Field—came reports that he was desperately broke. Or worse. During his few public appearances, he leaned on a cane and looked frail. His old nemesis, the *National Enquirer,* led the media pack: BROKEN BURT REYNOLDS CLINGING ON TO LIFE.

But aside from the rare quickie comment—"I am not broke," he told *Entertainment Tonight*—Reynolds remained sequestered in Tequesta. His silence endured until he finished work on a book, *But Enough About Me: A Memoir,* published this month by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Although the book is largely a work of nostalgia—a valentine to those, including Bette Davis, Johnny Carson, Clint Eastwood, and Sally Field, who shaped his life and career—Reynolds agreed to talk about anything and everything for this article.

We met in his living room, an airy, vaguely retro space anchored by an electric-blue rug, a mirrored wall, and two opposing white sofas. He's seated on the sofa facing away from me and toward a picture window that reveals his pool, his cabana, and his great lawn (which leads toward his boat dock, his helipad, and his private beach).

"Burt Reynolds," he says. "Thanks for coming by. I'd stand, but you don't have all day. Old football injury."

He's lost a step or two. "Or five," he says. At times, his hands tremble. He leans his spindly frame on a black cane. He never once rises from the sofa.

Mostly, though, he's The Full Burt. His outfit—powder-blue sport coat, Western dress shirt, gold watch, gray cowboy boots—is immaculate; his toupee, a silvery masterpiece; his tongue, sharp as ever.

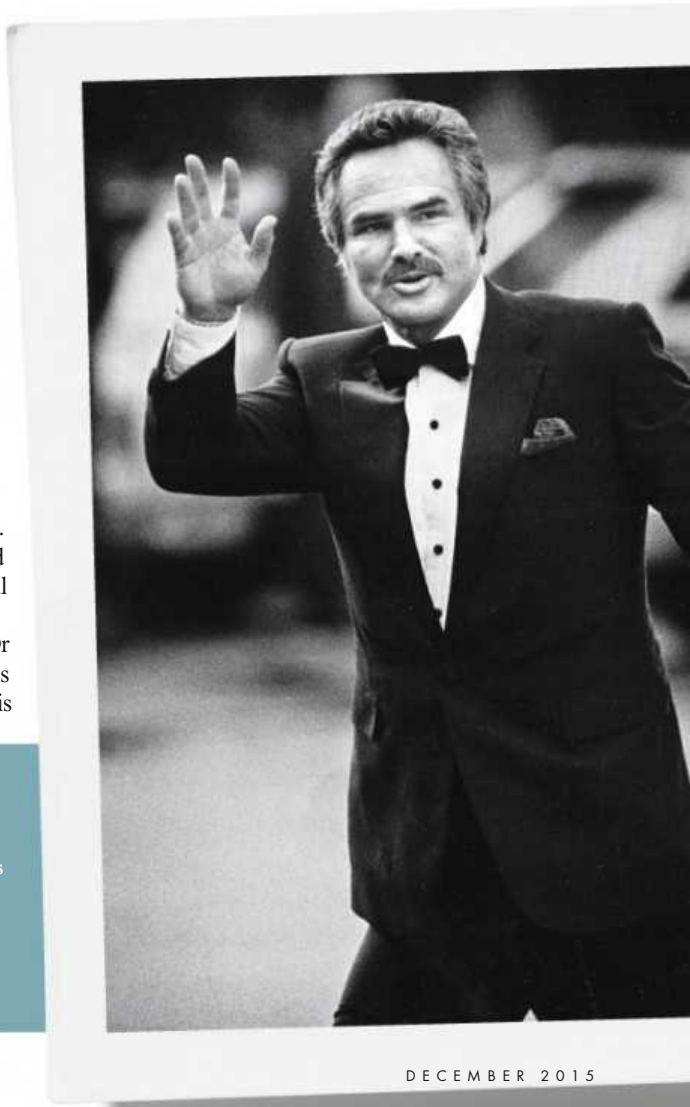
"I've lost more money than is possible because I just haven't watched it," he says. "I've still done well in terms of owning property and things like that. But I haven't been somebody who's been smart about his money. There are a couple of actors who are quite brilliant with the way they've handled their money." He smiles. "But they're not very good actors."

When I mention the auction rumor, he rejects it with relish. "That pisses me off," he says. "That's one of the rare things that does piss me off." He adds, "I'm not bankrupt, by any means. I'm not even worried about it."

His eyes fix on someone outside; it's a surveyor measuring the pool's bar area for a group interested in buying Valhalla.

"I don't want to sell," Reynolds says, softly. "I love it here so much."

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, © *THE PALM BEACH POST*/ZUMA WIRE; RIGHT, FROM THE EVERETT COLLECTION



**MAKING WAVES**
*Near right,* Reynolds and Loni Anderson arrive at the Burt Reynolds Dinner Theatre for the final performance there, 1989. *Opposite,* Reynolds in *Deliverance,* 1972.

### Reynolds's Rap

If you were a young moviegoer in the early 1980s, as I was, you were pretty much compelled to take sides on the matter of Burt Reynolds. From 1978 to 1982, he spent five straight years as Hollywood's top box-office draw. No star since—not Mel Gibson, not Tom Cruise—has matched this feat.

My position was clear. He'd starred in three of my favorite movies: *Deliverance* (1972), *The Longest Yard* (1974), and *Semi-Tough* (1977). *Deliverance,* John Boorman's dark, river-rafting drama, earned wide acclaim and three Oscar nominations; the latter two hits were the coolest football movies anyone had ever made.

Reynolds's singular brand of charisma—the ol' boy rascality, the winking swagger—fueled and defined all three movies, which together demanded a star possessed of dramatic skills, comic timing, beefcake appeal, bad-boy edge, and raw athleticism.

"Anybody who denigrates that as not being art is an idiot," says Jon Voight, who's been Reynolds's friend since they co-starred in *Deliverance.* "Burt has tremendous comic talent. He established a new light-comedy form. Nobody had ever done the good-ol'-boy, Huck Finn thing. When they say the only thing good he ever did was *Deliverance,* they're being blind, elitist, and dumb." He adds, "I don't think I know another movie star who has such a sense of humor about his own foibles. Nobody. That was his great gift, and it was remarkable."

Although he studied the Method at the Actors Studio for a while, Reynolds remained a natural delight—one of the few actors who thrived without the aid of scripts or prompters, and who routinely slayed Johnny Carson. Reynolds's devil-may-care candor proved refreshing—asked by Carson to describe his latest movie, he replied, "It's a turkey. Don't waste your money." He was soon invited to guest-host the show.

And yet. Reynolds had himself an image problem. In 1977, his biggest box-office smash, *Smokey and the Bandit,* transformed him into Burt Reynolds™—a branding opportunity for action figures and lunchboxes.

But the problem dated back to 1972, when Reynolds famously posed nude as the centerfold of *Cosmopolitan.* If he deemed it a parody, the irony was lost on those who'd tired of seeing him run through groupies, starlets, and go-go dancers. Not to mention his 15-minute marriage to Judy Carne, the "Sock it to me!" gal on *Laugh-In,* or subsequent breakups with America's Sweethearts Dinah Shore, Chris Evert, and, especially, Sally Field.

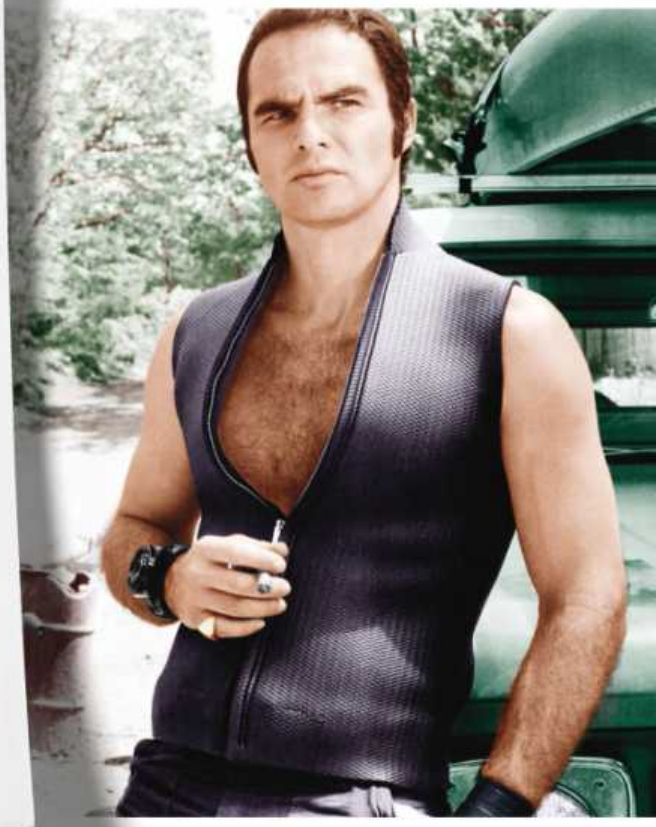
Reynolds lived like a redneck Croesus, resplendent in velvet suits and silk bandannas. At his peak he was earning about $10 million a year. His real-estate portfolio included, in addition to Valhalla, a 153-acre ranch in Jupiter, Florida; a spread in Arkansas; mansions in Beverly Hills and Malibu; a Tara-like estate in Georgia; and a mountaintop retreat in the Smokies of North Carolina. He owned a private jet, a helicopter, and numerous custom-made sports cars, among them a Trans Am used to promote *Smokey and the Bandit.*

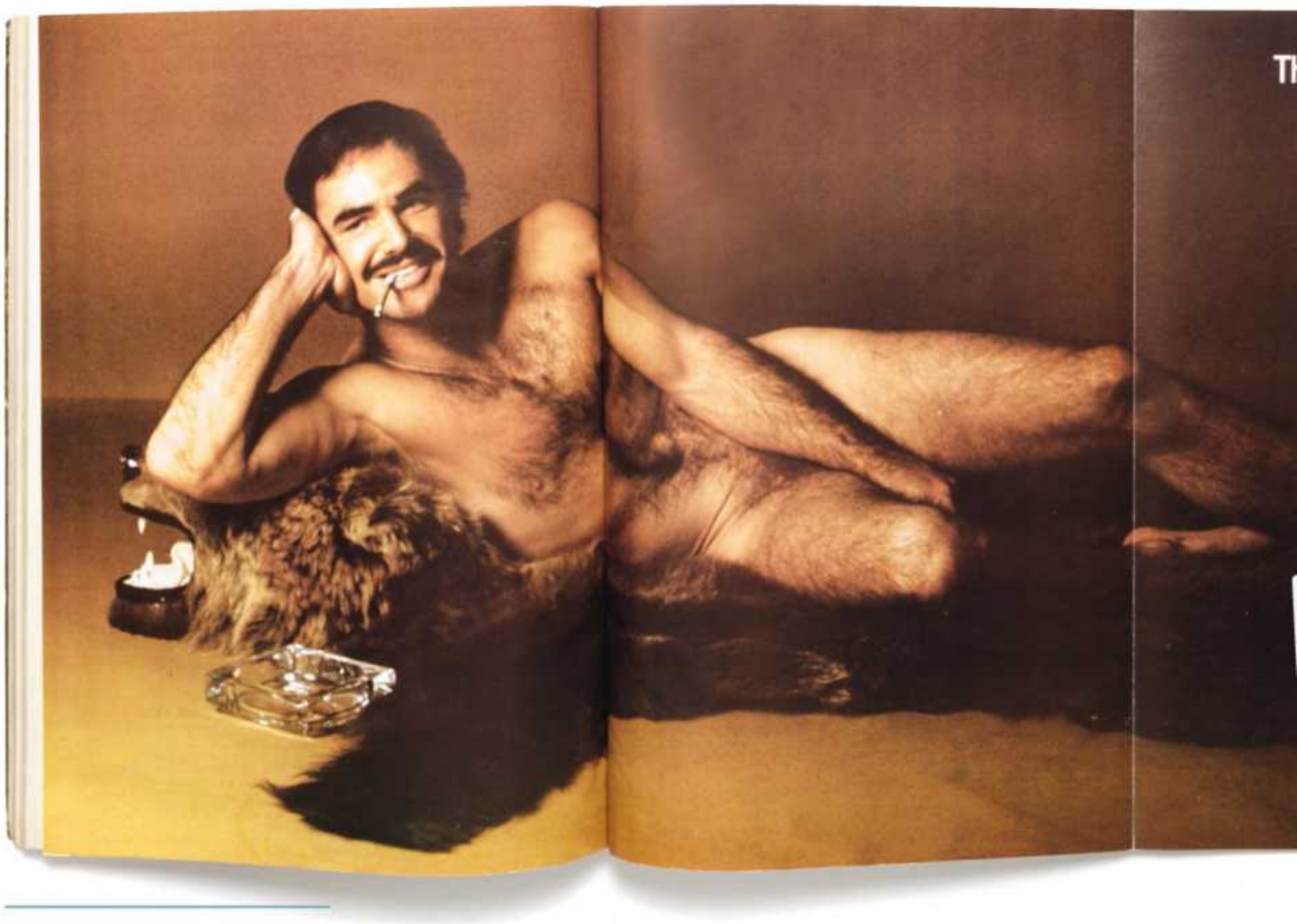
Plus 150 horses. Plus well over $100,000 worth of toupees fashioned by Edward Katz, "the Armani of hair replacement."

Reynolds made so much money and dispensed it so freely that he couldn't be bothered to keep track of it. He wasn't a details guy. He had people who handled that stuff. Professionals. So, when his business manager, Sandy Simon, suggested a promising investment opportunity, Reynolds didn't sweat the small print—especially since he was partnering with his old friend Buddy Killen, a country-music mogul.

Just like that, the two pumped $20 million apiece into a regional restaurant chain called







# "[WOMEN] ALWAYS SAY, 'I'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE IT.' THEY CAN'T HANDLE IT."

Po' Folks, whose down-homey southern fare could be had at 30 locations in Florida, Texas, and Louisiana. "It sounded like a sure-thing deal," Reynolds says. "Honestly, I didn't give it another thought until I found out that maybe it wasn't such a sound investment."

Po' Folks was a money pit. Team Buddy, having lost millions fast, determined that the prudent course of action entailed liquidating its assets and redirecting the remaining money into a wiser investment. They chose a second obscure restaurant chain, Daisy's Diner. Unfortunately it also failed to generate the expected windfall, costing the Buddys another $12 million or so. By the time Reynolds exited that situation, in the mid-80s, he had lost roughly $20 million.

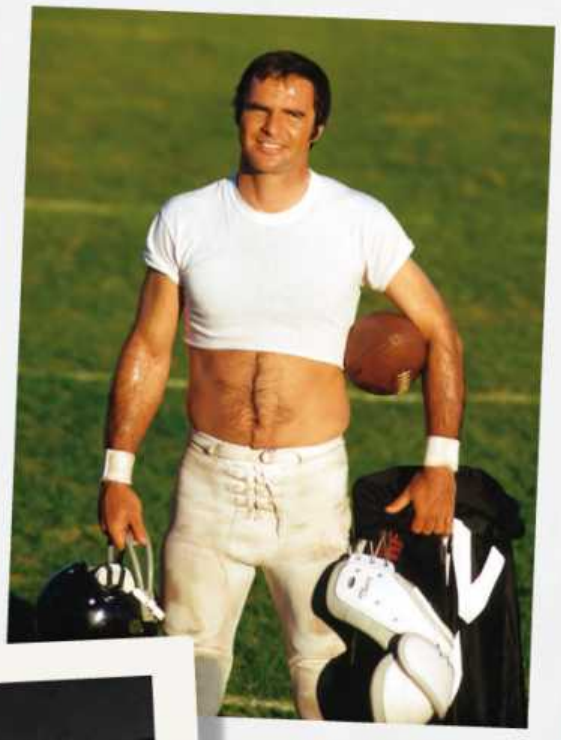
But what made the hit especially brutal could be found in the small print. When Reynolds signed the two investment deals, he did so *as an individual.* Had he signed on behalf of a corporation, only the latter would have been liable for the investment losses; creditors and tax agencies couldn't have gone after Reynolds's personal holdings. But there was no corporation. Reynolds was on the hook for everything.

He fired his advisers and contemplated suing the hell out of them. But there turned out to be a release form in which Reynolds had agreed to indemnify the advisers against all legal claims against them.

In the meantime, other investments went sour. Three years after he bought a stake in the Tampa Bay Bandits, a team in the fledgling United States Football League, both the Bandits and the U.S.F.L. folded. A nightclub

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM LEFT, FROM THE FRANCESCO SCAVULLO FOUNDATION/THE ESTATE OF FRANCESCO SCAVULLO, BY NATE CUTLER/GLOBE PHOTOS, © PARAMOUNT PICTURES/PHOTOFEST, © NBCUNIVERSAL; COPY WORK BY JOHN MANNO (CENTERFOLD)







**THE NAKED TRUTH**
*From left:* Reynolds's *Cosmopolitan* centerfold, by Francesco Scavullo, April 1972; with Sally Field, 1978; in *The Longest Yard,* 1974; with Dinah Shore, 1973.

in Atlanta, Burt's Place, closed within a year. And the 28,000-square-foot Burt Reynolds Dinner Theatre, in Jupiter, Florida, perpetually struggled for profits and respectability.

### Cold Shower

By this point, however, Reynolds was barely clinging to the B-list. Thanks to a series of lazy choices—*Smokey and the Bandit Part 3, Cannonball Run II*—his "bankability" had plummeted. Now his best offers were *Rent-a-Cop* and *Stroker Ace*—movies that were, in his words, "the kind they show in prisons and airplanes, because nobody can leave."

Among filmmakers, Reynolds was said to be ornery, demanding, difficult. And he slept with too many co-stars. The rumor mill turned grotesque while he filmed the 1984 cop drama *City Heat.* During a stunt, he accidentally suffered a broken jaw. Weeks of eating through a straw, coupled with a creeping jaw disorder, left him 40 pounds lighter (and hooked on painkillers). The tabloids attributed his weight loss to AIDS. The rumor dogged him for years. Reynolds once went so far as to fly his chopper over the *National Enquirer*'s Florida headquarters and shower it with horse manure.

And then came Loni Anderson, fresh off her run as a perky receptionist on the CBS sitcom *WKRP in Cincinnati.* She and Reynolds met on *The Merv Griffin Show,* co-starred in *Stroker Ace,* and married at Burt's Ranch in 1988 as media helicopters circled overhead.

The ensuing period was not without high points. The couple adopted a son, Quinton, and Reynolds scored a career-saving stint on the CBS sitcom *Evening Shade.* The role won him an Emmy in 1991. Mostly, though, the marriage was a five-year orgy of tabloid madness—Burt and Loni being the redneck heirs to Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor.

"The Countess," as Reynolds called his new bride, "bought everything in triplicate. China. Diamonds. Designer gowns. She'd pay $10,000 a pop for the dress. And being 'the Countess,' she'd only wear them once because, you know, she couldn't possibly wear a dress after it had been photographed. She'd say, 'I have to dress like a *star,* Burt.'" When he gave his new bride an American Express Platinum Card, Reynolds says, she maxed out the $45,000 credit limit. In 30 minutes. (Anderson declined to comment.)

Even after Burt-and-Loni finally imploded, in 1993, allegations of assault, substance abuse, and infidelity—he was carrying on with a cocktail waitress, Loni claimed—fueled the mother of all divorce-court battles. The couple's pre-nuptial agreement stipulated that they would separately retain their respective assets; in the event of divorce, each person would take only that which he or she had owned or earned. Since Reynolds had been worth more going into the marriage—$15 million to Anderson's $1 million—the agreement benefited him.

But the devil was in the small print again: if the couple had a child, "Loni may elect, at her sole option, to have this Agreement be of no force and effect."

According to the terms of their divorce settlement, as reported by TMZ, Reynolds now owed Anderson CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

*It Boy*

# ALL BY HIS SELFIE

## Model Lucky Blue Smith—real name!—knows how to attract mobs of teenage girls wherever he goes

You could say he's had a lucky year. The lanky six-foot-two-inch 17-year-old all-American with piercing blue eyes has taken the fashion industry by storm. This season, Lucky Blue Smith is the face of Tom Ford, Moncler, and Calvin Klein Jeans, and has walked the runways of designers Michael Kors, Versace, and Fendi. He's also become an Insta-stud. His social-media presence has branded him a male equivalent of Cara Delevingne, the British "It girl" whose quirky online persona (more than 20 million Instagram followers) catapulted her into fashion's stratosphere and then into big Hollywood movies.

The exact moment Smith's career turned from model to Insta-star was during the men's-wear shows last January in Milan. He first joined Instagram to keep up with friends from home in Utah, but by show season he had amassed 150,000 followers. Most were fans of his modeling pictures, and they were eager to meet him. He posted a message that he'd be outside Via Solari, 35, Fendi's show venue in Milan, at a certain time. Sixty girls arrived demanding selfies. He pulled the stunt three more times. Again, more girls, more selfies. His followers were multiplying. By the time fashion week had migrated to Paris, Smith's modus operandi was tried and true. The "Insta-meets" had become frenzies of hormonal teenagers wielding camera phones. "In Paris, a girl was having a panic attack, so I sat her down, gave her a hug, and took a pic with her. I looked back and she had passed out!" To date, he has more than 1.4 million followers.

Smith is the youngest of four children, the only boy after sisters Starlie Cheyenne, 22, Daisy Clementine, 20, and Pyper America, 18. (Their mother, Sheridan, a former model, and their father, Dallon, a hobbyist musician who started a guitar-string company, gave them memorable first names to offset their familiar surname.) Together, they're the Atomics, a family band with Lucky Blue on drums. They live in L.A. now, but they grew up in a tight-knit community in Spanish Fork, Utah, where a model scout first approached Daisy, in 2008. "I was 10 at the time," Lucky Blue remembers, "and they said, 'In a couple of years, we'll come back for you.' " They weren't kidding. He signed at 12, and by the time he reached 15, the Smiths had moved to California, Lucky Blue had been shot by Hedi Slimane for Japanese *Vogue,* and all four siblings had become the face of Gap's 2012 holiday campaign.

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As Smith's fan base continues to climb, he offers two tips for those who haven't amassed as many followers. The most important thing to remember when taking a selfie: "Good lighting. Definitely." And find a four-legged friend. "Put a puppy in your picture and it will make it 20 times better."

—DEREK BLASBERG



Lucky Blue Smith, photographed in West Hollywood.

SMITH WEARS A JACKET BY BARACUTA FOR J. CREW; SHIRT AND JEANS BY POLO RALPH LAUREN.

STYLED BY JEANNE YANG; HAIR PRODUCTS BY ORIBE; GROOMING PRODUCTS BY DIOR HOMME; HAIRCUT AND GROOMING BY MIRA CHAI HYDE; PROPS STYLED BY ARTHUR MARTINO; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY SHAWN MERZ; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



PHOTOGRAPH BY DEWEY NICKS

# JAZZ



STYLED BY BENJAMIN STURGILL; SET DESIGN BY ROB STRAUSS STUDIO; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY RUTH LEVY; FOR CREDITS, TURN TO PAGE 203

# ON THE LOOSE

A century of jazz has led to this point: still driven by youth, the genre is freer, more diverse, and less predictable than ever, circling back to its beginnings as music for the many. In New York City, MARK SELIGER photographs 36 virtuosos, for a portrait of the new generation of artists that has emerged despite a recording industry in free fall, while WILL FRIEDWALD takes the measure of the hottest live-jazz scene since World War I



**BARGING IN**
Some of the finest rising jazz vocalists, such as Tatiana Eva-Marie, 27 (far left), and Cyrille Aimée, 31 (reclining on piano), can trace their lineage to France, a jazz mecca. Here the two are joined on a barge on the Hudson River by pianist Aaron Diehl, 30, saxophonist Grace Kelly, 23, and singer Brianna Thomas, 32.

If the array of fresh faces on these pages surprises you, well, it shouldn't. Jazz has always been a young person's game. Two of the greatest innovators in the history of jazz, Louis Armstrong and Charlie Parker, were both in their mid-20s when they made their breakthroughs, the ones that changed the music for all time. And most sidemen in the Big Band era were college-age.

So, what makes jazz—which is hot, hot, hot these days and nights—so different in the second decade of its second century? Once again, young musicians (whether first exposed via YouTube or one of the myriad high-school programs that have sprouted across the land like clover) are taking the lead and flocking to jazz. But now they're doing so in a way that's linked to the genre's 100-year history and, at the same time, completely unique to the current generation.

With a nod to this youth movement, we've defined the start of the contemporary era as 1981, when Wynton Marsalis—the 21st-century ambassador of jazz—recorded his eponymous first album. And every musician pictured on these pages was, in fact, born in or after that auspicious year. (This explains the absence of various thirtysomething standouts, such as Edmar Castañeda, Alexis Cole, Jamie Cullum, Robert Glasper, Mary Halvorson, Hiromi, Derrick Hodge, José James, Irvin Mayfield, Gretchen Parlato, Jenny Scheinman, Marcus Strickland, Sachal Vasandani, Warren Wolf, and Miguel Zenón, among others. Anat Cohen and Jason Moran—both utterly remarkable—just hit 40.) The tempo has even picked up. In the months since these photos were taken (as the 36 virtuosos captured here have zigged and zagged through New York en route to far-flung concert dates), there has been a parade of other young talents who have come to our attention. (See VF.com.)

It is important to note that both the music itself and the ways in which it's being heard are much more open-ended than ever before. In the 1980s, when Marsalis ignited the hard-bop revival and what we now call the "Young Lions" era, it seemed like nearly every promising novice was playing as if he were auditioning for Miles Davis or John Coltrane. Thirty years later, things are much less predictable: you walk into a club in, say, Austin or Portland, or any of the dozens of venues that are currently hopping in New York City, and a 25-year-old might be playing music that reflects the absorbed influence of Monk, Stockhausen, or Django Reinhardt. Their styles and shadings come from jazz's countless offshoots and from every continent.

The traditional music industry has been TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 207; PHOTOGRAPHS CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

**PIANO PRODIGY**

***Below,*** **Bali-born Joey Alexander—at Manhattan's Jazz at Lincoln Center—is only 12 but plays with such technique and emotional depth that he sounds like an old soul, not just a wunderkind.**

**SUBWAY STOMP**

***Opposite,*** **Jon Batiste and Stay Human—house band on *The Late Show with Stephen Colbert*—mix jazz and other genres through what they call "social music." From left: Batiste, 29, on melodica; Ibanda Ruhumbika, 25, tuba; Joe Saylor, 29, percussion; and Eddie Barbash, 26, sax.**




ALEXANDER PHOTOGRAPHED AT DIZZY'S CLUB COCA-COLA, AT J.A.L.C.; FOR CREDITS, TURN TO PAGE 203



IT'S ALWAYS BEEN A

# YOUNG PERSON'S GAME.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND CHARLIE PARKER BROKE THROUGH IN THEIR 20S.

# EVERY MUSICIAN HERE WAS BORN AFTER WYNTON MARSALIS RECORDED HIS FIRST ALBUM, IN 1981.



### CLARION CALL

How to get Trombone Shorty, 29, to stand still for pictures? Put him on a Manhattan ledge where one wrong step means a 30-story plunge. Normally, this dynamic New Orleans bandleader is in constant musical motion.

### ACE OF BASS

*Opposite,* with deep roots in both pop and classical music, Esperanza Spalding, 30—bassist, bandleader, composer, and vocalist—is the breakout star of jazz's second century.

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## ENSEMBLE CAST

**(1)** Pianists Taylor Eigsti, 31 (seated), and Dan Nimmer, 33—of the Jazz at Lincoln Center Orchestra—sit in at Small's, in Manhattan's West Village, with trombonist-bassist Josh Holcomb, 23. **(2)** At Manderley Bar, in New York City, singer Molly Ryan, 31 (center), is flanked by vocalist-trumpeter Bria Skonberg, 32, horn player Mike Davis, 24, and twin brothers Will and Peter Anderson, 28, on reeds. **(3)** Many consider Franco-American Cécile McLorin Salvant, 25, to be *the* voice of jazz's new generation. **(4)** Guitarist Julian Lage, 27, trumpeter Ambrose Akinmusire, 33, and bassist David Wong, 33, improvise in Tompkins Square Park. **(5)** Adam and Zack O'Farrill, 21 and 24, seen here on trumpet and drums in Central Park, are the sons of Arturo O'Farrill, founder of the Afro Latin Jazz Orchestra, and grandsons of Chico O'Farrill, the Cuban jazz pioneer. **(6)** In the studio with upstart sax star Melissa Aldana, 26, are, from left, bassist Ben Williams, 31, and trumpeters Dominick Farinacci, 32, and Alphonso Horne, 28.

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To see a gallery of other emerging **PLAYERS**, go to VF.COM/DEC2015.



# THEIR STYLES AND SHADINGS

COME FROM JAZZ'S COUNTLESS OFFSHOOTS AND FROM EVERY CONTINENT.



## STRING FELLOWS, WITH BRASS

**Jerron "Blind Boy" Paxton, 26, lost most of his sight as a teen, converted to Orthodox Judaism, and through his expertise on banjo, guitar, violin, and piano (not to mention vocals) is possibly the most multi-talented young jazz-and-bluesman on the scene. *Opposite,* as a guest (far left) saunters by, trumpeters Christian Scott, 32 (New Orleans), and Etienne Charles, 32 (Trinidad), pianist Gerald Clayton, 31 (L.A.), singer-songwriter Nellie McKay, 33 (U.K.), and bassist Matt Ulery, 33 (Chicago), convene at New York's Havana Central.**

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**SUNNY LADY**
Lady Annabel Astor with her Jack Russell terriers and cocker spaniel at Ginge Manor, in Oxfordshire, where she lives with her husband, William Astor.

# ASTOR C

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER



From a topsy-turvy childhood, Annabel Astor has created beauty and stability, launching her first business, a jewelry shop, in Swinging 60s London, then managing a spectacular home: Ginge Manor, the 17th-century Oxfordshire estate of her second husband, William, Viscount Astor. Now, as her aristo-chic furnishings company, OKA, reaches the U.S., the viscountess welcomes BOB COLACELLO to the hub of her jet-set existence

# OUNTRY

"This sofa we're sitting on—the springs are all gone—is my grandmother Lady Clifford's sofa," says Annabel Astor, the high-born, well-connected co-founder and executive vice-chairman of OKA Direct, the British home-furnishings retailer. We are talking in the vast but cozy pale-yellow library of Ginge Manor, the 17th-century Oxfordshire country house she shares with her husband, William Waldorf Astor III, the fourth Viscount Astor and chairman of Silvergate Media Ltd., an intellectual-property company. In most other English aristocratic houses this room would be referred to as the drawing room, but Annabel says, "We think that sounds too grand." She is telling me her life story in bits and pieces, her memories stoked by the family heirlooms surrounding her, including one of England's most important collections of paintings of horses and dogs. (The dining room alone holds 11 equestrian pictures, most notably *Winner of the Oaks 1929,* by Sir Alfred Munnings.)

"When my grandmother died, I took a few things," she continues to explain about the faded chintz sofa. "And then I went and had it reupholstered. When they were digging down and recovering the inside they found this most beautiful brassiere. It was pure pink silk from the 1920s with my grandmother's initials embroidered. What she was doing on this sofa God only knows! That's why I never get rid of it. It makes me think of my grandmother having the time of her life."

Viscountess Astor, to use her formal title, laughs uproariously. At 67, she looks a decade younger, her light-brown hair worn loose with bangs, her sea-green eyes sparkling with curiosity, her wide, ready smile "the most welcoming in all of England," as one acquaintance puts it. She has not changed out of the indigo cotton shirt, dark-blue jeans, and knee-high boots she wore for her daily morning horseback ride with William along the Ridgeway, the ancient pre-Roman highway that crosses the grassy hills above their 40-acre property.

The grandmother she is talking about was a Cleveland, Ohio, banking heiress named Alice Gundry, who, in typical Gilded Age fashion, married an English aristocrat in need of an income. Sir Bede Edmund Hugh Clifford was the younger son of the 10th Baron Clifford of Chudleigh and a descendant of King Charles II. Alice and Bede Clifford had three famously beautiful daughters, the middle of whom, Pandora, married Timothy Angus Jones, the son of Reuters chairman Sir Roderick Jones and writer Enid Bagnold, whose novel *National Velvet* was made into Elizabeth Taylor's first movie. Pandora and Timothy Jones were Annabel's parents.

"The bust is of my grandmother Enid Bagnold by her friend Henri Gaudier-Brzeska," says Annabel, pointing to a wood sculpture of a determined-looking woman on a nearby table. (Gaudier-Brzeska was a young French artist killed in the First World War.) "The bronze cast of the original is by Jacob Epstein, the famous sculptor who lived opposite us in Hyde Park Gate. As a child I used to spend hours in his studio playing with his granddaughter Annie Freud, the daughter of Lucian."

William's Astor ancestors greet guests in the front hall. John Jacob Astor, the founder of the family fortune, looms largest, painted in 1794 by Gilbert Stuart, the official portraitist of George Washington. A butcher's son from Walldorf, Germany, John Jacob became the first multi-millionaire in the United States by monopolizing the North American fur trade and investing in booming Manhattan real estate. Next up is his great-grandson—and William's great-grandfather—William Waldorf Astor, said to be the richest American of his generation. Tired of feuding with his aunt Caroline—*the* Mrs. Astor, queen of New York society—he decamped in 1891 to England, where he bought two very grand houses, Cliveden and Hever Castle, and donated so many millions to war-relief charities that he was made the first Viscount Astor in 1917. His daughter-in-law—and William's grandmother—Virginia-born Nancy Langhorne Astor is represented by a pair of charcoal studies by John Singer Sargent. The first woman to sit in Parliament and the greatest hostess of her day, Nancy Astor turned Cliveden into a hub of cultural and political intrigue, entertaining everyone from Charlie Chaplin and Edith Wharton to Winston Churchill and Joseph Kennedy at her weekend house parties.

Lastly, there is William's father, William Waldorf Astor II, known as Bill, a prominent Conservative Party politician who saw his reputation ruined in the 1963 Profumo-affair sex scandal (much of it centered at Cliveden), which brought down Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's government. Charming and very social, Bill Astor was a close friend and business partner of his American cousin Vincent Astor, whose father, John Jacob Astor IV, had gone down with the *Titanic,* and whose widow, Brooke Astor, would become the beloved benefactor of the New York Public Library—which, to come full circle, had been established as the Astor Library in the 1850s with a $400,000 bequest from the $20 million estate of the original John Jacob Astor.

"Brooke used to come and stay with us every year," says Annabel. "She was funny. She'd say, 'God, I love this house. I love all the things that are in it.' Then she'd go and stay with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and say, 'God, these houses are filled with wonderful things.' And we'd say to her, 'But of course, Brooke. You see, generation after generation, you leave everything, and it all

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MD/CAMERA PRESS/REDUX (1), BY ALAN DAVIDSON/THE PICTURE LIBRARY LTD. (5), PHILIP JACKSON/*DAILY MAIL*/REX USA (4), FROM TOPICAL PRESS AGENCY/HULTON ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES (3), FROM UNIVERSAL HISTORY ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES (2)

# "ANNABEL'S A BLOODY HARD WORKER.

## BUT SHE'S TREMENDOUS FUN," SAYS DUNCAN McLAREN.





**FAMILY AFFAIR**

**(1)** The extended Astor family at Ginge: Emily Sheffield, Lord and Lady Astor, Samantha Cameron (now First Lady of the U.K.), and Astor siblings Flora, Jake, and William IV, 1999. **(2)** Nancy Astor, wife of Waldorf, the second Viscount Astor, and the first female member of the British Parliament, campaigning in 1919. **(3)** Waldorf and Nancy at Cliveden, with their children, Michael, Jakie, Nancy Phyllis, David, and Bill, December 1921. **(4)** Annabel in her jewelry-designer days, 1970. **(5)** Annabel with son-in-law David Cameron and daughter Samantha, 2006.



















**COUNTRY LIFE**

**(1)** Lord and Lady Astor at Ginge Manor surrounded by their Jack Russell terriers, Montserrat, Elvis, and Mabel, and their cocker spaniel, Noah. **(2)** Lady Astor in the kitchen of Ginge with her palomino pony, Bertie. **(3)** Lady Astor rides near Ginge with her grandson Perry. **(4)** One of several cottages at Ginge. **(5)** Lord Astor on the back terrace of Ginge with his Jack Russells. **(6)** An 18th-century Dutch painting in a sitting room. **(7)** Lady Astor's nepeta-perennials garden in full bloom. **(8)** OKA faux flowers in a sitting room. **(9)** Outdoor dining with the Astors.




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stays in the family.' She didn't understand that. 'No, I'm leaving everything to the museums.'"

As if that weren't enough Astors to keep track of, Annabel became an Astor even before she married William, her mother having married William's uncle Michael Astor, a younger brother of Bill's, when Annabel was 12. "I fell into this Astor world of huge riches and French chefs and butlers," she recalls. "But it was hard living with the Astors, particularly my stepfather and the siblings. You always felt like you were Cinderella." She laughs again. She tends to laugh a lot.

Then, of course, there's the fact that Annabel Astor just happens to be the mother-in-law of Prime Minister David Cameron, who has been married to her elder daughter from her first marriage, Samantha, for nearly 20 years. Annabel and her first husband, Sir Reginald Sheffield, also produced a second daughter, Emily Sheffield, now deputy editor of British *Vogue*. She has three more grown children with William: Flora Rycroft, a London gemologist; William Waldorf Astor IV, C.E.O. of Long Harbour, an alternative-asset management firm; and James Jacob Astor, partner in a Hong Kong–based private-equity fund. But as far as the tabloid press is concerned, Lady Astor is "Sam Cam's Mam." That makes her laugh, too.

"I adore her laugh," says Annette de la Renta, the widow of Oscar de la Renta and a longtime friend of the Astors'. "She's a warm, enveloping, intelligent woman. Not spoiled, not pretentious. She makes everyone feel completely at ease. It comes as no wonder to me that she's a huge success. But she's a demon at the card table. Oscar and Annabel played bridge and gin. You really see her competitive side come out then. She's fiercely competitive, but fiercely loyal. I adore her. Oscar did too."

For many years, Annabel and William have spent a week every winter with the de la Rentas at their Punta Cana compound, in the Dominican Republic, followed by a long weekend with sugar king Pepe Fanjul and his wife, Emilia, in nearby Casa de Campo. That's where I first encountered Annabel, several years ago. Barefoot, wearing a flowery shift, hair undone, she came across more like a free-spirited American than a titled Englishwoman.

When I say as much to her friend Duncan McLaren, a London antiques dealer, he cautions, "She's very much her own self, but she is pretty English. Of course, there's a lot of extra as well. You get a lot for your buck with Annabel. She's a bloody hard worker. But she's tremendous fun. She's not permanently on the iPhone. She's very clever at leaving work behind. You know when you see a swan gliding down a river, you never notice that it's paddling hard underneath. That's Annabel."

"She's the most driven woman of our generation," declares interior decorator Annabel Elliot, the younger sister of Prince Charles's wife, Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall. "And the first to succeed in every way."

### Keeping Up with the Joneses

As Annabel tells it, her life has been a quest to find stability—both emotional and financial—after a childhood and adolescence that can be described as topsy-turvy at best. (However, the settings were always fabulous and no doubt provided inspiration for her future career in home décor.) "My parents were the most divine people," she says of Pandora and Timothy Jones. "They were the kindest, loveliest people, but their lives were just one mess after another. I don't think my mother was even 17 when she had me. It was a runaway marriage and she was pregnant. My father was a dashing young man with no money, because nobody had money then. Postwar England was very gray, drab, and threadbare."

Annabel was born in 1948, three years after the end of World War II. Her father, who had lost a leg in the war, was 20 and studying law. They were living with his parents, Sir Roderick Jones and Enid Bagnold, in posh Hyde Park Gate, next door to Winston Churchill, who was between his two terms as prime minister. "It was a very grand Georgian house with a ballroom done pre-war by Lutyens," she recalls. "But there was nothing in it. And we had people inhabiting various rooms that my grandparents rented out." Her grandfather's old Bentley shared the garage with her grandmother's dairy cow, which provided the family's milk. Annabel explains that Sir Roderick had traded in his Reuters shares before the war for an annuity that was not indexed for inflation. "So, postwar, poverty was beginning to descend upon us. Fortunately, my grandmother had started writing plays, which brought her loads of money. And that's what kept us all going." (Bagnold's best-known play is probably *The Chalk Garden,* a 1955 Broadway hit, produced by Irene Selznick with sets by Cecil Beaton and starring the illustrious English actress Dame Gladys Cooper.)

Annabel recalls that her maternal grandparents, Sir Bede and Lady Alice Clifford, were also "living in grand poverty" in Surrey, outside London. During the 1930s and 40s, Sir Bede had served consecutively as colonial governor of the Bahamas, Mauritius, and Trinidad and Tobago, and along the way the Cliffords had become great friends of the exiled Duke and Duchess of Windsor. "My mother was a goddaughter of the duke," Annabel notes. "My grandmother, coming from Ohio, loved royalty." Annabel says she was "a rather ugly little bridesmaid" for her aunt Anne Clifford's 1952 wedding to John Julius Norwich, the historian son of diplomat Duff Cooper and society icon Lady Diana Cooper. "Instead of a bouquet of flowers, I was given a clear plastic handbag and inside was a budgerigar [parakeet]."

At five she started school at the French Lycée in South Kensington "because they gave a very good education and you paid half the school fees of a normal English private school." By then her parents' marriage was beginning its downward slide. "My father was academic and studying, studying, studying for the bar. And here was this beautiful young woman who people wanted to come to parties. And she said, 'I'm only 21, for goodness' sake, so let's go to a few parties.' And then people started falling in love with her."

Pandora and Timothy Jones separated when Annabel was eight, a year after her brother, Alexander, had been born; they were divorced four years later. "My mother's beauty was the tragedy of her life," Annabel says. "People expect certain things of you because you're beautiful and sexy. And it leads you down a path that you really don't want to be on. It's a terrible trap."

One of the people who fell in love with Pandora was Lord Antony Lambton, an elegant rake and a Conservative member of Parliament (who would be forced to give up his seat in a 1973 prostitution scandal). "Tony Lambton adored my mother," says Annabel. "I don't think she really adored him. He was a wonderful person, though evil in some ways. He was a very dominant figure in my life when I was 9 and 10. We'd have wonderful weekends up at Biddick [the Lambton house in County Durham]. My mother and Tony would be there, and his wife, Bindy, would be there as well with her boyfriend. And then there were the five Lambton girls."

In 1961, Pandora married Michael Astor, and Annabel went from "hysterical opening nights at the theater" to "this very suave, beautifully presented life, where every weekend you'd sit down with 30 or 40 people for lunch." Astor—a former Royal Artillery captain and Conservative M.P. who counted Ian Fleming and Kenneth Tynan among his close friends—owned Bruern Abbey, an 18th-century Baroque palace in Oxfordshire that had been impeccably decorated by Colefax & Fowler. Annabel's stepfather, who had four children from his first marriage, was "nice to me one minute and not so nice the next." But she also remembers, "The music room had the most wonderful curtains, which John Fowler had hand-painted on calico." This first Astor experience was not a happy one for her—or her mother. "My stepfather had endless affairs and after seven years she just gave up and left."

# ANNABEL AND WILLIAM ASTOR HAVE BECOME SOMETHING OF A TRANSATLANTIC "IT COUPLE" IN THE 21ST CENTURY.

Starting when she was 14, Annabel's parents sent her every summer to stay with Paul-Louis Weiller, a twice-divorced French war hero, industrialist, and arts patron, at his Cap-Ferrat villa, La Reine Jeanne. "He was a friend of my Clifford grandmother's," says Annabel. "And they thought it was a good place for me to go. Well, when I arrived you had Nureyev there, just defected from Russia, and so arrogant even then. And Dado Ruspoli, the famous Italian playboy, and Talitha Pol, and the young Paul Getty. I'd never seen anything like it. I mean, sex and drugs everywhere. By the time I was 16, I used to take a boyfriend along. It was weird, this wonderful house full of Madame Claude girls. It was the whole mid-60s decadence."

Annabel's formal education was almost as unconventional. After the Lycée, she was sent to Hatherop Castle School, in Cirencester, "which I loved. It was very disreputable. There wasn't even a library. It was all about manners and singing." She then spent "two happy years in Cambridge, studying music, going to May Balls, and punting down the river with boys from the university. I was never academic. That was partly why I wanted to do my own thing."

### Rare Gem

In 1967, at age 19, Annabel Jones launched her first business, a jewelry shop under her own name in Knightsbridge, London's most fashionable shopping district. "It was an overnight sensation," she says. "Up to that point jewelry was only worn if you were given it. When you got engaged you got your engagement ring, and then you got your wedding ring. If you were a bridesmaid, you were given a little trinket. And if you were very wealthy, you were given family jewels. But women were beginning to earn their own money. So, I started this whole idea that women could buy their own jewelry—not great big gems, but as accessories to how you looked and dressed. People were just queuing up."

The biggest sellers were Jones Gold Bees, done in nine-karat gold to keep prices under £100. "They were pins, they went on necklaces, we had them as earrings—we literally sold thousands," says Annabel. "It became one of those iconic things. Everybody in England bought some. I had people come from all over the world, from Imelda Marcos to the Empress of Iran and the King and Queen of Greece." As she would be at OKA, Annabel was involved in every aspect of the business, from design to sales, marketing, and finance.

"Annabel Jones had lots of affordable, stylish presents that people could give to their godchildren," says Duncan McLaren. "It was all very well done, well presented, lovely boxes. You always wanted to come out of the shop having bought something."

The Swinging 60s were at their peak, and the shop at 52 Beauchamp Place was a few doors down from San Lorenzo, the lunch and dinner gathering spot for London's new young elite of rock stars, fashion designers, photographers, models, and rebel socialites. Annabel's best friend was the ultimate 60s "It girl," Penelope Tree, a descendant of the Boston Peabodys and the live-in girlfriend of David Bailey, London's hottest fashion photographer. But Annabel insists she was not an "It girl" herself. "No, no, no, no, no. I was never that sort of person. I always felt very insecure. I was always on the outside looking in. Yet there I was, part of it all. I remember going to the Ormsby-Gore coming-out party and the Rolling Stones were the band for the night. I used to hang out with Manolo Blahnik, Roman Polanski—all these people you saw at parties. We'd sit around a flat in London passing joints. I felt so embarrassed not taking a puff. But I didn't dare. I thought pot was so mind-bending that it might turn me into a person I didn't want to be."

For the next few years what she wanted to be was square. In November 1969, two years after she'd started her business, she married Sir Reginald Adrian Berkeley Sheffield, eighth Baronet of Normanby, a Lincolnshire landowner, at St. Peter's Church in Eaton Square, with half of *Burke's Peerage* in attendance. She was 21, he was 23, and "it just seemed like the right thing to do." Her white satin gown was "in the form of a lily," and she looked rather regal with a diamond tiara set into an enormous late-1960s hairdo. "The beehive had just gone out, but then the fake chignon came in."

Like the Cliffords, the Sheffields were descended from King Charles II, but they were older, richer, and more powerful. They had lived on the site of the family seat, Normanby Hall, in North Lincolnshire, since 1539. The first Duke of Buckingham and Normanby built Buckingham Palace in 1703; his son sold it to King George III in 1761. "They were a very strong Protestant family," says Annabel. "And they looked down on me because I was Roman Catholic. They looked down on the Astors because they were American nouveaus."

Despite his snobbish family, Reggie Sheffield was "not like one of those jerk Englishmen who goes to White's," says Nicky Haslam, the high-society decorator and memoirist, referring to London's stuffiest men's club. "Reggie's the sort of Englishman who sees everything as a joke. He's totally irreverent."

Annabel continued to run her jewelry business even though "the Sheffields didn't approve of me working." She gave birth to Samantha in 1971 and Emily in 1973. The following year, "our marriage sort of ended. We realized we were not suited to each other. And he went off with a very close friend of ours, who's still his wife today. They have three lovely children, and we all get on incredibly well. We often spend Christmas together. I never took any money from him. I never asked for it. I wasn't wealthy, but it was undignified."

Annabel's father blamed his daughter for the failure of her marriage. Annabel recalls, "He told me, 'Your big mistake was you weren't waiting in a black negligée with a martini in your hand when Reggie came home.' My mother was very tough with me, too. I was utterly bawling my eyes out. And she said, 'You know, Annabel, you're going to bore your friends. You're going to be no good to your children. Go to America, and don't come back until you can face the world again.' I went six



**LAWN & ORDER**
Lord and Lady Astor's grandsons and friends and Emily Sheffield's dog, Lilly, play croquet on the back lawn of Ginge Manor.



"WILLIAM SAID, 'THE CHILDREN HAVE TO BE BROUGHT UP IN THE COUNTRYSIDE.' HE WAS RIGHT," RECOUNTS ANNABEL.










**CHARTER OKA**

**(1)** Partners Annabel Astor, Sue Jones, and Lucinda Waterhouse in the OKA warehouse, Abingdon, Oxfordshire. **(2)** The OKA store on Fulham Road, Chelsea, in London. **(3)** Ginge's library, with busts of Annabel's grandmother playwright Enid Bagnold.

AS FAR AS THE TABLOID PRESS IS CONCERNED, LADY ASTOR IS "SAM CAM'S MAM." THAT MAKES HER LAUGH.

weeks to New York, where I'd never been. I was at El Morocco every night. And then, a few weeks after I got back, I met William."

**Astor Place**

The matchmaker was Michael Astor. "My uncle rang me up and said, 'I need a spare man for Saturday night,'" recalls William. "I said, 'Well, I'm busy.' 'No, you have to come. Annabel's divorced, and I've invited her for the weekend.' I remembered meeting her when her mother was married to my uncle—I must have been 10—and not particularly liking her. Anyway, I sat next to her at dinner, and thought, Oh, she's very nice. I said I was going somewhere the following week, would she like to come? And she came and that was it, really." Annabel tells me, "I think he decided he wanted me. And I'd sort of spotted him somewhere. But he was the one who really did the hot pursuit. He'd be embarrassed to say that now." There's that great big Annabel laugh again.

The couple was married on January 14, 1976, on Jura, the Scottish island where the Astors own a shooting estate. "William had broken a leg from hunting," Annabel recalls. "And I was three months pregnant. I wore a gray skirt and a burnt-orange top, and my mother bought me this ravishing Fendi fur coat because it was freezing in Scotland. We brought 30 friends up, and the islanders gave us a party on Saturday night in a tin hut. Our cake was a replica of Cliveden made by the chef at Annabel's club. It was very few family—just my children, my brother, and William's half-sisters—because we had so many parents and step-parents between us that there wouldn't have been room for our friends. My parents never said a thing. They were so happy I was getting married again."

In January of next year, the Astors will celebrate their 40th wedding anniversary. "I think because Annabel didn't have an easy childhood," speculates the decorator Jane Churchill, who has known the couple forever, "she was absolutely determined to have a happy marriage. And it was rather the same with William. The fact that they both achieved that, coming from rather unstable backgrounds of multiple marriages, says a lot for how they view life."

William's parents—Bill Astor and Sarah Norton, the daughter of the sixth Lord Grantley—divorced in 1953, when he was two. They had met in 1945 at a V-E Day cocktail party given by her aunt, Lady Brownlow, and were engaged within the week. Sarah, then 25, had spent the previous three years at Bletchley Park, the top-secret country estate where British intelligence cracked Nazi Germany's military codes; Bill, 12 years her senior, was running for a seat in the House of Commons. She would later cite their age difference and her "need to break loose after the restrictions of the war" as the reasons for their breakup. She recalled that Bill's mother, Nancy Astor, told her, "'I think you're a goose to leave a millionaire!' She was never unkind to me, though she did want the family jewels back, which I gave to her, of course."

That same year, Sarah married Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Baring, a polo player formerly of the 10th Royal Hussars; they adopted a son, William's half-brother, Edward Baring, in 1962, and divorced three years later. By then William's father had wed two more times: in 1955 to 24-year-old Philippa Victoria Hunloke, a granddaughter of the Duke of Devonshire, and in 1960 to 30-year-old Bronwen Pugh, the muse of Paris couturier Pierre Balmain. Thus William acquired three half-sisters: Emily Astor, Janet Astor (who would eventually become the second wife of Charles Gordon-Lennox, Earl of March and Kinrara, the owner of the 12,000-acre Goodwood Estate and Racecourse, in West Sussex), and Pauline Astor (who would grow up to be a textile designer at OKA).

In 1966, Bill Astor died of a heart attack at Lyford Cay, in the Bahamas, a broken man at age 58. Three years earlier he had been implicated in the Profumo affair, Britain's biggest political sex scandal since Edward VIII gave up his throne for Wallis Simpson. John Profumo, the defense minister in Harold Macmillan's Cabinet, had met Christine Keeler, a London call girl linked to a Soviet naval attaché, at the Cliveden swimming pool. When Keeler's best friend, Mandy Rice-Davies, was told in court that Bill Astor had denied having relations with her, she snapped, "He would, wouldn't he?" Despite his long parliamentary career, that line would become the third Viscount Astor's epithet.

**Perfect Manor**

William was 14 and at Eton when he inherited the family title. "He was one of the youngest persons to ever enter the House of Lords," says Annabel proudly. "He was only 21 when he gave his first speech." He was 25 when they married, and spent most of his time looking after the family's real-estate interests in Britain and America, staying at the family-owned Carlton House on extended trips to New York. He occasionally wrote articles for the family-owned *Observer* newspaper, which was edited by his uncle David Astor.

"We lived our first year in London," recounts Annabel at Ginge. "And then we moved down here, because William said, 'The children have to be brought up in the countryside.' He was right. He's a political animal, but he's a country man at heart." Ginge Manor had been bought for William when his father died. The Astors had given Cliveden to the National Trust in 1942, with the proviso that the family could live there as long as they liked. But they moved out soon after Bill Astor's death, and the estate was leased to Stanford University for its overseas campus. (In 1985 it was turned into a five-star hotel with the motto "Nothing ordinary ever happened here, nor could it.")

"William's so lucky that he had half of Cliveden to squeeze into this tiny house," says Annabel. "When it was let to the university, all the furniture came out. A lot of it was sold. But a lot of it is here. And I haven't changed a lot. You don't in England. Why would you? As things fade out, you change a bit here and there. I re-hung all the pictures. Hung all the old china. And we built this whole wing on." To their credit, both the exterior and interior of the new wing, including

the library where we are sitting, fit the original 17th-century house and an 18th-century addition perfectly.

"Ginge has got immense charm," says Jane Churchill, a frequent houseguest. "It's fancy, but it's not stiff. And it's always incredibly good food, and just the best fun." Notes Nicky Haslam, "When you stay there you get the feeling of how much William respects Annabel's way of running the house. She does it perfectly, yet she never seems in command. It's very subtle."

"We came here with two young children, and I had another child on the way," says Annabel, referring to Flora, who was born in 1976, followed by Will in 1979 and Jake in 1981. "But, my God, we partied. I'd work all day and then party till four in the morning. And a few hours later get on the train to London, do the work, and come back here in the evening, in time to read the children bedtime stories. Life was exhausting. But William has been an extraordinary person for me, because he taught me how to feel secure. He's been wonderful to my two eldest children—Samantha and Emily adore him. He virtually brought them up. He taught them to ride. He did everything."

Unlike Annabel's first husband's family, her new husband had no problems with her working. "In my family, women have always played a strong part," William tells me when we talk at Ginge, citing his grandmother Nancy and his code-breaking mother. "So it wasn't a surprise to find oneself with a wife who didn't want to give up her shop. It never occurred to me that she wouldn't carry on. It made life much more interesting."

By the early 1980s, Annabel Jones had become the Tiffany's of London, expanding into antique jewelry and silver, and launching a mail-order catalogue business as well. The Beauchamp Place shop was a favorite destination of the shopaholic private-school girls known as Sloane Rangers and, says Annabel, "Princess Diana used to buy loads of stuff from us to give away to people." Annabel herself made the cover of *Tatler.*

Meanwhile, William recalls, "I did a bit of work in the 1979 election for Margaret Thatcher, because we'd met her when someone brought her to Jura. I remember thinking, Unless the Conservatives win, we'll go emigrate. They won, so I started going to the House of Lords more." By 1990 he was a Conservative Party whip for the House of Lords. In 1993 he became parliamentary undersecretary of state at the Department of Social Security (the left-leaning *Guardian* called it an "absurd post for a man from such a moneyed background"). That was followed by a stint at the seemingly more appropriate Department of National Heritage.

In the 1997 election, the Labour Party, led by Tony Blair, swept Conservative prime minister John Major out of office. And William got a new job as opposition spokesman for the House of Lords. He also stepped up his involvement in Jupiter Partners, a small private-equity firm based in New York, and started his intellectual-property company. "We buy the rights of dead authors such as Agatha Christie and Georges Simenon, and exploit them by republishing their books and making them into television shows," he says. (Recently, Silvergate Media launched two children's animation series—*Octonauts* and *Peter Rabbit,* based on *The World of Beatrix Potter*—in the U.S., Europe, and China.)

The late 1990s saw other transitions in the Astor family. Samantha married David Cameron in June 1996; the following year he lost his first bid for a House of Commons seat in the Blair landslide. Annabel decided to give up the consulting contract she'd had for several years with Smythson of Bond Street, the century-old stationers. She says, "When I left, Samantha took that over, because she's a brilliant designer." Annabel was also tiring of the jewelry business. In 1999 she sold it, to Hamilton & Inches, the venerable Edinburgh silversmiths.

About the same time, Annabel and William built a vacation house near Vero Beach, Florida, in a luxury planned community called Windsor, developed by their friends Anglo-Canadian billionaire Galen Weston and his wife, Hilary. That was where, Annabel says, she came up with the idea for her next business: OKA.

"I'd never done a house from scratch before," Annabel recounts, "and this was a massive house with six double bedrooms, and to put that all together in a very speedy way was just impossible. I sort of cobbled it together, but it made me think there was a gap—of pretty stuff. At that time there was only Pottery Barn and Ethan Allen. And it was all brown furniture that was expensive for what it was. So that's how the whole thing started."

Her first step was to enlist two partners: Sue Jones, her brother's wife, and Lucinda Waterhouse, whose husband has been a close friend of William's since Eton. "I knew their taste and ideas more or less matched with mine," she says. "William lent me some seed money so I could then raise money on top of that. Raising money was a real nightmare because it was during the dot-com boom and nobody was interested in anything basic like a piece of furniture. I'd go to people and say, 'Here's my business plan.' And they'd say, 'No, I'm not interested.' And I'd stand outside their offices with tears rolling



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**PORTRAITS OF A LADY**
Annabel in her boudoir at Ginge Manor, surrounded by OKA furnishings and two portraits of herself: left, by David Scott (1978), and, right, with her mother, Pandora Clifford, by her sister Anne (1950).

down my face, thinking, I'm not going to let this get me down. I'm bloody well going to get the money! I'm going to make this into the biggest company I can possibly make it so I can look back on my life and say, 'I did it! I proved everybody wrong.'"

It took Annabel six months to raise nearly $1 million from 30 investors for her privately held venture. In the meantime, the three partners traveled to Southeast Asia looking for products. "I first got a whole lot of stuff in Burma," says Annabel, "and then Sue and Lucinda went off to the Philippines." Sue Jones recalls, "We were very green. We spent three days going around the Manila trade fair not finding anything. It was full of rubbish." They quickly realized buying things from middlemen at mass-market trade fairs was not feasible; instead they would have to find factories that could make high-quality products exclusively for them. On their next trip, to China, Jones and Waterhouse trekked to Jingdezhen, the historical center for hand-painted porcelain, and found the small factories that still supply OKA with blue-and-white china based on Ming- and Qing-dynasty designs.

They soon established two working rules: at least two partners have to agree on a product before they go ahead with it, and they never say "I told you so" if something doesn't sell or turns out wrong. "We've worked together for 15 years without any rows," Annabel says. "But actually they're very nice. And they know I'm the bully."

They produced their first mail-order catalogue in the fall of 1999. "It was just pure rattan," remembers OKA's brand director, Miranda Christie. "We used Bruce Oldfield's house for the photo shoot, and Jane Churchill's as well, for her bedroom. It was an inspirational lifestyle look right from the start. But there *was* no name. The catalogue was ready and it was like 'What are we going to call it?' And the name came from the ocher color. But visually it just worked as O-K-A. And it could work in any language. We mailed the catalogue to the Annabel Jones database of Annabel's friends and customers. And it sold straightaway; the demand was just there. We had a sale at her house in Belgravia to introduce the product range, and people bought, bought, bought. Everything from rattan wastepaper baskets to storage boxes, trays, ice buckets—it was a lot of accessories to start. The next thing we introduced was white painted furniture. In the olden days, containers used to be delivered into Annabel's barn at Ginge. Annabel, Sue, and Lucinda would be there every morning in their jeans, very hands on. Annabel doesn't mind whether she's making the coffee or unmaking a container."

OKA opened its first store, in London, in 2000, and launched its e-commerce Web site, okadirect.com, the year after that. It now has 12 stores in England, including its 15,000-square-foot city flagship, on Fulham Road, in Chelsea, and its country flagship, a 14-room Georgian house in the Cotswolds. (Two more stores are opening this winter.) Its 125,000-square-foot warehouse, in Abingdon, Oxfordshire, takes in six containers a day, mostly from suppliers in China and India. OKA mails 100,000 catalogues every six weeks to its core U.K. customer list, including three annual lookbooks photographed in glamorous houses around the world. The Nicky Haslam for OKA Collection was introduced in 2013, as was OKA's interiors-and-lifestyle blog.

"We have about 2,000 decorators in the U.K. who we work with on a regular basis," says Christie, among them Emily Todhunter, John Stefanides, and Anouska Hempel. Michael Smith has purchased some things from OKA for the Obama White House. Bespoke-furniture designer Viscount David Linley says, "I buy it. I love it. You can put it in a very grand environment and it's not apologizing for its cost."

Sally Aga Khan is said to be OKA's biggest customer, and other fashionable clients include Valentino, Judy Dench, Eddie Redmayne, model Agyness Deyn, Princess Eugenie, and the young Queens of Norway, Denmark, and Holland. The Duchess of Cambridge dropped by the Chelsea store in 2011, or as *The Morton Report* put it, "Kate Middleton Goes Shopping—at David Cameron's Mother-in-Law's Shop."

### Look What's in Store

"You know what shop I really liked in New York back in the 70s was Henri Bendel," Annabel tells me as we arrive at the Chelsea store. "I thought it was amazing the way it had little shops within the shop. The whole concept here is sort of English style with different ideas on top of different ideas. It's supposed to be very loose and fluid." And, indeed, here is Nicky Haslam's Gothic Revival line, with a putty linen sofa selling for £3,200. And there are exotic handicrafts from India, including pillows stuffed with feathers, not foam, for £50. "They don't float," notes Annabel. "I love big fat color. Vivid color. What we try to say to customers is you can have a neutral interior and then change colors for the seasons. We have everything for the home apart from white goods. Although Lucinda was all last week in Turkey looking at towel factories, and the week before, she was in Milan and Portugal looking at sheet factories."

Along with her partners, Annabel continues to make two or three trips a year to China, and one to India, with side trips to Vietnam and Burma added on. "I was always nervous that people would think of her as just doing OKA as a bit of a plaything on the side," Christie says. "But where people might have thought that at one point, there's no way now that you could ever say she is doing this as a hobby. She's absolutely on it all the time."

"She's wonderful to work for," Nicky Haslam tells me. "She's so enthusiastic, and very sensible. She's got a very good business eye. She'll say, 'That's not going to work—think of another.' For all that slightly hazy way she has, her mind works like a steel trap."

"Lady Astor loves selling and is clearly good at it," the *Daily Mail* observed a few years back. "Her skill is in purveying upper-crust style to the middle-class masses."

"There's a perception that OKA is very top-end," Christie says. "But it's also very accessible. There are sets of four tumblers for

"I'M GOING TO MAKE THIS INTO THE BIGGEST COMPANY I CAN POSSIBLY MAKE IT SO I CAN LOOK BACK ON MY LIFE AND SAY, 'I DID IT!'" SAYS ANNABEL.

£20. And we've always said you can mix in what you have. Our product can raise the Ikea game or fit comfortably with antiques that have been passed down from generation to generation." Nonetheless, the fastest-growing part of OKA's business is the Interior Design Service. "A lot of our customers have more than one home," explains Christie. "And they'll say, 'I've just bought a house in Corfu. Here are the plans—I want the whole thing done.' And we have the ability to do that. We'll send a decorator out there. We'll organize all the shipping. We'll buy your pots and pans. We'll work with third parties, and we can do the building work if necessary. And we're able to turn everything around very quickly."

One of the most inviting sections of the Chelsea store is the Flower Shop, just inside the entrance, a riot of artificial roses, lilies, lilacs, and hydrangeas that feels as if it had been designed by Renoir or Van Gogh. On the day I was there, smartly dressed ladies were bringing in their empty vases to be filled by OKA's trained sales staff, who also give bouquet-arranging classes at the store. The newest service is called Bunched by OKA, a faux-flower delivery service. "I have my entire house in Connecticut full of Annabel's flowers," Annette de la Renta, an avid gardener, told me. "I'm never going to have a real flower again."

Astor couldn't ask for a better endorsement as she lays the groundwork for OKA's long-planned invasion of America. If she wasn't an "It girl" in the Swinging 60s, she and William have become something of a transatlantic "It couple" in the 21st century, sought-after guests at all the right little dinner parties in London and New York. Their friendship with the de la Rentas grew closer when William joined Annette and David Rockefeller in seeking to remove Brooke Astor's son, Anthony Marshall, as his mother's legal guardian and executor of her estate. William testified against Marshall in the 2006 proceedings. He inherited Vincent Astor's family silver from Brooke upon her death, in 2007.

In preparation for taking on Restoration Hardware and Crate & Barrel in the U.S., OKA launched an American Web site in December 2013. Christie notes, "We're already selling to the States in dollars. We think Americans will like the English provenance of the brand." According to Christie, OKA's three-year plan calls for doubling the size of the company in terms of turnover and profit. The most recent press reports estimate the private company's value in the £50 million range. Annabel is definitely up for the ride. "I'd like to be a woman who can turn a small company

STYLED BY DEBORAH AFSHANI; HAIR PRODUCTS BY WELLA PROFESSIONALS; MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY LANCÔME; NAIL ENAMEL BY CHANEL; HAIR BY SASCHA BREUER; MAKEUP BY MAI QUYNH; MANICURE BY BRITTNI RAE; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY JOY ASBURY; FOR CREDITS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

# TESSA *with a* TWINKLE



Tessa Thompson, photographed in Los Angeles.

THOMPSON WEARS A DRESS BY BALENCIAGA; VEIL AND HEADBAND BY JENNIFER BEHR; EARRINGS BY BOUNKIT; RING BY BULGARI.

Tessa Thompson is more than familiar with Hollywood—she grew up in the heart of the city. "It was my backyard; we would walk on Hollywood Boulevard to do errands or whatever," the 32-year-old actress recalls. "When I found myself on television it felt like happenstance because of my sheer proximity to it. Since childhood, acting was always something I was doing; it was the only thing I cared about being good at."

Although Thompson worked steadily in television, her big break came with a one-two punch in 2014. First was the Sundance-award-winning *Dear White People,* in which she played a black student at an Ivy League college, and then the Academy Award–winning *Selma,* in which she portrayed civil-rights activist Diane Nash.

This month she stars opposite Michael B. Jordan in *Creed,* written and directed by Ryan Coogler (*Fruitvale Station*). In this *Rocky* spin-off, Jordan plays the son of Apollo Creed, one of Rocky's most notorious rivals. Thompson plays Bianca, a singer who ultimately becomes Creed's love interest. "It was important to Ryan that she wasn't this ringside cheerleader," Thompson says of her character, "that she had her own ambitions." (In real life, Thompson provides vocals for the L.A.-based indie-soul band Caught a Ghost.)

Up next is HBO's *Westworld,* a reboot of Michael Crichton's 1973 culty science-fiction Western, whose production team includes Jonathan Nolan, Lisa Joy, and J. J. Abrams. "People can say acting isn't rocket science and it's not curing cancer," Thompson says of her blooming career, "but I think film and art really do shape us in ways that we can't even connect to sometimes or even understand." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAMS & HIRAKAWA

## Annabel Astor

into a big company," she has publicly stated. "We're three or four years away from 100 million pounds. I love working. I don't tire of it."

Open and loquacious as she is, the one subject she studiously avoids is her son-in-law the prime minister. When Cameron, with strong support from William, became leader of the Conservative Party, in 2006, her claim in *The Telegraph* that she and Samantha, by then creative director of Smythson, were "bored rigid by politics" and preferred to talk about their jobs was met with howls of disbelief. When her daughter and her husband took up residence at 10 Downing Street, four years later, Annabel chose her words more carefully, telling the *Daily Mail,* "We are full of admiration for both of them. Dave—David—is incredible. We are in absolute awe of him. But nothing has changed for us as a family. And that's wonderful."

Back at Ginge, Lady Astor's garden is in full bloom, and Bertie, her palomino pony, is in the kitchen surveying the platters of burrata with tomatoes and chicken livers over rice we are about to be served for lunch. Among the guests is William van Straubenzee, who rents a cottage on the property and was one of the first to invest in OKA. How would he describe Annabel?, I ask. "I'd describe her as energetic. Caring. Forceful. I think anybody who juggles five children, 10 grandchildren, four houses, a hyperactive husband, and still manages to have a very successful business and have time for all her friends—I think that's remarkable."

Says Annabel, with a laugh, "It just all flows over me." □

## Burt Reynolds




CONTINUED FROM PAGE 171 $234,794.13 plus $9,000 a month to cover the mortgage on her $1.9 million house. These outlays, coupled with the $47,000 a month Reynolds had spent on lawyers and divorce-related expenses over the previous year, reduced his net worth to $5 million.

Worse, the divorce circus killed Reynolds's endorsement deals with Quaker State and the Florida Citrus Commission. While doing his best to maintain appearances—"I don't know why they think divorced people don't drink orange juice," he said—he knew the end was nigh when CBS canceled *Evening Shade* and sold its syndication rights for peanuts.

Suddenly, his annual income was sinking toward six figures. Studios wouldn't touch him and several of his investments were flatlining. And when you factored in his overhead costs—all those houses, employees, and cocktail waitresses—the bottom line revealed a man deep in the red.

"He didn't know how to handle the money," says one of Reynolds's oldest buddies, Dudley Remus, who had small roles in four of Reynolds's movies. "He thought it was going to be an endless stream of money. I'd say, 'It's not going to happen.' He didn't listen. He'd say, 'I'm O.K. I'm in control.'"

By 1996, his debts were such that CBS sued him for failure to repay a $3.7 million loan. He owed more to a raft of creditors and lenders that included Loni Anderson, two major banks, and all three marquee talent agencies—CAA, ICM, and William Morris, each of which had once represented him. He'd even stiffed a framing shop and his toupee-maker.

When Reynolds finally filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy protection, in West Palm Beach, he listed $6.65 million in assets and debts totaling $11.2 million.

### Survivor: Florida

But at least he still had Valhalla. Florida's controversial homestead-exemption law protects resident homeowners from "levy and execution" by creditors. Nobody could make Reynolds sell. Over the next few years, he endeavored to act his way back to solvency. He landed two promising roles, starting with the splashy Demi Moore vehicle *Striptease* (1996). That one tanked. But the other, in Paul Thomas Anderson's *Boogie Nights,* was golden. Reynolds's crackerjack performance—as Jack Horner, a porn director with big dreams—earned him critical acclaim, a Golden Globe Award, an Oscar nomination, and . . .

Not much else. For some unknown reason—maybe filmmakers were still put off by Reynolds's clashes with Anderson, or maybe the studios and agencies still mistrusted him—Reynolds's "comeback" went nowhere. He spent the ensuing decade in a wilderness of straight-to-video indies, video-game voice work, and sitcom guest appearances.

One by one, he began selling off his major assets, including most of his houses. In 2008, he put Valhalla on the block. But the $10.5 million price tag was deemed too high by buyers at the time.

In 2009, California's Franchise Tax Board said Reynolds owed $225,000 in unpaid taxes—a figure that placed him among the state's biggest tax scofflaws. He settled the case. But in 2011 the Merrill Lynch Credit Corporation filed to foreclose on Valhalla, claiming Reynolds hadn't made a mortgage payment in a year.

"I trusted the wrong people with my money," says Reynolds, who also blames himself.

But when I ask him to name the one thing that cost him the most, his answer is succinct.

"Women," he says.

### Big Burt

The next day, when I returned to Valhalla, Reynolds met me outside. He was upright and walking—a bit gingerly, but without the aid of a cane. Despite the August swelter, both he and his black Western suit remained dry and crisp. He seemed years younger.

Reynolds guided me into his "rec room," a cavernous, softly lit space that houses a commercial-size bar—BURT'S PLACE, reads the neon sign overhead—and a taxidermied grizzly bear the size of a minivan. The walls are filled with sepia-toned photos of Reynolds living it up with five decades' worth of famous friends and co-stars.

He sits at a table near the bar, swirls his drink, and says, "Last night, when I climbed in bed, before I said my prayers, I determined that I was going to be more candid than I've ever been." He looks up. "I thought I didn't do a very good job yesterday."

Over the course of two hours, Reynolds works through what he deems "certain regrets and issues I've lived with." His bankruptcy, for one. "I paid them," he says, referring to his creditors. "*That's* what broke me. I said to the business managers that I had at that time, 'Pay them.' And they said, 'Well, you won't have anything left.' I said, 'I don't care. Pay them.'"

Admittedly, Reynolds says, he was disinclined to do so. He gives most of the credit to his late father, "Big Burt" Reynolds, a rock-solid police chief in nearby Riviera Beach, where Burt junior was raised. "He just couldn't abide by all of it," Reynolds recalls. "I said, 'Pop, I won't have anything left.' And he said, 'I don't give a shit. Pay them off.'" Reynolds salutes skyward: "Yessir."

"Talking about my family is very hard," Reynolds says. His mother, Fern, died in 1992, Big Burt a decade later. Meantime, Reynolds's only son, Quinton, lives near his mother, in California. Father and son talk regularly. But the distance makes life a little tricky for Reynolds, a man prone to dark moods and isolation.

"I sometimes will be very shut off from everybody," he says. "I can be very pettish and sometimes not available when you need me.

At those times, I'm very selfish and worrying about my own problems. . . . I'm just being a prick. I don't like that guy. I really hate that guy. And that's me. But we all have the Devil in us."

When he begins dating a woman, he tells her this: "It's going to be awful sometimes, and I want to warn you. And they say, 'Oh, no, you're not. That's not you.' And I say, 'It is me, and I don't want to be that way. I hate that guy. But you're going to see him, and I hope you don't run away from me.' And they haven't." He grins. "They always say, 'I'll be able to handle it.' They can't handle it. And they don't understand what they've done. And it's not them. It's me."

Reynolds still can't believe he blew it with Sally Field, whom he terms the "love of my life." The relationship ended in the 1980s. "I miss her terribly," he says. "Even now, it's hard on me. I don't know why I was so stupid. Men are like that, you know. You find the perfect person, and then you do everything you can to screw it up." A bit later, he says, "There isn't anything, no matter how good it is, or how good it tastes, or how much fun it is, where too much is good for you. It can destroy you. And you have to learn. It's a hard lesson. But you have to learn to back off and do as good as you can in your chosen profession. And don't screw it up. And the best way to screw it up is having too much of a good thing."

Yes, he is referring to his own career. "I think it hurt it," he says. "I think it's not good to have people think that you're out every night and fooling around."

Which at least partially explains his retreat from public view. "I was everywhere," he says. "And I was getting pretty sick of it. I thought: What an ass. I didn't want to be at every premiere and all that stuff. That wasn't me. I really disliked that persona. So I stopped going anywhere. . . . I made the decision to just quiet myself down."

His old friend Mo Mustaine says Reynolds's quiet retreat was not unrelated to his financial slide. "It changed him," Mustaine says. "It hurt his feelings real bad. And of course it embarrassed him more than anything else. L.A. just did him in."

"He's sensitive," Jon Voight says. "He hides that from the public. People do that all the time. Actors do that. Burt is very sensitive. He puts on a strong face. That's all part of his macho reputation. He's not a whiner."

### Deliverance

Among the items Reynolds sold at auction in Las Vegas last December: his *Smokey and the Bandit* jacket ($34,375), cowboy boots ($20,000), and Western shirt ($15,625); his canoe from *Deliverance* ($17,500); his Top Box Office Star of the Year Award ($5,312); his 1998 Golden Globe Award ($21,250); his 1991 Emmy Award ($28,125); and his 1983 People's Choice Award ($10,625). He fetched $450,000 for the *Smokey and the Bandit* Trans Am and $13,750 for the 18-karat gold pocket watch he'd received from Sally Field. He also sold a letter a tipsy Katharine Hepburn wrote him, a voided Amex card, and several pieces of art—including many portraits of himself. Total haul: $2.5 million.

The auction roughly coincided with Loni Anderson's latest legal claim against him: Reynolds reportedly still owed her $97,000. The court ordered Reynolds to pay her the whole nut, plus $57,000 in accrued interest.

But Reynolds says the timing of the auction was happenstance. "I was just getting rid of a bunch of stuff I should have gotten rid of years earlier," he says. "Frankly, it's embarrassing to have a house filled with giant portraits of yourself. I've already got more than enough of those, as you may have noticed." Indeed, certain walls in Valhalla remain chockablock with Burt lithographs and paintings rendered by fans and friends. He adds, "I'm an old guy with a very large house. So I'm just downsizing."

Recently, he sold the last of his vacation homes—the cabin in North Carolina—and now he's tentatively agreed to sell Valhalla to the group that had been surveying his pool area. He says they met his price. (Valhalla's most recent listed asking price was $4.9 million.) "I don't want to sell it," he says. "I'm doing it because it's the smart thing to do now. It really is time to leave. It's just too much damned property."

He's making sure the sales agreement stipulates that he doesn't have to leave Valhalla for three years. Meantime, he's been checking out condominiums in Jupiter and Stuart.

He still works and has no plans to stop. Over the past year or so, he's appeared in four indie films. He's got projects he'd like to direct. And he teaches a weekly acting class.

But his personal life remains much smaller, and not in a bad way. "I feel like a man whose house was blown away in a hurricane," he writes in *But Enough About Me.* "His possessions are gone, but he's thankful to be alive."

He spends his free time with a group of locals he's known for decades. They have a regular lunch spot, where the waitress sneaks them extra desserts. "I like where he is mentally at this stage," says Dudley Remus. "I'm just sad he had to go through the financial stuff. I know it upsets him. But I think in a way he's happier, calmer. He's mellower. He's reflective. He's enjoying himself now."

He's got a girlfriend, Rhonda Stearns, a local woman he's known for years. They started as friends. "We all go through times, and he handled it with great class," she says. "He seems very content. I've never felt that he wasn't. He laughs all the time, even through tough times. He says if you can't find the humor in things you might as well hang it up."

Case in point: Before leaving Valhalla, I ask Reynolds to name his greatest regret. "I would have spent more money and had a lot more fun," he says.

"Is that even possible?"

"Yeah," he says, and smiles. "It's always possible to spend more money." □

## Stanford Business School




CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164 re-appointed Saloner, who is 60 and has been the G.S.B.'s dean since 2009, to a second five-year term. (Gruenfeld, 53, had sat on the search committee that originally recommended him.) The provost re-upped him despite a petition signed by 46 former and current administrators and staffers at the school complaining that Saloner led by "personal agendas, favoritism and fear."

In his resignation statement, Saloner—who'd long coveted the business-school post, which might well have served him as a springboard to the soon-to-be-vacated Stanford presidency—insisted he'd done nothing wrong. Even so, he did not want "a baseless and protracted lawsuit related to a contentious divorce" to distract from the business school's business. (As things now stand, he will remain dean until the end of the school year.)

By any standards, *Phills* v. *The Board of Trustees of Leland Stanford Jr. University and Garth Saloner* is a colossal mismatch, pitting the infinite resources of a mighty institution against a lone individual who, though at the G.S.B. for 15 years, was never a tenured superstar with an endowed chair like his wife. Legally, his case seems tenuous—"a lawyer in search of a theory" is how one of Stanford's lawyers dismissively described it. Much of it is based on assumptions rather than facts. Saloner is a man who was known for playing rough and for playing favorites. ("He has a lot of the same qualities as Carly Fiorina," one G.S.B. professor told me. "He loves you as long as you agree with him, and if you don't, you're toast.") Phills alleges in court papers that he has been "maligned and marginalized," and harmed "financially and emotionally" by Saloner. Still, anyone making more than a million dollars a year at Apple, as the 55-year-old

Phills now does, will be hard-pressed to prove damages or elicit much sympathy from a jury. Phills's friends have implored him to drop the lawsuit and get on with his life. Though he's brought down a dean, his action could cost him his job at the famously press-shy Apple. Stanford will bleed him dry, they warn, then crush him.

But Phills, a former Harvard wrestler good enough to make the 1984 Canadian Olympic team as an alternate (he grew up in Montreal), says that winning, at least by conventional terms, is quite secondary to him. So is money: he already has had legal fees approaching half a million dollars. (His divorce and the case against Stanford have required the services of eight attorneys thus far.) His principal objective was never the dean's scalp, he says, but to expose the hypocrisy, dishonesty, cronyism, and bad character at a place charged with imparting ethical leadership to the next generation of moguls.

Thanks in large part to its proximity to Silicon Valley, the G.S.B. has become the most selective, prestigious, and sexy business school in the U.S. Its only real rival is stolid Harvard (which has nearly twice as many students). But no school, even one admitting a tiny percentage of its applicants, is untouchable. More than some of its competitors, the G.S.B. depends on donations from alums, who can always deposit their dollars elsewhere. And like any elite institution, it is particularly susceptible to embarrassment, especially to charges of poor leadership and mismanagement of its own affairs, which could jeopardize its ranking. Saloner won the deanship in part by revamping the G.S.B.'s curriculum, but the revised course offerings clearly did not include Judgment 101 or Introduction to Crisis Management.

Yet Stanford says it's serious about discouraging sexual harassment—its regulations on the subject fill seven single-spaced pages—and Saloner himself said it would not be tolerated on his watch. "Are we doing everything we can to build a culture of mutual respect, a culture in which we behave in private in such a way that we will not be ashamed if our actions come into the public eye?" he has asked. "That training [on sexual harassment] is crystal-clear about our obligations," says Charles O'Reilly III, who teaches leadership and organizational behavior at the business school. "And if the dean doesn't comply, what's the signal to the rest of us?" Some of Saloner's faculty colleagues predict that, given the likely emergence of additional embarrassments, he won't survive the academic year as dean.

Further fueling Phills, a polite yet physically imposing man (an Ivy League wrestling opponent, who also boxed, once told him that, of all his adversaries, only Mike Tyson had intimidated him as much), is skin color. For the first time in his life, says Phills, who was one of the rare black professors at the business school when he arrived (and still rare, plus two or three, including Condoleezza Rice, when he left), he has felt the sting of racism, and at allegedly liberal Stanford, where bigotry seems bleached away by the perpetual California sunshine. At various points in their chats, Saloner—a Jew who fled apartheid South Africa rather than serve in its military—and Gruenfeld spoke of putting Phills in a cage and castrating him in public. Saloner relished seeing him in an orange jumpsuit in prison, and compared him to an elephant seal and a tarantula. To punish him and gain custody of their two mixed-race children, Phills charges, Gruenfeld reduced him—a man with three Harvard degrees, including a Ph.D. in organizational behavior—to the quintessential "angry black man." He calls the experience his "O.J.-ification."

Phills is obsessed with the lawsuit, he admits, and paranoid too. But he maintains he has a case if only 30 percent of what he believes happened actually did. He is clearly not the textbook "rational actor" they study in business schools. As such, he is easily misunderestimated. "I don't back down," he says. "I don't like bullies. It's not about money; they could offer to write me a big check right now and I would say no. I'll be able to look myself in the mirror and have my kids look at me."

For Gruenfeld—who has been cited by Malcolm Gladwell; who tutored Sheryl Sandberg on gender issues (and sits on the board of Lean In, the nonprofit foundation connected to Sandberg's best-selling book of the same name); and who sold her own book, *Acting with Power,* at auction last fall for nearly a million dollars—questions of credibility are equally crucial. How does it look for someone who built her career analyzing the abusiveness (she dubbed it "disinhibition") of the powerful, and who, until a month before she became romantically entangled with the dean, was the G.S.B.'s sexual-harassment adviser, and who, as co-director of Stanford's Executive Program for Women Leaders, counsels high-powered women on how to overcome gender stereotypes, to wind up secretly sleeping with her boss?

Once, Phills says, he'd have happily settled the case: all he'd have wanted would be to stay in the house in which his two children were raised and teach at Stanford for a few more years before becoming emeritus, and for the university to pay his then modest legal fees. But as Stanford dug in, the costs, and the bitterness, and the indignities, have escalated. Phills assumes that Stanford has gone through all of his university e-mail for the past several years. (Stanford says it has reviewed only those e-mails produced in litigation.) Gruenfeld has seen an investigator for Stanford probe her love life, including whether she ever had affairs with her Stanford students. (She did not.) Gruenfeld has accused Phills of drinking excessively. Phills says that Gruenfeld confessed to him that she fudged research on the paper that launched her career, and charges that, in the two years since learning about it, Stanford has looked the other way. At a certain point, Gruenfeld, fearful that Phills would shoot her, had an armed guard stationed outside her classroom.

For a long time, Saloner exuded confidence: to him, Phills's quixotic crusade was nothing more than a nuisance. "Everything [is] going to go your/our way because we are on the right side and hold all the cards that count," he reassured Gruenfeld in one of their chats. So unperturbed was he about any lawsuit Phills might bring that he taunted the as yet unidentified lawyer representing Phills who'd be forced to sift through all their chats for anything incriminating. "Well, whoever you are, I apologize in advance 😀," he wrote in one exchange. (Not everyone thought it such a sure thing. Shortly after Phills filed his case, in 2014, he says two Stanford professors who have taught leadership, Jeffrey Pfeffer and Robert Sutton, made a small wager—the stakes: dinner at a fancy San Francisco restaurant—over whether Saloner would last another year in his post.)

Now the case has tarnished everyone involved, including Stanford itself. The money-raisers, one former administrator told me, are in "panic mode."

"What a mess," one G.S.B. professor lamented to me. "You know the phrase 'mutually assured destruction'?" asked another. "This is what we got."

### Star and Spouse

But juicy as the case is, for more than two years most professors, and staffers, and alumni, and trustees, and students, knew next to nothing about it.

Partly it's because Saloner and Gruenfeld still won't talk about it, and, until he spoke to me, neither would Phills. Partly it's because the G.S.B. is an astonishingly atomized, antisocial place, more a loose confederation of independent contractors than a community. As long as he or she funds their projects and leaves them alone, the dean is quite immaterial to them. (Since Saloner took the job, the G.S.B. has raised more than $500 million.) Saloner clearly knew as much; recounting to Gruenfeld how he'd just asked Phil Knight—the Nike co-founder and a G.S.B. alum, who helped bankroll its new campus with a $105 million gift—to speak at commencement, he texted, "We r developing a great relationship. So so good. That's my job really."

Partly it's because the students, their futures guaranteed simply by having gotten into the place, aren't engaged enough even to gossip. Their seeming insouciance may ac-

## CREDITS

**PAGES 174–75:** Tatiana Eva-Marie's dress by Stella McCartney; shoes by Yves Saint Laurent. Aaron Diehl's suit by Ralph Lauren; shirt by Theory; shoes by Salvatore Ferragamo; glasses by Morgenthal Frederics. Cyrille Aimée's dress by Lanvin; shoes by Fendi; earrings by Alexis Bittar. Grace Kelly's top and skirt by Vera Wang; shoes by Christian Louboutin; bracelet by Tiffany & Co. Brianna Thomas's shoes by Manolo Blahnik; earrings by Alexis Bittar. Hair products by Rene Furterer (Diehl) and Ted Gibson (women); makeup products by Lancôme; grooming products by Malin & Goetz; hair by Ted Gibson (women); makeup by Regine Thorre; grooming by Birgitte.
**PAGE 176:** Joey Alexander's suit by Appaman; shirt by Crewcuts; grooming by Charlie Taylor; produced on location by Jessica Tjeng.
**PAGE 177:** Jon Batiste's blazer by Billy Reid; hoodie, shirt, and jeans by Gap. Ibanda Ruhumbika's blazer and T-shirt by Kenneth Cole. Joe Saylor's T-shirt by Kenneth Cole. Eddie Barbash's overcoat by Brooks Brothers; jacket by Prada; T-shirt by Kenneth Cole; jeans by Diesel. Grooming by Birgitte.
**PAGE 178:** Trombone Shorty's jacket by BLK DNM; T-shirt by Calvin Klein Underwear; jeans by Guess Jeans; grooming by Birgitte.
**PAGE 179:** Esperanza Spalding's dress by Osklen; hair by John Ruidant; makeup by Regine Thorre.
**PAGES 180–81:** (1) Taylor Eigsti's shirt by Marc Jacobs; pants by Boss. Dan Nimmer's jacket by Prada; pants by Giorgio Armani. Josh Holcomb's sweater and pants by Berluti. Grooming by Birgitte. (2) Molly Ryan's dress by Stop Staring!; shoes by Valentino; earrings by Alexis Bittar. Bria Skonberg's dress by Peter Som; tights by Wolford; shoes by Manolo Blahnik. Mike Davis's suit by Against Nature; shoes by Allen Edmonds. Peter Anderson's and Will Anderson's clothing by A.P.C.; shoes by Allen Edmonds. Hair by Amy Farid (women); makeup by Regine Thorre; grooming by Birgitte. (3) Cécile McLorin Salvant's dress by Giorgio Armani; hair by Amy Farid; makeup by Regine Thorre. (4) Julian Lage's clothing by Theory; shoes by Allen Edmonds. Ambrose Akinmusire's shoes by Church's. David Wong's blazer by Theory; shirt by Bottega Veneta; pants by Levi's; shoes by J. D. Fisk; glasses by Warby Parker. Grooming by Birgitte. (5) Zack O'Farrill's jeans by Levi's. Adam O'Farrill's sweater by Banana Republic; jeans by Levi's. Grooming by Birgitte. (6) Melissa Aldana's top by Dries Van Noten; jeans by J Brand; necklace by Tiffany & Co. Ben Williams's shirt and pants by Burberry London; shoes by Alexander Wang. Dominick Farinacci's shirt by Bottega Veneta; pants by Calvin Klein Collection. Alphonso Horne's shirt by A.P.C. Hair by Ted Gibson (Aldana); makeup by Regine Thorre; grooming by Birgitte.
**PAGE 182:** Hair by Ted Gibson (McKay); makeup by Cyndle Komarovski; grooming by Birgitte.
**PAGE 183:** Jerron "Blind Boy" Paxton's overalls by Dickies; grooming by Birgitte.

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count for the intermittent scandals, such as the Stanford business student charged with vehicular manslaughter and felony drunk driving after crashing into a taxi and killing a passenger not long ago, or regular weekend bacchanals in Las Vegas. Partly it's the press. There's not much left of it in the Bay Area, and *The Stanford Daily* has proved supine: "Not quite the [*Harvard*] *Crimson,* which would have printed this story gleefully years ago," a former business-school student, one of the few to learn about and follow the Phills case, complained on her blog. Partly it's the reluctance to challenge conventional wisdom: since everyone connected to so hot a place looks good, no one wants to take it down. And partly it's fear. Everyone wants to work at Stanford, or to keep working there, or to send a child there, or to find a job in a place run by its ubiquitous alums, who include Mary Barra, the C.E.O. of General Motors, Jeff Skoll and John Donahoe, of eBay, and Laurene Powell Jobs, widow of Steve and a powerhouse in the world of philanthropy.

In court papers, Stanford argues that it bent over backward to keep Phills, extending his leave multiple times (asked in his deposition to explain one such extension, Etchemendy said, "I'm just a nice guy. What can I say?"), and that, "annoying" as Gruenfeld's romance with the dean may have been to him, it did not create a "hostile work environment." In fact, the university contends that Phills never really wanted to return to campus and is simply out for revenge and money. "At its core, this is an angry husband who is angry at his estranged wife, in a messy divorce that's gone on and on, and he seems intent upon using whatever he can to hurt her and now Garth," said Michael T. Lucey, of Gordon & Rees, the San Francisco law firm representing Stanford and Saloner in the case. (Gruenfeld is a party only in the separate divorce action.)

Stanford's lawyers say the dean excused himself from any decisions involving Phills before he and Gruenfeld shared their first kiss. And that the decision to recall the loan on the house the couple shared prior to their separation was a "no-brainer" made by apparatchiks in Stanford's housing office rather than Saloner's nefarious attempt at eviction. Such loans, they say, are made only to entice or retain elite professors such as Gruenfeld, who might otherwise be put off by insane real-estate prices in the area, and were never intended for add-ons such as Phills—"trailing spouses," in academic lingo, meaning the satellites of the university's stars.

And Gruenfeld is a star. At a G.S.B. road show in New York last December, I got to see the professor give her "Acting with Power" speech—the same kind of speech for which she earns, at Facebook or Genentech or eBay or PayPal, $25,000 a pop, according to Phills, who handled the family finances. It distills her two decades' worth of research on power—an interest, as she explains in her presentation, sparked by her own lifelong feelings of powerlessness—along with her more recent collaboration with actors in Stanford's drama department.

People assess trustworthiness, she'll tell you, in a tenth of a second. What they decide depends far less on what you say (7 percent) than on how you carry yourself (the other 93). At times one must be consciously contemptuous of others—i.e., reach for your cell phone while someone's talking—just to show who's boss. Lifting your chin and looking out of the bottom of your eyes (which also "pulls down the corners of the mouth, effectively removing the smile") can have "amazing" results. If substance is overrated, so is authenticity: "Just be yourself" is "terrible advice."

It's simple: lots of it you already know, or would if you thought very much about it. And unthreatening, requiring no great psychic overhauls. Last year Crown Business, part of Penguin Random House, agreed to pay Gruenfeld $900,000 to turn it into a book, slated to be published in the fall of 2017. She will earn an additional $198,000 from foreign sales: readers in the Netherlands, Japan, Korea, China, and Taiwan, eager to imbibe state-of-the-art American self-salesmanship, will get editions of their own.

Gruenfeld earned her doctorate in psychology at the University of Illinois in 1993. Her dissertation, on decision-making in the United States Supreme Court, won all sorts of prestigious awards and helped land her a teaching job at Northwestern. That same year, she met Phills, then teaching at Yale, but the two did not start dating for several years, and, fearful it might cloud her prospects, she refused to make their engagement public until, as she put it, a tenured post was "in the bag." (According to Phills, she would remove her engagement ring every morning before going to work.) They married in September 1999. The next year the two officially joined the Stanford faculty. While Gruenfeld was tenured, Phills was imprisoned between a pair of parentheses: his job description—"professor (teaching)"—meant he would never get tenure, though he says that with continuing appointments he felt he had almost the same thing.

With the help of supplementary loans, the two gutted and rebuilt a home on the Stanford campus. By the time they'd moved back into it, in 2005, Phills was an associate professor (teaching)—capable, he contends, of assuming the extraordinary loans himself if Gruenfeld were ever to move out. Courting the pair, Yale invited Gruenfeld and Phills to visit for a year in New Haven. But before that could happen, the younger of their two daughters, not yet two, was diagnosed with cancer. Her treatment, which was ultimately successful, kept the couple at Stanford.

But it put further strains on what was becoming a shaky marriage, which they discussed in 2010 in workshops run by the Handel Group, an executive- and life-coaching company. Asked

to list her "hauntings" for one such program—and ignoring the advice of a friend that such confessionals were "just crazy"—Gruenfeld wrote, "I once fudged the data for an important research project. The paper is published. I will go to my grave with that one." Phills says Gruenfeld told him shortly afterward that the paper in question was her award-winning dissertation. Gruenfeld says in her deposition that she does not remember writing or saying any such thing, and that in any case it's not true. Margaret Neale, a G.S.B. professor who has co-authored articles with Gruenfeld and had been a mentor to her at both Northwestern and Stanford, said "her scholarly integrity and courage are unassailable" and called any suggestions of data manipulation "impossible."

By early 2012, after two years of counseling, Phills and Gruenfeld—he feeling unsupported and neglected professionally, she feeling unsupported and neglected in child rearing—were heading toward divorce. In June, Gruenfeld moved out. Phills was now teaching at Apple University. Thanks to prior leaves, he had until the end of November to decide whether to stay there or return to Stanford. He says it posed a tough choice: Apple paid far better and was more exciting, while Stanford was more secure and cushy. And then there was the house, in which he could remain, he hoped, as long as he was affiliated with the university and had that crucial loan.

### "We R Nuts"

Gruenfeld and Saloner, whose wife had long suffered from cancer, had bonded several years earlier over the illnesses in their respective families. At one point in 2008 or 2009, according to Phills, they'd shared a "moment" in Saloner's office emotionally intimate enough for Gruenfeld to have told him about it afterward. (Phills acknowledges having had a brief affair early in their marriage.) At an engagement party for one of Saloner's daughters in March 2012, Phills thought Gruenfeld and the dean had spent an awfully long time talking. That June, Saloner's wife died. Two weeks later the dean, who'd learned that Gruenfeld and Phills had separated, e-mailed her, he later said, to congratulate her on her wildly popular "Acting with Power" class. "It is so wonderful to see you find your thing and blossom," he told her in one of the first e-mails Phills intercepted. "I hope you are doing OK—I am thinking of you." (It wasn't flirting, Saloner later testified; he regularly reached out to faculty members in distress. He was asked if he had also comforted Phills. "I did not," he replied.) Gruenfeld thanked him, and invited him to her yoga class. "Absolutely!" he replied.

In August, Saloner invited Gruenfeld for a walk in a nearby nature preserve, one, coincidentally or not, further removed from the Stanford campus than the more popular hiking paths around the satellite dish in the Stanford foothills. "9AM Hike Arastradero," she wrote on the Google calendar she and Phills still shared. "PS because I'm now curious, who did you go hiking with?" Phills wrote her that night. She did not reply. He did not yet suspect Saloner, but would not have approved: he did not like the man—he didn't think he was "nice"—and, besides, Saloner had eviscerated the social-innovation center, a do-good place with scant constituency in a school dedicated to bottom lines, which had grown substantially under Phills's leadership, and had canceled two very popular executive-education programs he'd designed and run. Two years later, both programs were reinstated, without Phills. Some of his friends speculate that Phills's growing marginality at the G.S.B. made him less appealing to Gruenfeld and Saloner both. For obvious reasons, Saloner—who once told Gruenfeld he was a "possessive type"—was uncomfortable having Phills around.

Sometime that summer, Phills's younger daughter, now eight, told her father how "Garth" had just visited with her mother, and how friendly he had been. That fall, in the ongoing pre-divorce mediation, Gruenfeld seemed to be digging in. Phills, suspecting that Saloner was doing some coaching, and that his wife was bad-mouthing him to his boss (and that some of his colleagues had become standoffish), began his surveillance. Technically it was easy, Phills says—Gruenfeld's passwords were stored in his computer and iPad—but morally it was more dicey, and he sought out advice from both the university "ombuds" and its dean for religious life. As relevant tidbits turned up, and he grew more alarmed, the frequency of his reconnaissance increased. Though Saloner and Gruenfeld vowed to each other to delete their conversations immediately, in some instances Phills was too quick for them, capturing the exchanges with screen shots.

In mid- to late October, Saloner and Gruenfeld saw each other several times. What ensued would normally be of only voyeuristic interest but for the issue of recusal, which became obligatory at Stanford once a "consensual sexual or romantic" relationship begins. So it matters that, in the space of 10 days or so, the two scuttled dinner plans upon spotting some G.S.B. colleagues in a Palo Alto restaurant, and ended up at Saloner's house; that Saloner proposed going to a movie in another county, where they could hold hands undetected; that Saloner grew "dizzy" while embracing Gruenfeld in his kitchen; that, before reluctantly parting ways one evening, they groped each other at her house. (Despite all these facts, contained in intercepted chats, Stanford insists they had yet to kiss—that, defying the rules of both flirtation and baseball, the dean had somehow approached second base, and maybe even third, without ever touching first.)

That his estranged wife was seeing someone didn't much concern him, Phills says; he'd begun dating an environmental biologist. But decisions on the loans and his teaching load were pending, and though he assumed Saloner would be too smart—too *strategic*—to leave any traces, he suspected the dean was weighing in. Finally, on October 28, 2012, Phills wrote Etchemendy, Stanford's longest-serving provost, to express his concerns. He explained that further complicating the difficult career choice he now faced was what he called "some very sensitive personal issues" involving "the dean's office at the GSB." Etchemendy, with whom Phills had always enjoyed a cordial relationship, agreed to see Phills the following Friday, November 2.

But before that could happen, on Halloween morning, Saloner also wrote Etchemendy, to say that Gruenfeld and Phills had separated and that he'd "seen Deb a few times socially." Though it was unclear where things were heading, he went on, he was letting the provost know about it, both out of "an abundance of caution" and because the situation was "so fraught." No decisions regarding Gruenfeld loomed, he explained, but questions concerning Phills did; could Saloner still weigh in on them? "Obviously we are being as discreet as we can," he added. "I'd like to spare her the rumor mill if I can."

In fact, as their chats make clear, that very secrecy had become an aphrodisiac. When would someone looking up at the windows of the G.S.B. figure out they were texting each other? What would her colleagues on the deanship search committee make of how things had turned out, and whether she had had a personal interest in the outcome? Could they look at each other during meetings and keep a straight face? And when should they go public? Attending a Springsteen concert together in Oakland might be "too dangerous," but could they go out in New York "without being scared shitless?" (Once, he typed her texts from Etchemendy's waiting room. "We r nuts," he admitted.)

"I had heard some noise about this," Etchemendy replied to Saloner, referring to Phills's cryptic message. "I'm absolutely supportive of anything you decide wrt [with regard to] Jim. I'd be very sorry to lose Deb." Etchemendy concedes it was a "non-sequitur"; Gruenfeld wasn't going anywhere. And if Saloner's continued desire to "weigh in" on matters regarding Phills didn't sound much like recusal, neither did Etchemendy's support for "anything you decide." Etchemendy seems to have taken Saloner at his word: the relationship remained, as the provost noted, "fairly cursory" and "nascent." Had they entered the realm of the romantic or the sexual, Etchemendy added, everything would be very different.

The dean quickly shared the good news with Gruenfeld. The provost, he told her, was "totally cool."

Saloner: He basically ignored what I said about the two of us and, not in these words, that he trusts me to make any decisions regarding Jim. That is his style. It is almost as though he pretends he hasn't heard, although of course he has. I think it is his way of saying "you have done what the policy says you have to do, I appreciate it, but the policy wasn't written with you/this in mind and so I'm respecting your privacy and ignoring it."

Gruenfeld: Love that. So discreet and respectful.

Saloner: It is a non-issue for him.

That Saloner may not have leveled with the provost, and had understated the relationship, was further apparent from fragments of their conversation that same day. "You make me feel safe and it is such a gift," she told him in the morning. That night, he urged caution when she proposed "sneaking out": they probably could not limit themselves to a hug, he warned. "I want to hold you," Saloner told her a few minutes later. "I want you to hold me," she replied.

Phills says he had already concluded that telling the provost what was going on would only inflame things, and had canceled his appointment. Now, from reading the exchange between the dean and his wife, he says he believed that Saloner and Etchemendy were in league, making any meeting with the provost pointless. Replying by e-mail, Etchemendy wished Phills well and said nothing of what Saloner had told him.

During one of their periodic family dinners, a couple of weeks later, Phills says, Gruenfeld asked him to clean up her sluggish cell phone. Buried in its trash bin he found a 17-page marathon chat between his wife in Palo Alto and Saloner in Dubai from November 4, five days after Saloner's note to Etchemendy, one so graphic and salacious that before producing it in court Phills's own lawyers redacted it. Of far greater relevance to Phills than what the two imagined doing to each other was what they had actually done on the eve of Saloner's departure two nights earlier. "What an amazing night. What an incredible gift," Saloner wrote, in an exchange that also had them discussing what kind of birth control to use going forward. Clearly, the relationship had gone beyond "nascent," but Saloner never said so to the provost. "It would have been better had Garth let me know that the relationship had progressed to the next stage when it did," Etchemendy says.

### School for Scandal

Four days after that long chat, senior associate dean for academic affairs Madhav V. Rajan, who like everyone else in the G.S.B. brass still knew nothing about the dean's romance, contacted Saloner in India about Phills's request to assume the loans. The "unanimous sentiment," Rajan wrote, was to turn Phills down, but did Saloner concur? "I agree with the view of the SADs on this," replied Saloner, who, whether or not he had weighed in earlier, would normally have had the final word at the G.S.B. on such a question. He blind-copied the provost. Rajan gave Phills the bad news. The decision represented "the collective opinion of everyone in the dean's office," Rajan told Phills. "Everyone" included Saloner.

Phills's November 30 deadline for deciding whether to return from Apple approached. The day before, Gruenfeld and Saloner chatted about it.

Gruenfeld: Maybe he's staying at apple.

Saloner: Let's hope. We deserve something good tomorrow. We've earned it. . . . the universe owes us. Big time.

But Phills decided not to decide. In a letter to Etchemendy, copied to Stanford general counsel Debra Zumwalt, he said he would neither resign nor return. (A few months later he laid out his terms: the loans had to be extended and guarantees be provided that he would report to someone beyond Saloner's control.) He then called Gruenfeld to tell her he knew about the affair. Only then, she later testified, did she realize he'd been "spying" on her. Later that day, he texted her to say he was "not feeling anything big emotionally" and that he hoped "we can work things out so that nobody gets harmed more than has already happened. . . . That includes Garth and his family as well as ours." He added, "So I am hoping you don't do anything rash that would escalate the situation." With litigation looming, he asked Etchemendy that all relevant records—i.e., communications between his wife and the dean—be preserved. But word reached Saloner only after he'd destroyed at least the Facebook postings.

Etchemendy was puzzled by Phills's concerns; in incestuous academia, estranged spouses co-existed all the time. But henceforth, Etchemendy told Saloner, he'd officially handle everything involving Phills, effectively recusing the dean. He directed Saloner to tell Rajan to lengthen Phills's leave by four months to help the university "sort things out," the first of several such extensions spanning more than a year, during which Phills continued to teach at Stanford, sometimes without pay. Shortly before they were to go to the 2013 Rose Bowl together, Saloner and Gruenfeld went public.

Meanwhile, according to her deposition, Gruenfeld had construed some of Phills's statements, like about being careful or not escalating things, not as pleas but as threats. His prodding her to fill out certain life-insurance forms—he was replacing the Stanford policy with one from Apple—seemed menacing to her, in a *Double Indemnity* kind of way.

In early March 2013, three months after Phills had filed for divorce, he and Gruenfeld had an argument in the driveway of his home. Gruenfeld promptly drove off to Saloner's house, and the two then went to the Stanford police, where Gruenfeld asked for an emergency protective order. It was denied, but a couple of days later, she asked for a restraining order. To stress the peril she was in, she noted that Phills had been a wrestler; that he had been arrested as a teenager; that he owned three guns; and that, during another driveway altercation, he had "reeked of alcohol." Phills was not informed of the restraining-order request, and was given no chance to respond. She got the order, effective for six months. Henceforth, Phills had to stay 50 yards away from her (tricky, because they worked in the same building) and notify her a day in advance when planning to be on campus (less tricky, because they shared an assistant). Since the original version of the restraining order forbade Phills from being on campus without such notice, and his house was on campus, he arguably violated it even when he was at home. Gruenfeld was also awarded primary custody: aside from Tuesday nights, Phills could now see his daughters only every other weekend.

Though one of Gruenfeld's friends told me Phills was "an extremely scary person," this is very much a minority view. If he resembles a Tyson, it's far more Neil deGrasse (a friend and teammate with whom he periodically wrestled at Harvard) than Mike. Questioned by the police, neither Gruenfeld nor her

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## Stanford Business School

daughters could cite any time he had ever lifted a hand against her; in fact, what the younger daughter told the police had most frightened her that day in the driveway was that her mother might "roll over my dad's toes." Yes, Phills had been arrested once as a minor, in the course of rescuing his younger sister from a sexual assault, but he'd never been charged with anything. Yes, he had guns, but he'd used them only four or five times—for skeet shooting. Yes, he drank, but he was "vigilant": his father had died of liver disease. His championship wrestling days were long over, and, as he told the family-court judge, he'd become "a largely sedentary and overweight academic."

Desperate to regain co-custody of his children—and to dent Gruenfeld's credibility—Phills pulled out her apparent admission about fudging research and gave it to both the G.S.B. and the court-appointed custody evaluator. He says he remained convinced that without Saloner's encouragement—"poke a stick at him every day," the dean had advised Gruenfeld at one point—none of this would be happening. Though it took a year, co-custody was eventually restored.

Shortly after Saloner's resignation in September, one of his loyalists at the G.S.B. expressed fear to me about the dean's well-being. Long ago, he explained, Saloner had opted for administration over scholarship, and now all that was gone. "This is going to destroy him," he warned. "I don't quite know how he recovers from this."

Since then, though, Saloner appears to have regrouped, and, like Phills, has even hired his own publicist and may soon hire a lawyer. Yet with the heat from the case now likely to shift to Etchemendy, the question is whether the provost, too, might turn on Saloner. Some of the dean's colleagues believe his insistence on staying at the school, and Stanford's willingness to let him, is but the latest in a long list of maladroit moves and miscalculations. One G.S.B. professor predicted that, among students, Saloner will become an object of ridicule, and that the castration he spoke of in one chat—"Knife. Penis. Public Square," he'd texted Gruenfeld, apparently referencing the erotic Japanese art film *In the Realm of the Senses*—will surely be reprised as a campus catchphrase. He also predicted that Saloner will be tapping into his extensive Silicon Valley ties to find himself a job there.

As for Phills, he says Saloner's resignation surprised and saddened him: "It was completely avoidable, if the university had done the right thing." Meanwhile, his lawsuit plods on. Phills says he remains convinced that, if they can be retrieved, whether from their equipment or from the servers, the lost electronic exchanges between Saloner and Gruenfeld (which the court has ordered that they produce) will finally reveal the extent of Saloner's inappropriate involvement in his professional and personal affairs. Settlement talks have gotten nowhere. If the case does get to trial, it probably won't be before next April or May. Noting the complicated financial issues (including the status of the house), Phills put the chances that he and Gruenfeld will still be officially married a year from now at 90 percent.

When Phills packed up his Stanford office, this past July, some colleagues were surprised: they hadn't even known he'd been sacked. For now, he is a nonperson at Stanford, still in the house (the university is no longer pressing him to repay the loans) but required to sell it by June 2017, and so unsure whether he'd be admitted to the school's libraries and gyms that he hasn't even tried. (Stanford says he is entitled to a "courtesy" ID card, but he would have to apply for one through Gruenfeld.)

Recently, though, there was a friendly communiqué from the university. That academic ritual at Stanford had come back around: time, once again, for sexual-harassment training. □

## Bill Murray




CONTINUED FROM PAGE 159 unrehearsed tune with Shaffer on piano. Cyrus grins. "Sure; sounds good," she says and, after learning the lyrics off her cell phone, hops on Shaffer's piano and proceeds to deliver, live in the room, a soaring and soulful version of "Silent Night." Her voice is pitch-perfect, nuanced, and absolutely huge. Murray then Velcros on the red velvet Santa cape and prowls through the Albert King song, leching after the giddy showgirls in their aluminum Christmas-tree forest like a big, bad cartoon wolf. On cue, Clooney pops out from behind his tree and, in his best Ohio Players voice, growls, "Santa Claus wants some lov-in'. YEOW-W-W." The day is saved and is sublime: better, funnier, and sweeter than originally designed. Very Murray indeed.

What had originated from a chat with Murray several years ago about doing our take on a TV variety-hour show had merged with Sofia Coppola's dream of shooting Murray singing, Chet Baker–style, at the Carlyle hotel's elegantly faded Bemelmans Bar and mutated, finally, into *A Very Murray Christmas*—a gift stuffed with Murray's talented friends and our favorite music.

Several months later, sitting in a Philadelphia hotel's rooftop café, the day after the wedding of his son Luke, assistant coach of the Xavier University men's basketball team, and a few hours before he will win an Emmy for his work in HBO's *Olive Kitteridge,* Murray is still dazed by the Christmas magic. "George is coming in from his day off from working on a movie in town. I mean, he looks like such an insane, crazy-handsome, beautiful movie star—it's ridiculous. I just start laughing. Because he just turned on the lights in that tux, and I was like, 'Oh my God.' And he got out of this crazy sleigh pulled by, like, go-go dancers dressed as reindeer. I waited months before looking at any of the stuff we shot. Months. I mean, I wasn't frightened, because I knew—I knew we really were great. I knew everyone was amazing. And in the moment of making it all, I thought, Holy cow. I've never done anything like this. I've never felt this way, done anything like this." Clooney, Cyrus, Chris Rock, Amy Poehler, Michael Cera, Julie White, Jenny Lewis, Rashida Jones, Jason Schwartzman, Paul Shaffer, Phoenix, Maya Rudolph, David Johansen—all came on a moment's notice and for only one reason: Bill Murray.

Coppola and I were sitting on Murray's couch with him in Charleston when he called Clooney and Rock to float the notion, and before he could get past "Hey, I'm thinking about doing this Christmas—" the answer was "Yes. See you then." This was Murray's show, his first-ever starring TV adventure, and everybody he asked wanted to be a part of that ride. "And the thing about it was, every single person in it just absolutely did something they'd never done before. They reached a level in themselves that I'd never seen, and I don't think any of them had ever seen before. It was, like, completely fearless."

Coppola refers to her reunion with Murray as "putting the band back together." Though good and constant friends, she and Murray hadn't collaborated since their wildly successful *Lost in Translation*—which grossed nearly $120 million at the box office worldwide, won a best-picture Golden Globe, a best-screenplay Oscar for Coppola, and a best-actor BAFTA and Golden Globe for Murray—more than a decade ago. Something funny, bittersweet, and original—something very different—happens when they work together. Coppola appreciates and celebrates not only Murray's obvious once-in-a-lifetime comedy talent but also his cool wisdom, what she calls his "suave guy" appeal and his open heart.

Murray thinks about his partnership with

Coppola and nods. "We've only done a couple things," he says, "but they have been crazily successful collaborations. And she's so funny. She's, you know, the velvet hammer. She does not allow you to get her off of her point, her opinion, easily. She's got a vision." But what is immediately obvious when working on set with Murray and Coppola is their ability, their desire, and even their expectation to make things better in the moment—to allow for and encourage their talented collaborators to bring their best. "People say, 'Well, how do you collaborate with someone? Isn't it *your* point of view?' No, no. Real people know that anyone can have the great idea. Anyone can have the great idea, and real people see the great idea instantly. They don't hold on to theirs anymore; they see a great idea, whether it helps, instantly. People with real talent, they don't worry about that stuff. It's the people with not enough talent that you argue with."

**"Francis, I Am Not Like the Others"**

Havana, Cuba, August 2009. It is late on our last night on the island, and Murray and I are sipping Havana Club rum in the Hotel Nacional bar. I am there to do research for a script I'm about to write, and Murray is there because it's Havana. We leave early the next morning. Murray tilts his head, picking up the street sounds drifting from the Malecón down the hill. "We should take one last walk, don't you think?" It's after one A.M., neither of us speaks a word of Spanish, and we do not know our way around town at all. Before I can respond, Murray heads out into the Cuban night.

We walk from the comfort of the Nacional grounds, hang a right down the very dark Calle 19, drawn toward the busy Malecón. As soon as we leave the hotel grounds, I feel Havana differently than I have our entire visit. There is a raw, late-night energy. Nothing sinister, but jagged, unpredictable, and very foreign. People emerge from the shadows, laughing, speaking to us in Spanish. They don't seem to recognize Murray, but he is obviously a tall, wealthy American.

As we walk, a burly guy with a heartbreakingly beautiful young, very young, girl on his arm edges closer to us. Murray and I keep talking and walking. Murray smokes his Cohiba. The big guy keeps pace with us, roughly shoves the girl at Murray. Murray shakes his head, moving. A small crowd now encircles us, descending with us toward the Malecón. The big Cuban guy jumps in front of Murray, holding the girl by her biceps, almost shaking her at Murray. He yells at us in rapid, loud, sales-pitch Spanish. Murray stops. Dead. He squares himself, leans at the big guy, jabs a finger at his face, and with a coiled and undeniable force spits out the words "Francis, I am not like the others!" The man has absolutely no idea what Murray is saying but smiles a bit less securely. Murray repeats, louder this time, "Francis, I am not like the others!" The man is motionless and, as am I, very confused. Murray leans closer to the big man, actually forcing him to stumble back a step, and repeats, jabbing his finger with each word, "I . . . AM . . . NOT . . . LIKE . . . THE . . . OTHERS!"

The guy's now frozen jack-o'-lantern grin drops. Understanding the intention, if not the language, he fades back into the night. Murray and I continue down to the Malecón and spend the last few hours in Havana sitting on the seawall between the traffic and the Atlantic, smoking cigars. To this day I have no idea who "Francis" is.

Fez, Morocco, July 2014. Another time, another walk, same two guys. We are on a break from shooting, flowing with the molten crush that is the medina in midday in summer. It is impossibly, throat-closingly dense with people, animals, heat, smells, sounds—just thick with life. Murray and I are a few feet behind his boys, our guide, and my wife, but trying to remain within eyesight. Even Fez locals can spend days wandering lost in the medina.

I look over at Murray, at six feet two inches a head taller than anyone in sight. No one cares or knows. He is finally as invisible as the rest of us.

"You know how I talk about disappearing sometimes? Just, you know, disappearing? Well, if it ever really happens"—Bill Murray takes in the oblivious dusty ocean swirling around him and smiles—"look for me in Fez." □

## Young Jazz




CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176 in free fall for the entire careers of these younger players. A generation ago, in contrast, emerging artists did everything they could to be noticed by producer Bruce Lundvall (who passed away in May) or manager Mary Ann Topper; between them they helped launch the careers of Norah Jones, Diana Krall, and many of their peers. In the Spotify-Beats-MP3 age, the boundaries are almost nonexistent, and the musicians are less dependent on the approval of such gatekeepers. In addition, the current decade has been much more of a live-music scene than any other time since World War I. Where tours used to coalesce around a new album, now, in the day of the download, physical CDs are primarily a "merch" item to sell at shows.

The overall result has been overwhelmingly positive: today, musicians, rather than following trends, have increased leeway to be themselves and can work, literally, without temporal or geographical limits. Contemporary jazzmen and -women are free to create in whatever style they want (and a stylish crowd they are), whether an existing format—from Jazz Age–inspired "hot jazz" to hip-hop-infused hybrids, to world jazz, which interacts with disparate rhythms and forms from around the globe—or a mode entirely of their own invention. When asked what distinguishes jazz from other music out there, virtually everyone included in this portfolio answered, "Freedom." Insists Sam Friend, a 27-year-old New Orleans–based composer and bandleader (whose father, it so happens, is a *V.F.* editor): "The idea of jazz being 'niche' is just a phase. Jazz started out as pop—music for the many, not just the few. And judging by the energy and size of the jazz crowds today, who's to say we can't make it pop again?" □

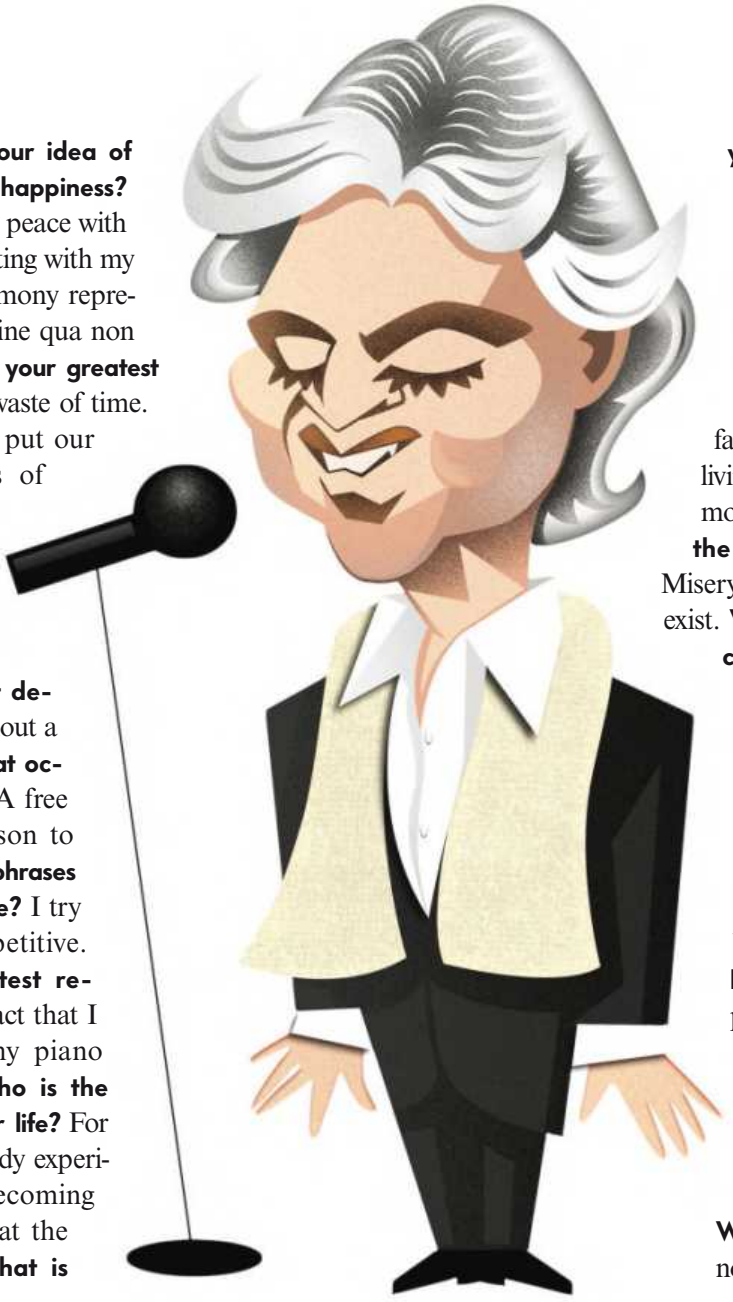
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# Andrea BOCELLI

With the release of his 18th album, *Cinema*, the Italian tenor and highest-selling classical soloist in history ponders the real meaning of harmony



**What is your idea of perfect happiness?** Being in peace with the whole world, starting with my family, in which harmony represents the condition sine qua non to be happy. **What is your greatest fear?** Fear is just a waste of time. The best thing is to put our lives in the hands of God. **What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?** Without a doubt, pride. **What is the trait you most deplore in others?** Without a doubt, pride. **On what occasion do you lie?** A free man never has reason to lie. **Which words or phrases do you most overuse?** I try hard not to be repetitive. **What is your greatest regret?** Probably the fact that I never completed my piano studies. **What or who is the greatest love of your life?** For those who have already experienced the joy of becoming a parent, I think that the answer is simple. **What is your current state of mind?** I am serene. **If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?** It has never been easy for me to compromise. **What do you consider your greatest achievement?** The fact that I have succeeded in living, doing the thing I love the most. **What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?** Misery lies where dignity does not exist. **What is your most marked characteristic?** I have no idea. **What is the quality you most like in a man?** Loyalty. **What is the quality you most like in a woman?** Femininity, gentleness, vivacity, intelligence, and, last but not least, humbleness. **What is it that you most dislike?** Boredom: the most stupid thing that a man can do in life is be bored. **How would you like to die?** I think about living, considering death only and exclusively as a passage. **What is your motto?** "Facts, not words."

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